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Number II

THE GOLDEN STORY OF CALIFORNIA

BY NEWTON DENT

A QUEENLY COMMONWEALTH WHICH HAS MOTHERED GREAT MEN AND ENDOWED THEM WITH RICH RESOURCES—THE MARVELOUS DEVELOPMENT OF THE GOLDEN STATE IN THE YEARS THAT HAVE PASSED SINCE THE DAYS OF FORTY-NINE

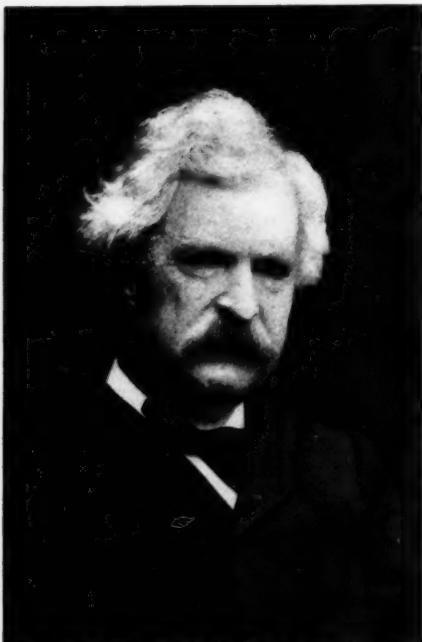
THERE are forty-six States in the Union, but there is only one California. She was the thirty-first child in Uncle Sam's big family. She is not half

the age of her thirteen oldest sisters; but her natural endowments, her romantic history, her amazing progress, and, during the past tragic year, her pluck and



THE CALIFORNIA STATE CAPITOL, AT SACRAMENTO, ERECTED IN 1869 AT A COST OF TWO AND A HALF MILLION DOLLARS

From a stereograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



SAMUEL L. CLEMENS ("MARK TWAIN") WHO FIRST WON LITERARY FAME IN CALIFORNIA

From a copyrighted photograph by Rockwood, New York

fortitude, have combined to give to her glamour which is all her own.

What California is and what her people have accomplished—the whole fifty-seven years' output of industry and genius, her gold, grain, fruit, oil, lumber, her literature and astronomy and railroading and commerce—all this is more than history. It is an American epic. It is a story that will be told and retold as long as this republic stands.

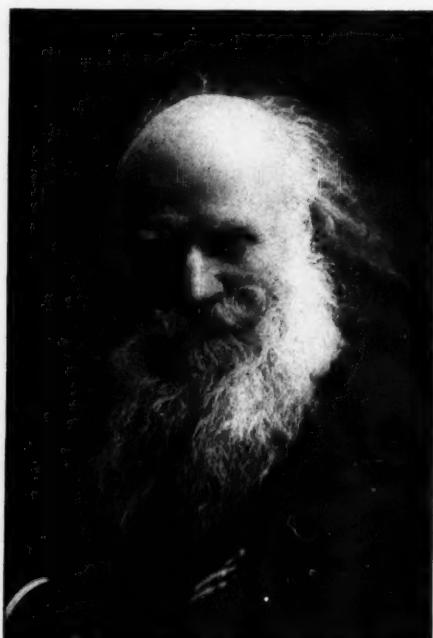
LARGER THAN SIX KINGDOMS

To all except Californians it will always seem half like a tale of fancy. Even the size of California is seldom realized by outsiders. It will never be easy for an Easterner to believe that this one State is larger than the six kingdoms of Belgium, Holland, Greece, Denmark, Portugal, and Rumania; that it is practically equal in size to New York, Pennsylvania, and all New England; that it is as long as from New York to Indianapolis.

Plainly, when California was made nothing was left out but the common-

place. Here are all manner of contrasting and unlikely things. Here is the highest peak in the United States—Mount Whitney—and almost at its feet the lowest depth, four hundred feet below the rippling of the sea. Here are two valleys, which, to the poetic eye of a Milton, would seem as violently unlike as hell and heaven—the fatal desert of Death Valley and the sublime Yosemite. Not even in the Sahara is there a more desolate spot than Death Valley. It is a gash, a wound, in the Sierras, as if some evil genie, seeing their grandeur, had blighted one part of it in his malice. It is a furnace of intolerable heat, a region of weird fascination to those who wish to see the terrible and tragic side of nature.

The Yosemite, on the other hand, is a scene of such rare attractiveness that Congress was quick to claim it as a national park, and to protect its Goddess of Beauty from the hostile deities of commerce. The Grand Cañon of Arizona is built on a larger scale; but in no other place is there so much beauty and sublimity assembled. Nowhere else has na-

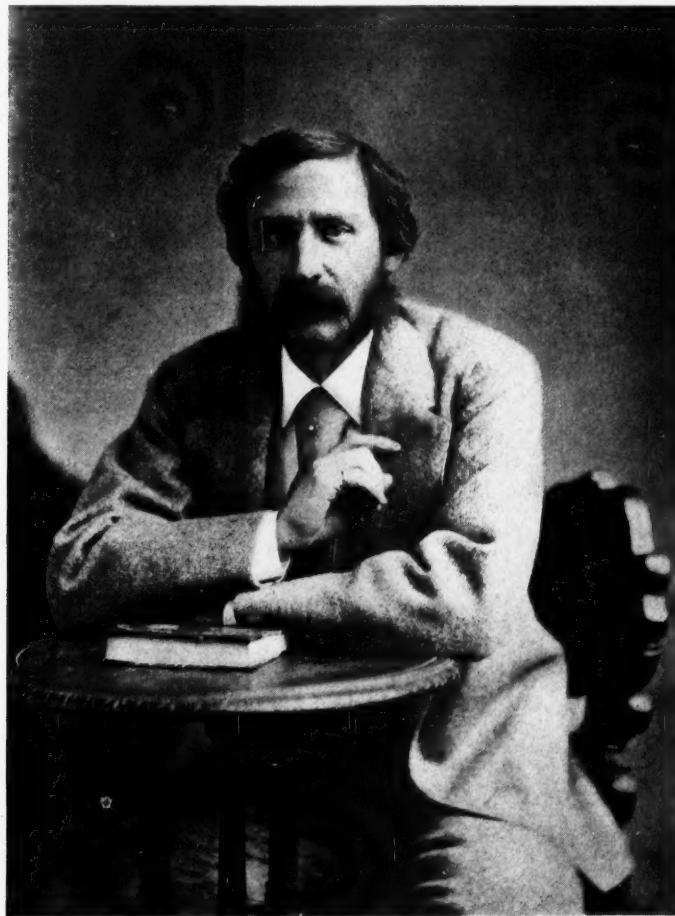


JOAQUIN MILLER, "THE POET OF THE SIERRAS," WHOSE WORK IS KNOWN EAST AND WEST

From a copyrighted photograph by Rockwood, New York

ture painted so much on one canvas. Here are some of the highest of all waterfalls, and the loveliest. Here are granite walls so huge that the Eiffel Tower would look like a piece of bric-à-brac beside them, and tiny dells so

Fresno, too, is the Kings River Cañon, which, as many say, is almost equal to the more famous Yosemite, and yet which is almost within cannon-shot of a vast meadow country, where a hundred thousand cattle are grazing, and where the



FRANCIS BRET HARTE, WHO FIRST CAUGHT THE ROMANTIC FLAVOR OF
EARLY CALIFORNIA DAYS AND PRESERVED IT FOR LITERATURE

From a photograph by Sarony, New York

dainty as to seem the homeland of the fairies.

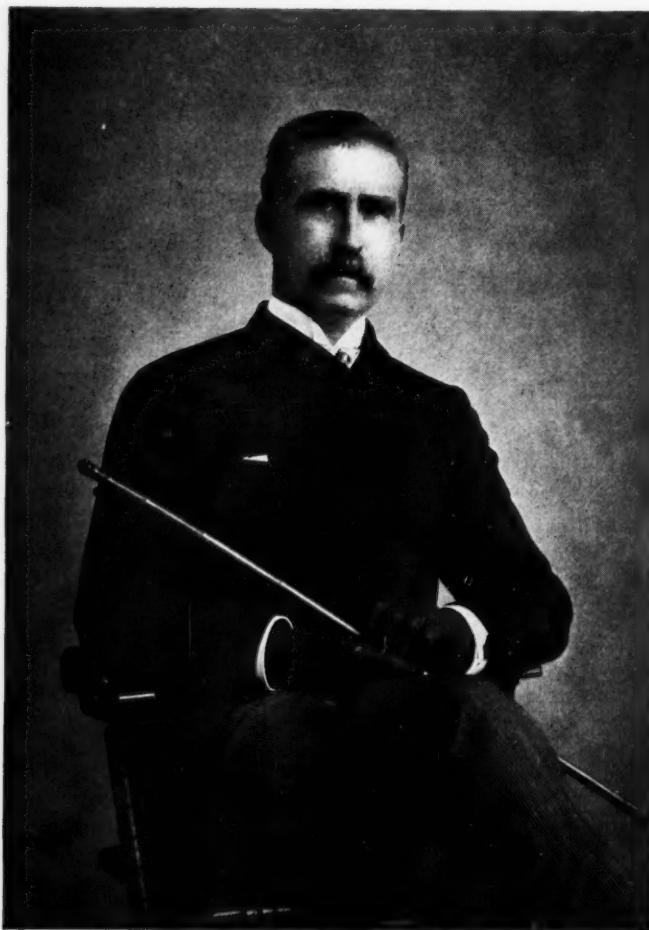
Impossible as it may seem to the Floridian, here are orange groves at the foot of wintry mountains, with eternal snow overshadowing fadeless gardens of flowers. Here is the flat raisin-land of Fresno, the Holland of America, girded about by mountains that rival the Alps in their reach above the clouds. In

rose-encircled farmhouses look like pearls in a setting of rubies.

Of all peoples, Californians have the least need to travel beyond their own borders. Their State is the sample-box of the world. Within a few miles you can find bananas, corn, trout, ostriches, and grizzly bears. In the fifty-seven counties there are as many varieties of scenery, from the majesty of Mount

Shasta, frowning over sunless gorges, to the languorous loveliness of Santa Barbara, where the Flower King reigns always. There are furious geysers, boiling springs, and mud volcanoes, and there is the matchless Lake Tahoe, gleaming like

be called immortal. Some of them, probably, were alive and full grown when Alexander set forth to conquer the world. The life of his empire was no more than a minute of a sequoia's day. Yet it is not a long journey from the big-



JOHN W. MACKAY, ONE OF THE GREATEST OF CIVILIZATION-BUILDERS—
IN EARLY LIFE HE WAS A BLASTER—HE BECAME A MULTIMILLION-
AIRE THROUGH HIS PART OWNERSHIP OF THE BONANZA
MINES OF THE COMSTOCK LODE

From a photograph by Thors, San Francisco

an opalescent mirror, and pure as a virgin's tears.

In the most literal sense, California is the home of the oldest and the youngest living things. Its big trees are survivors of a past period of the earth's history. They are the Methuselahs of the forest. From a human point of view, they may

tree groves to the farm of the wizard Burbank, who is continuing to surprise the world by creating plants and trees that are absolutely new. The difference between the ages of the oldest Mariposa sequoia and a "plumcot," for instance, is probably not far from three thousand years.



LAKE TAHOE AND MOUNT TALLAC AS SEEN FROM CAVE ROCK—THIS LOVELY SHEET OF WATER IS TWENTY-ONE MILES LONG AND EIGHT MILES BROAD

From a photograph by the Detroit Publishing Company



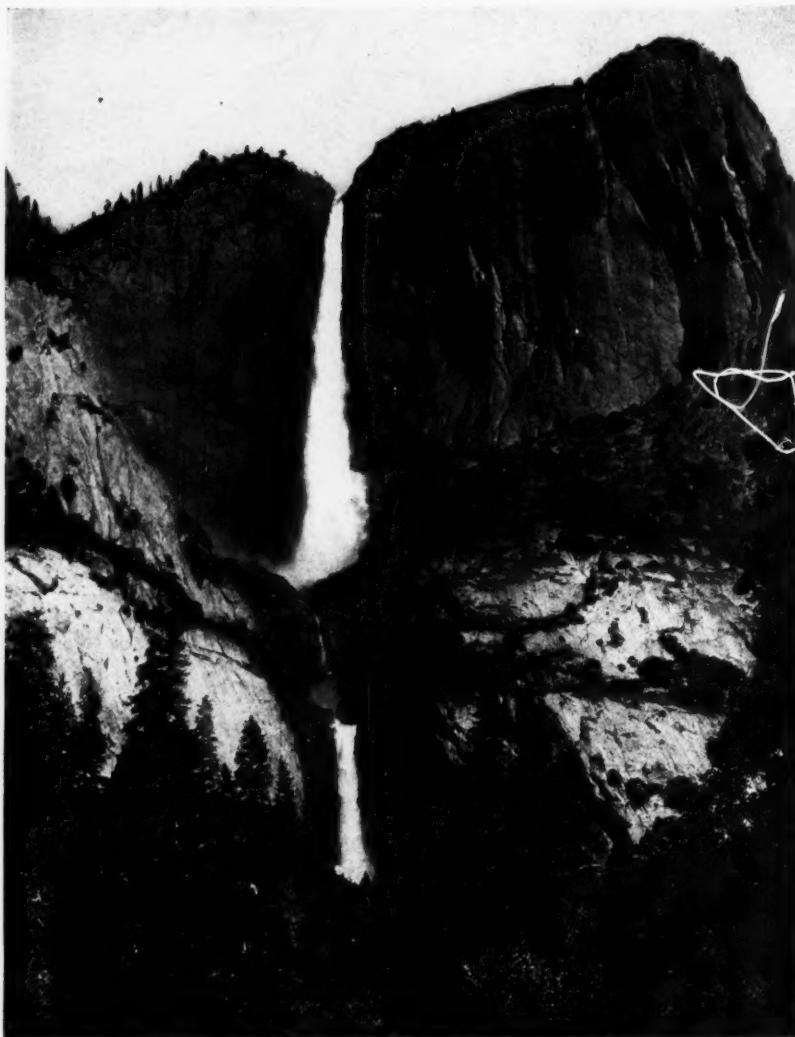
MIRROR LAKE, YOSEMITE VALLEY—A DELIGHT TO VISITORS BECAUSE OF ITS REMARKABLE REFLECTIONS OF NORTH AND SOUTH DOMES AND MOUNT WATKINS, THREE OF THE MOST CONSPICUOUS HEIGHTS THAT HEM THE VALLEY IN

From a photograph by the Detroit Publishing Company

Where else will you find a more impressive contrast than between the deserts that have been recently transformed into gardens by the "presto! change" of irri-

smoke of their factories into huge cañons that were cut by nature with such slow chisels as the snowflake and the sunbeam?

California is a frontier State—yes, but



YOSEMITE FALLS, YOSEMITE VALLEY—THE STREAM, THIRTY-FIVE FEET WIDE AT THE SUMMIT, DESCENDS TO THE VALLEY IN THREE LEAPS, THE TOTAL DESCENT BEING TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED FEET—THIS IS THE HIGHEST FALL IN THE WORLD WITH SO GREAT A BODY OF WATER

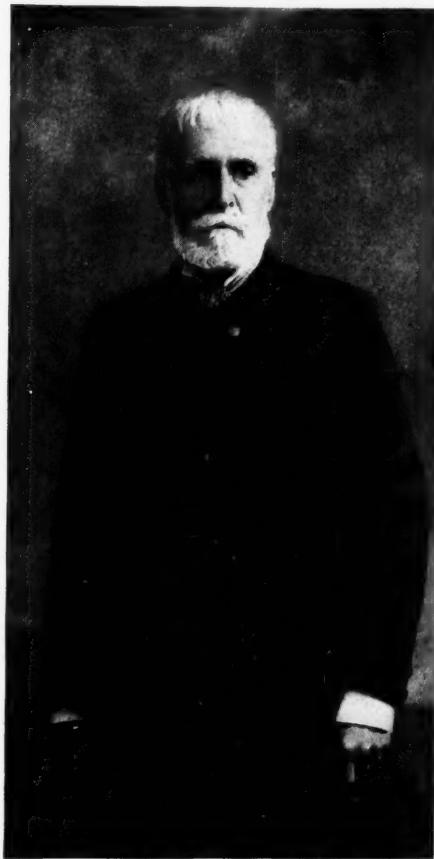
From a photograph, copyright, 1901, by the Detroit Photographic Company

gation and the famous buried rivers, which were flowing for ages before the human race began, and are now covered up with floods of lava and the débris of a half-made world? And where else are there so many young cities, blowing the

with the largest percentage of students in her colleges and universities. She is a new State, but with a history that began almost a century before Boston was born. Incredible as it always seems to New Englanders, it is true that Cabrillo

sailed into the harbor of San Diego in 1542, and that Sir Francis Drake saw the Golden Gate when Shakespeare was a boy.

Behind her fifty-seven years of progress, California has her Spanish era, with its religion and chivalry and hospitality—with its traditions of the lost Aztecs and the seven golden cities of Cibola. Nothing could have been more fitting than that her history should have this



JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT, SOLDIER, EXPLORER, AND PUBLIC MAN — HE EARLY TRAVERSED THE OVERLAND ROUTES TO THE PACIFIC SLOPE, WAS A LEADER IN THE "BEAR FLAG WAR," AND FOUGHT TO BRING CALIFORNIA INTO THE UNION

From a copyrighted photograph by Doremus, Paterson, New Jersey



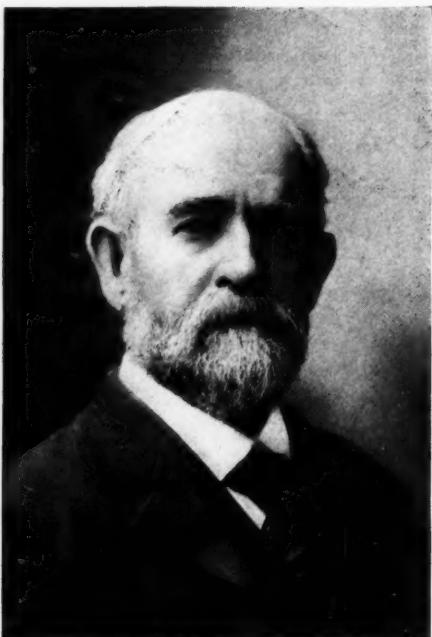
COLLIS POTTER HUNTINGTON, BUILDER OF RAILROADS

Drawn by M. Stein from a copyrighted photograph by Vanderweyde, New York

picturesque background. Each beautiful spot has now its melodious Spanish name; and the memories of extinct Franciscans enshrine the present with the romance of the past.

But the most vivid of all contrasts is that between the youth of California as a State and the greatness of her influence upon the American people. Hundreds of the Forty-Niners are still alive. One of them—George C. Perkins—is in the United States Senate. Yet it is not too much to say that California has changed the whole structure of American civilization.

The rush of her gold-seekers gave us our first great excitement since the Revolution. It woke us up. It gave our young men their first chance to get "big money." It lit the fires of ambition and started the machinery of self-help. It completed the transformation of the republic from a cluster of coast settlements into half a continent.



HENRY GEORGE, WHO FIRST WORKED OUT HIS ECONOMIC THEORIES IN THE PAGES OF A SAN FRANCISCO NEWSPAPER

From a photograph by Prince, New York

The Revolution had left us free, but poor; California made us rich. It gave us our first batch of spending millionaires—men who held the scepter of power in hands that were hardened by the pickax. These millionaires were a new species. They were sensationaly different from the A. T. Stewarts and Stephen Girards of the East, who always saved and seldom spent. These Californians scorned economies and gloried in expense. They were the gold kings, and their reign has given us the Arabian Nights' chapter of American history.

San Francisco, in the seventies, drank more champagne than New York. It raised the standard of comfort and built the first really high-class hotels in the United States. It paid as much for a barrel of flour, at times, during the early days of gold, as a Massachusetts mechanic was earning in a year. Potatoes were fifty cents each; eggs, three dollars; wine, forty dollars a bottle. Adolph Sutro told of paying five dollars for an onion, and vainly endeavoring to buy another at the same price. The

first circus in Poker Flat performed before fifteen hundred miners who had bought standing-room tickets at twenty dollars apiece.

California put the United States on a gold basis. Her flood of gold swept away the copper pennies and the paper shimplasters and all the wildcat currency that had made financial stability impossible. It floated hundreds of thousands of stranded debtors down to the deep waters of prosperity. It ushered in the era of expansion so that by 1860 the national wealth was twice what it had been in 1840.

All told, a billion and a half of gold has come from California in her fifty-seven years. The output of all the other States combined falls short of this. Ever since Marshall found the first yellow fleck in a mill-race on Sutter Creek, the stream of millions has been pouring eastward, irrigating the deserts of debt and lubricating the machinery of business.

What this stream of Californian gold has done for American commerce and

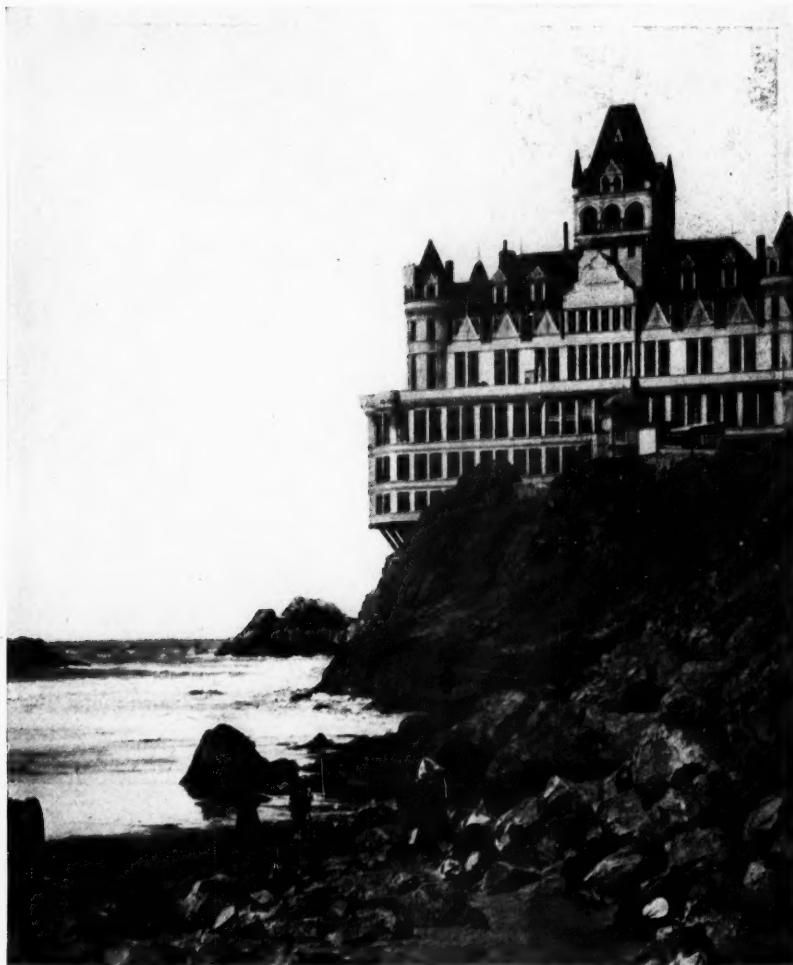


ADOLPH SUTRO, "THE ASTOR OF SAN FRANCISCO"—ALTHOUGH HE WAS HIGHLY EDUCATED IN GERMANY, THE WEST FIRST KNEW HIM AS A PEDLER

From a photograph

manufactures can never be told. It gave us our first sufficient supply of capital, so that we could build our own factories and railroads and steel-mills. It enabled us to write an industrial declara-

man energy in all parts of the United States. In 1849 nearly a hundred thousand men went West. Soon afterward a hundred million dollars in gold came East. These two events made wages leap



CLIFF HOUSE AND SEAL ROCKS, SAN FRANCISCO—THE VIEW FROM THE PIAZZAS LOOKS UPON THE PACIFIC—NEAR AT HAND HUNDREDS OF HUGE SEA-LIONS DISPORT THEMSELVES OR BASK IN THE SUN

From a copyrighted stereograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

tion of independence. It transformed us from a nation of borrowers into a nation of self-reliant capitalists. In short, it set us up in business on our own account, and saved us from being hewers of wood and drawers of water for the old nations of the world.

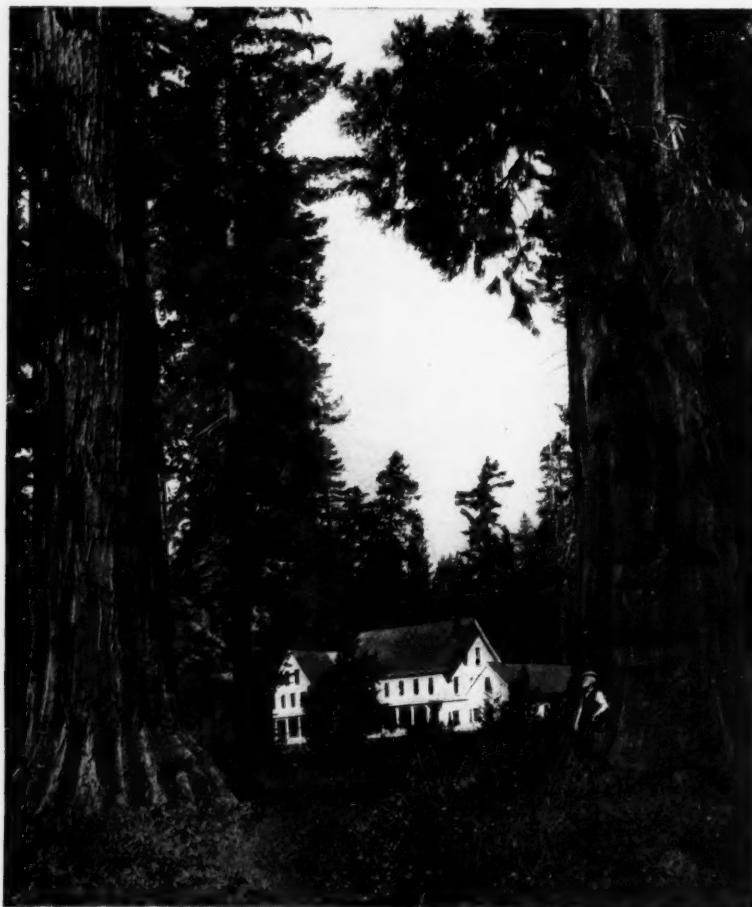
California raised the cash value of hu-

upward as a balloon does when its ballast is flung out. Even at the present time, the average rate of wages paid by Californian manufacturers is thirty-nine dollars a year more than in any other State.

May it not also be said that it was California and her gold that did more

to save the Union than any other one factor? It is true, at least, that she brought the slavery question to a head and got it settled. When she strode into the Union as a free State, she finally destroyed the even balance between

California had given the country six hundred millions in gold—equal to one-fifth of the total military expenses of the Federal government. The fact that the Union army was the best-fed, best-clothed, and best-sheltered army that the



BIG SEQUOIAS OF THE CALAVERAS GROVE, NORTHERNMOST OF THE CALIFORNIAN GROVES OF GIANT TREES.—THE SEQUOIA IS FOUND ONLY ON THE WEST SLOPES OF THE SIERRAS; THE REDWOOD (SEQUOIA SEMPER-VIRENS) IS CONFINED TO THE COAST RANGES

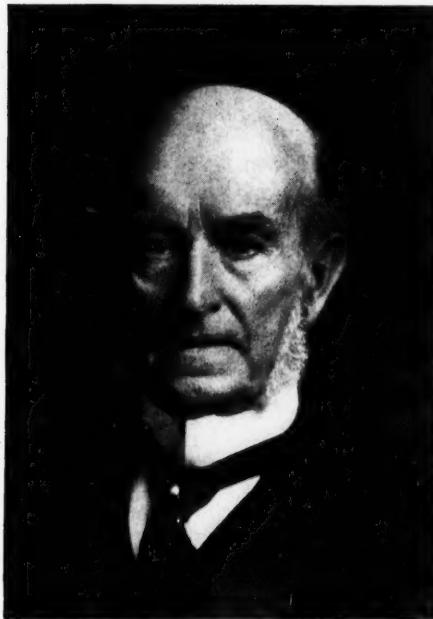
From a copyrighted stereograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

North and South and turned the scales of destiny against slavery. The shilly-shallying came to an end. Even in Congress, men began to face the facts and talk sincerely. And six years later, when the antislavery forces first swung into line, they chose for their leader the Californian pathfinder, John C. Frémont.

By the time the great war-duel began,

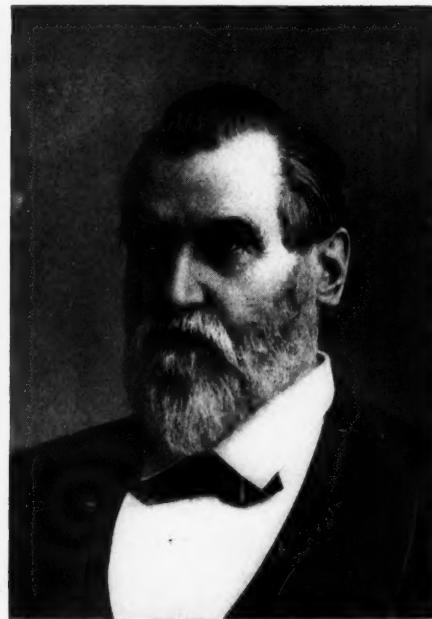
world had ever seen, was due in large measure to the gold that came from the treasure-hills of the Pacific.

California sent her sons to the firing-line, of course. In fact, she was better prepared, both with men and with money, than any other State. Were not thousands of her pioneers veterans of the Mexican War, which had ended just be-



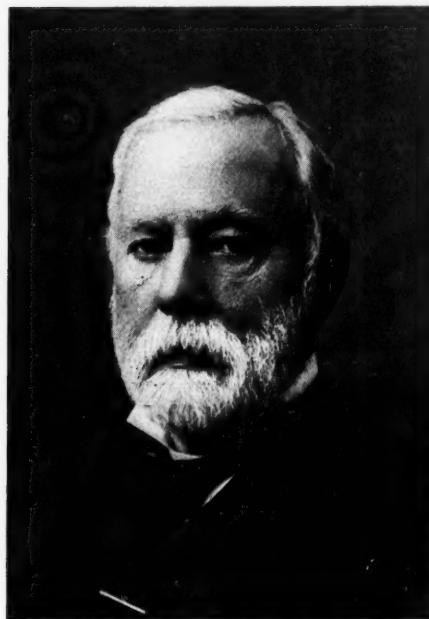
DARIUS OGDEN MILLS, A STALWART FORTY-NINER WHO BECAME A GREAT MERCHANT AND BANKER

From a copyrighted photograph by Pach, New York



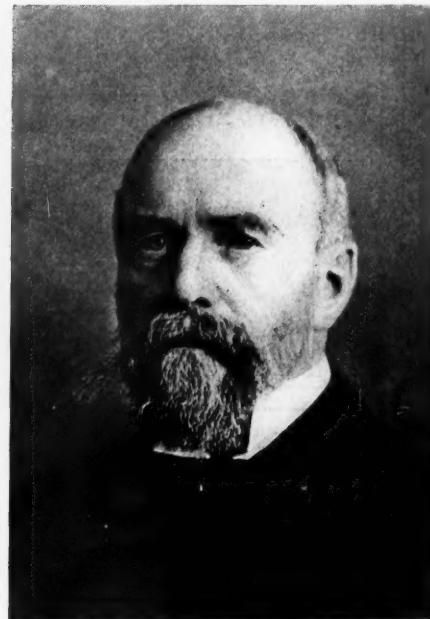
LELAND STANFORD, RAILROAD BUILDER, GOVERNOR, UNITED STATES SENATOR, AND FOUNDER OF A UNIVERSITY

From a photograph by Bell, Washington



JAMES B. HAGGIN, A FORTY-NINER WHO ACQUIRED A LARGE FORTUNE IN MINING ENTERPRISES

From a photograph by Dana & Hargrave, New York

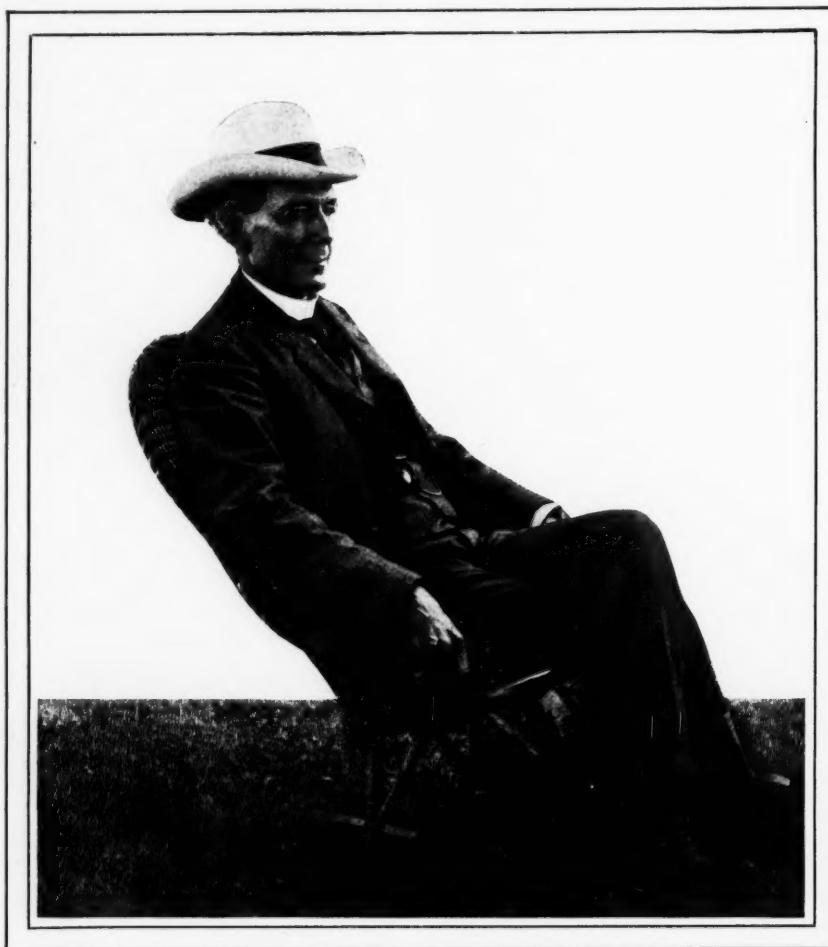


JAMES R. KEENE, A CALIFORNIA MINER IN THE EARLY FIFTIES AND LATER A SUCCESSFUL OPERATOR IN STOCKS

From a photograph by Alman, New York

fore the gold-rush began? As Grant declared, all the older officers who won fame in the Civil War had served under Taylor and Scott. He and Lee were among the number. At least eight of the foremost Union generals—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Crook, Hooker, Fré-

ants, inched on and on against the opposition of deserts and rivers and whole regiments of mountain peaks, is a story of American pluck that is as worthy to be remembered as any of the battle tales of 1776. With four strong, self-made men—Huntington, Crocker, Stanford,



LUTHER BURBANK, CREATOR OF NEW FRUITS AND FLOWERS—NO OTHER MAN, PERHAPS, IS ENGAGED IN A WORK OF SUCH PRACTICAL IMPORTANCE TO MANKIND

From a copyrighted stereograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

mont, Halleck, and McPherson—had learned hardihood in California.

And not long after the storm had passed, it was Californian gold and energy that completed the first three-thousand-mile railroad in the world. How that railway was laid down—how the constructors, like a race of indomitable

and Hopkins—as leaders in the enterprise, the first spike was driven in 1853 at Sacramento. Fifteen years later, for the first time, a train rolled straight on from the western sea until it stopped at the Missouri. So, before the young State had reached her nineteenth birthday, she had developed her section of the

"Wild West" into the newest province of civilization.

To-day the California of war times seems to lie a century behind. Bret Harte's California, in so far as it ever existed, is as much outgrown as Benjamin Franklin's Philadelphia or Peter Stuyvesant's New York. They are all gone—the bearded men in top-boots and red shirts, the pony express, the stage-robbers, and the vigilance committee. Instead of Roaring Camp, Rawhide Ranch, Jackass Flat, and Whisky Hill, you will find San Francisco, Los Angeles, Oakland, and Sacramento. You will find not only cities, but exceptional cities—superior in many respects to the older towns of the East.

Still the first of them all is San Francisco—unconquerable San Francisco. With its terraced heights and rim of mountain peaks; with its harbor that



JACQUES LOEB, PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, WHO HAS MADE MANY BIOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES

From a photograph

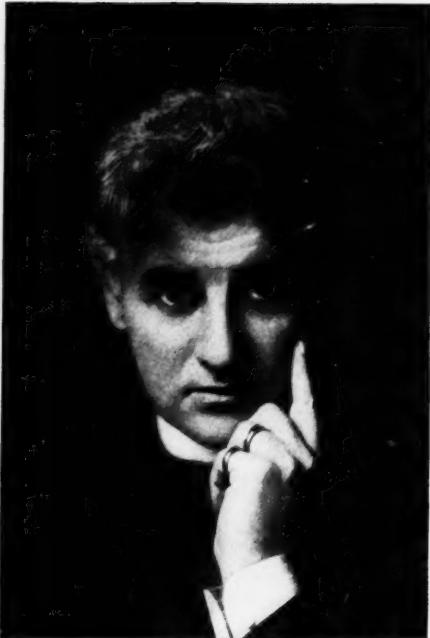


STEPHEN JOHNSON FIELD, A FORTY-NINER WHO BECAME A JURIST IN CALIFORNIA, AND LATER WAS FOR NEARLY THIRTY-FIVE YEARS A DISTINGUISHED ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT

From a photograph by Clindestin, Washington

could shelter all the navies of the world; with all the Orient in front and all America behind, it is no wonder that San Francisco has become one of the focal points of American commerce and American life. It is no wonder that in half a century it has grown to a place among the famous cities of the earth. We can understand why San Franciscans feel so confident that they have the Place—the one superb Place in all the world where a great city shall be established. Nothing that man or nature can do can disturb this confidence or cause any lasting injury to the roots from which San Francisco has grown.

San Francisco was born with a golden spoon in its mouth. It was rocked in a golden cradle. It was trained in a golden school. It flung up millionaires as easily as the Rocky Mountains had flung up snow-caps. There were a hundred of them on Market Street in 1875. One by one San Francisco left the older cities



DAVID BELASCO, THE PLAYWRIGHT—HE WAS BORN AND BROUGHT UP IN CALIFORNIA

From a photograph by the Misses Selby, New York

behind, until there are only half a dozen in America that surpass it as a center of finance.

At the last count, there were more than three hundred millions in its banks. Its export and import trade is a hundred millions a year. Its real estate sales in 1905 made a total of seventy-two millions. Its bank clearings rose far above a billion and a half.

What San Francisco is in the northern half of California, Los Angeles is in the south. It holds the record as the quickest-growing city on the continent. In ten years it multiplied itself by three and a half. It is a city of beauty and business. Nowhere else will you find such a combination of roses and factories, palms and trolleys, orange groves and oil derricks. Like San Francisco, it has become rich by finding buried treasure—not gold, but oil. The first wells began to flow in 1872, and to-day California is the leader of the oil States. Three years ago she sprang suddenly to the front, and probably by the time these lines are in print her output will have risen to a million barrels a week. Oil

is being used as fuel in locomotives and in manufacturing industries; and according to the present outlook, the region around Los Angeles will become before many years the Connecticut of the West. Even now, throughout the whole State, the product of the mills and factories amounts to four hundred millions a year.

Los Angeles is noted for the team-play of its citizens. No project, apparently, is too large for them, if it is for the welfare of their city. While the United States is staggered at the magnitude of



MARY ANDERSON, THE BRIEFLNESS OF WHOSE STAGE CAREER IS STILL A CAUSE OF REGRET TO LOVERS OF THE DRAMA—SHE WAS BORN IN SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

From a photograph by W. and D. Downey, London

the Panama Canal scheme, young Los Angeles is quietly digging a twenty-three-million-dollar canal of its own, to carry water from a mountain lake two hundred miles away. In proportion to their number, the Los Angeles citizens have begun a work a hundred times greater than the digging of the Panama lock-canal is to the American nation. It's a way they have in Los Angeles. They are Californians.

There is still the call of the gold; but it is no longer the only voice, nor the loudest. Last year the production



CHARLES CROCKER—HE WAS ASSOCIATED WITH STANFORD, HOPKINS, AND HUNTINGTON IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC

of yellow metal was an item of twenty millions. New mines are being found. Every now and then a prospector stoops down poor and stands up rich; but, generally speaking, the days of the pickax and the pan are over. Gold, like iron, is being mined by capital rather than by labor. There is a single gold-dredger at Folsom, for instance, which cost a sixth of a million, and which tears out thirteen cubic feet of earth in every handful. With her twelve hundred perfectly equipped mines, California is to-day a sort of uni-



JOHN MUIR WHO HAS DONE SO MUCH TO MAKE FAMOUS THE NATURAL WONDERS AND BEAUTIES OF THE GOLDEN STATE



CLAUS SPRECKELS—WIDELY KNOWN AS A SUGAR KING, WITH LARGE HOLDINGS IN HIS OWN STATE AND IN HAWAII



DAVID STARR JORDAN, PRESIDENT OF LELAND
STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

From a photograph by Thors, San Francisco



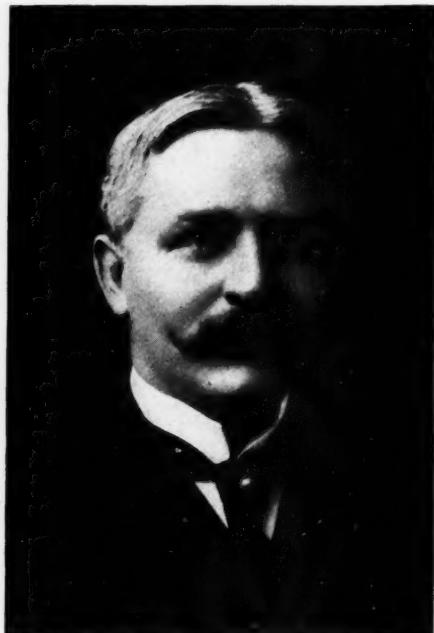
BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER, PRESIDENT OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

From a copyrighted photograph by Purdy, Boston



GEORGE C. PERKINS, UNITED STATES SENATOR
FROM CALIFORNIA SINCE 1893—HE WENT
TO THE LAND OF GOLD IN 1855

From a photograph



FRANK P. FLINT, UNITED STATES SENATOR
FROM CALIFORNIA SINCE 1905—A
CALIFORNIAN SINCE BOYHOOD

From a photograph by Cline and Inust, Washington

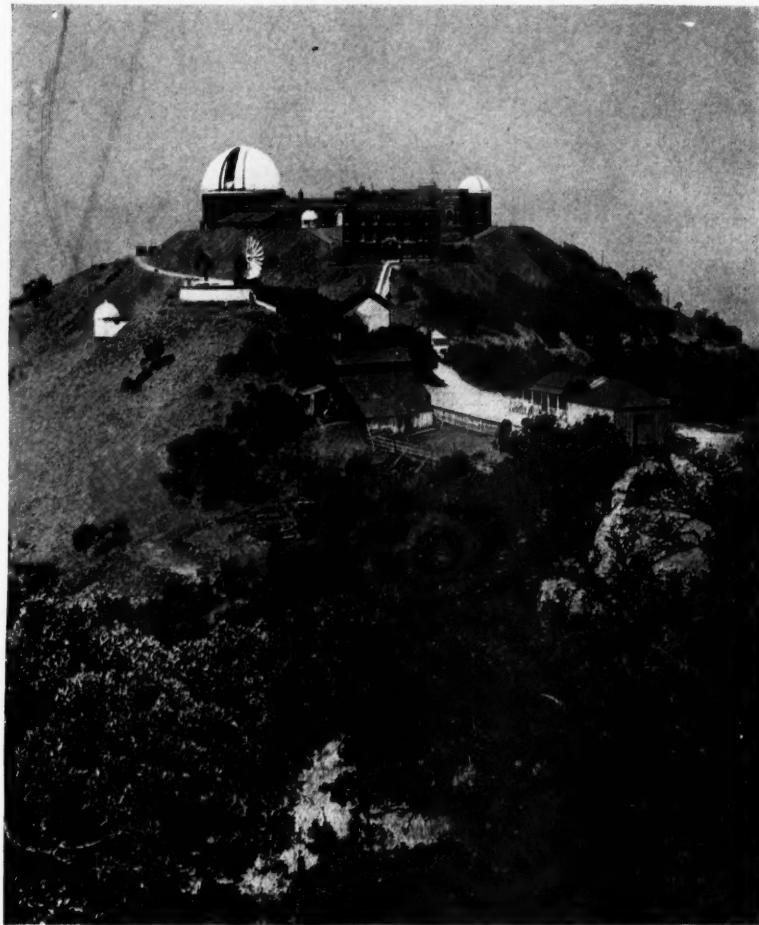
versity for gold-mining experts. In all countries you will find her graduates—in Nevada, Colorado, Alaska, Australia, and the Transvaal.

Instead of being a land of one mineral, California has now forty-seven. No one knows what may yet be found in her hills.

opals, garnets, tourmalines, topazes, or turquoises, you can be accommodated. It would seem as if California had prepared her hills so that she could say:

"If you don't see what you want, dig for it, and it is yours."

But California is no longer a miners'



LICK OBSERVATORY, MOUNT HAMILTON, AMERICA'S FOREMOST WORKSHOP OF PRACTICAL ASTRONOMY

From a copyrighted stereograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

Her government-land is still more than equal in extent to the whole State of New York—thirty-three million acres. She holds the lead among her sister States in quicksilver, platinum, and manganese. She gives us nearly all the borax. In precious stones, she has the greatest variety. Whether you seek for diamonds,

State. More money was made last year from her yellow oranges than from her yellow gold. In her orange groves she has six million trees—a constant source of beauty and profit. Riverside, the Orange Grove City, is said to be the richest city per capita in the United States. From its freight-yard more than

six thousand cars of oranges are sent eastward in a single year. It is one of the Western Edens, this little city of Riverside. Those who have seen it will never forget its Magnolia Avenue, where for seven miles the automobiles glide be-

family two apiece. Last year she sent us half a billion pounds of fresh fruits, besides twelve million pounds of walnuts and sixty thousand tons of prunes. She gives us one-third of all our lemons, grapes, and plums. She leads all States



PICKING ORANGES AT RIVERSIDE—FROM THIS CALIFORNIAN CITY MORE THAN SIX THOUSAND CARS OF THE GOLDEN FRUIT ARE SENT EASTWARD IN A SINGLE YEAR

From a copyrighted stereograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

tween orange groves, palms, and magnolias, with here and there a drooping pepper-tree from Peru or a slender eucalyptus from Australia.

The fact that we have become to such an extent a nation of fruit-eaters is largely due to California. She has enough fruit-trees to give every American

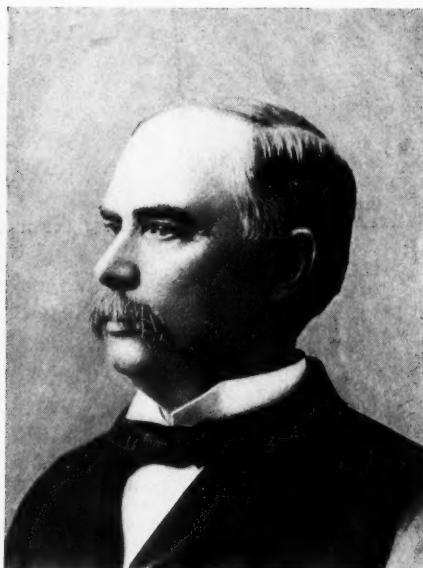
in peaches, apricots, and cherries. She has the largest olive-grove in the world, at San Fernando—two square miles of the silvery green trees; and in recent years she has multiplied her orchards so swiftly that she has now a million more apple-trees than Massachusetts.

And the preserved fruit! Half of the



JAMES D. PHELAN, FORMER MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO—BORN IN THAT CITY IN 1861, AND PROMINENT IN PUBLIC LIFE FROM EARLY MANHOOD

From a photograph



IRVING M. SCOTT, SHIPBUILDER AND IRONMASTER—HE DIED IN 1903, AND IS SPECIALLY REMEMBERED BY THE NATION AS BUILDER OF THE BATTLESHIP OREGON

From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco

canned peaches and cherries, two-thirds of the pears, four-fifths of the plums, and all the apricots, come from the great factory-kitchens of California. Her pin-money from this source was about fifteen million dollars in 1905. Finding that so much sugar was needed for all this fruit-canning, she proceeded several years ago to grow beets and manufacture her own sugar. That indefatigable German, Claus Spreckels, mastered the science of sugar-making and built



EUGENE E. SCHMITZ, MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO—TWICE ELECTED AS THE REPRESENTATIVE OF ORGANIZED LABOR

From a copyrighted photograph by Purdy, Boston

up his mammoth factory at Salinas. Then came the Oxnard brothers, founders of the sugar town of Oxnard; and from one source and another California has an abundance of cheap sugar.

And the vineyards! From them come the raisins—three thousand carloads; and the wine—thirty million gallons. It is seldom that you buy a pound of raisins without paying tribute to the Fresno people. The raisins of Fresno have become as famous as the oranges of Riverside, the

prunes of San José, and the olives of San Fernando.

Fresno is a story in itself. Thirty years ago it was a barren waste. A few starveling cattle wandered on its monotonous flats. One forlorn settler, who had built a house, was compelled to live for a part of every day in the cellar, to escape the intolerable heat. To-day Fres-

other army of ten thousand farmers vanquished a vast marsh, diking it as the Hollanders do, so that they have to-day a million acres of unrivaled soil. In the raising of barley, beans, asparagus, and potatoes, these farmers of the dike-lands claim the national records. We might stop here to notice the three-hundred-pound squashes and the corn that grows



GEORGE HEARST, ONE-TIME UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA—A PIONEER WHO ACQUIRED A LARGE FORTUNE AS A MINE-OWNER AND SPECULATOR

From a photograph



WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, WHOSE CALIFORNIAN ENERGY AND AMBITION HAVE MADE HIM SUCH AN ACTIVE FACTOR IN JOURNALISM AND POLITICS

From a copyrighted photograph by Furphy, Boston

no is one of the garden-spots of the earth. Ten thousand families revel in an affluence of fruitage; and a hundred thousand cattle graze in wide fields of alfalfa. As you drive along the level roads, you may see upon your right hand a thousand trays of raisins drying in the sun, and upon your left a whole prairie of yellowing melons. If you ask the secret of all this astonishing fertility, the complacent ranchman will give you the answer in one word—irrigation.

North of Fresno, in the wide valley between the coast range and the Sierras, is Stockton, a manufacturing city in the heart of a farmers' paradise. Here an-

so high as to make a step-ladder necessary if you wish to pluck one of its ears; but Californians dislike to speak of anything freakish. The every-day facts, they think, are big enough.

It is in southern and central California that the soil works these wonders. As if to offset the timber wealth of the north—the towering forests which have given California second place in the production of lumber—nature has conceded to the south her kindest soil and climate. In Santa Barbara, for instance, where the Storm King never travels, there is a variety of growing things such as no other spot upon the American con-



THE SEALS AT SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, A BEAUTIFUL RESORT OFF THE CALIFORNIA COAST

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tinent can show. Here are fifty sorts of bamboos; three times as many palms; six times as many vines. In all, there are two thousand various kinds of shrubs and trees—a veritable museum of vegetation.

Literally, southern California is a land of milk and honey. The milk of its cows is worth twenty millions a year—as much as the output of the State's gold mines; and according to the bee census, it is the most thickly populated section

of the United States. Nearly three million pounds of honey are gathered from each year's flowers.

It is certain that the hard-worked bees of other States would emigrate to southern California if they but knew of its flowerage. Where else are there whole farms of calla lilies and carnations and sweet peas? Where else are there so many fields that are sacred to the golden poppy, the official flower of the State? It is a curious fact that the bees have



MOUNT SHASTA—A PEAK OF THE SIERRA NEVADA, IN CALIFORNIA, FORTY MILES FROM THE NORTHERN BOUNDARY OF THE STATE—AN EXTINCT VOLCANIC CONE, IT RISES TO A HEIGHT OF MORE THAN FOURTEEN THOUSAND FEET

From a photograph, copyright, 1899, by the Detroit Photographic Company

carried to California the frugal instincts that were necessary elsewhere. They still store up their honey and make ready for a winter that never comes. Some day, perhaps, there will come a clever generation of bees that will gather the food of each day only, and spend their ample leisure in a frolic with the butterflies.

Southern California is the one place where the climate seems to have lost its usual desire to tantalize, and where it makes a sincere effort to suit as many people as possible. As our language was made before the discovery of California,

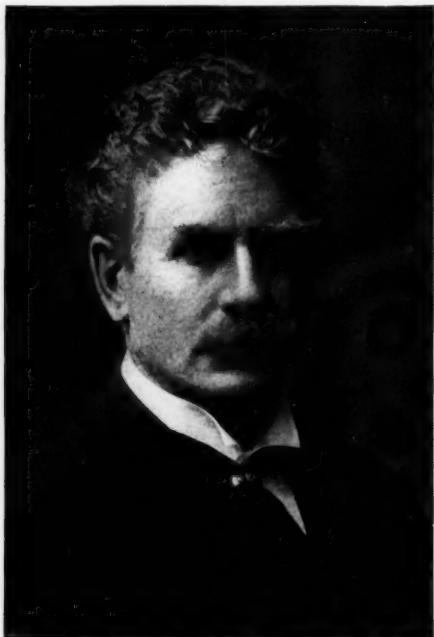


GERTRUDE ATHERTON, A WELL-KNOWN CALIFORNIAN WRITER

From a photograph by Le Mesurier & Marshall

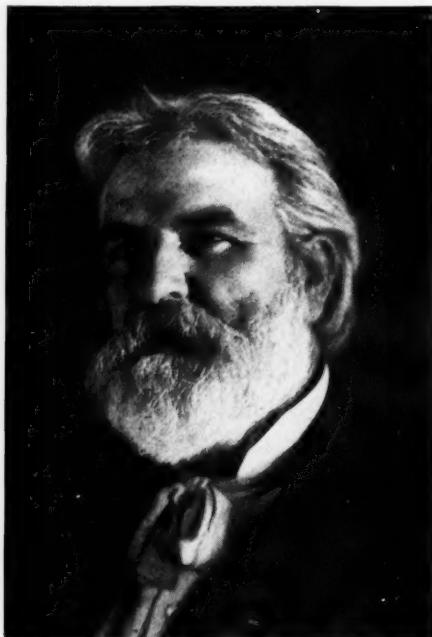
there is unfortunately no word which exactly describes its climate. It is neither temperate nor tropical. The sun is hot and the air is cool. There is neither chill nor enervation, freezing nor sun-stroke. The soil works every day in the year. Now and then there is a whiff of snow in the winter months, but it does no more than fleck the green fields like a bridal veil. It is an everlasting summer, but a summer that has always a slight flavor of September.

It was not in any degree an accident, then, that Luther Burbank is a Cali-



AMBROSE BIERCE, JOURNALIST AND WRITER OF VERSE AND FICTION

From a photograph by Prince, Washington



EDWIN MARKHAM, AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WITH THE HOE," AND A THOROUGH CALIFORNIAN

From a copyrighted photograph by W. J. Harris



AN OSTRICH FARM AT PASADENA—THESE DESCENDANTS OF FEATHERED IMMIGRANTS ARE HIGHLY PROFITABLE TO THEIR OWNERS

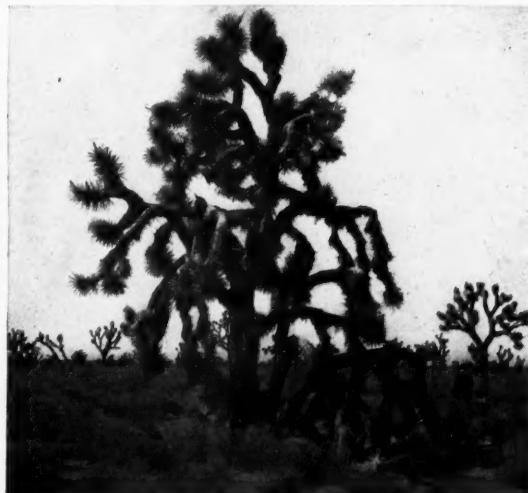
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fornian. Naturally, agriculture has first become a science in that State where it is most a pleasure. Nature is so friendly in this cornucopian region that men have dared to change her ways. They have corrected her faults and taught her to work with more intelligence. They have brought her up to date, as we might say, and persuaded her to pay closer attention to the wishes of the human race.

No other outpost of science has attracted such world-wide notice as Burbank's farm at Santa Rosa, in the little Sonoma valley north of San Francisco. No other man, perhaps, is engaged in a work of such practical importance to mankind. What this Edison of the garden has achieved in the past twelve years seems as if it were the product of centuries. He has made the most surprising alterations in flowers, fruits, grasses, vegetables, and trees. He has devised twenty-five hundred improvements, and not one of them is whimsical. Each is designed to add to the usefulness or beauty of the world. The Burbank potato, for example, added sev-

enteen million dollars to our national wealth last year.

Nothing can be further from the truth than to conceive of California as a vast Samoa, where men are satisfied to live on the bounty of nature and to take their ease in idleness. Life is more genial, but not less strenuous. There is not a volt less of energy in the Californian because of the kindliness of his environment. In



YUCCA CACTI AT HESPERIA

From a photograph, copyright, 1899, by the Detroit Photographic Company



DRYING RAISINS IN RACKS AT FRESNO, ONE OF THE GARDEN-SPOTS OF THE EARTH

From a photograph, copyright, 1901, by the Detroit Photographic Company



THE GARDEN OF THE MISSION AT SANTA BARBARA—A LINK WITH THE SPANISH ERA OF RELIGION AND CHIVALRY AND HOSPITALITY

From a photograph, copyright, 1899, by the Detroit Photographic Company

fact, it is difficult to say which is the more conspicuous—the country as nature made it, or the changes that have been made by its people. Such is the spirit of self-help that the Californians really feel that it was they who made the mountains and the climate and "the Pacific Ocean—clean to China!"

It may be that the isolation of California has made her people so remarkably self-reliant. Her two principal cities are as far apart as Boston and Baltimore. Portland lies far to the north in Oregon, and Denver is a thousand miles across the mountains. Whatever be the reason, it is true that California has again and again led the way in matters of social progress. San Francisco, for instance, may claim that she was the first American city to have a street-car system; that she originated the idea of the palace hotel; and that she taught the Eastern cities the value of the kindergarten.

Just now, this pathfinder State is leading the way in the abolition of coal and steam. Besides experimenting with wave motors and solar engines, she has learned how to harness her mountain torrents and transform their cascades into electric power. This is being done elsewhere, but—with one or two possible exceptions—not so cheaply nor to so great an extent. The electric light by which San Francisco is being rebuilt is flashed along a wire from the Sierra Nevada Mountains, some two hundred miles eastward. And so the snowy peaks that give the sunrise to the Pacific are now not only beautiful, but busy. Beauty and business everywhere—that is the Californian idea.

Energy—energy—energy! This is the keynote of the epic. The Titans who made American history in California had such storage-batteries of will-power that nothing could hold them back. They drove through difficulties like an express train through a snowbank. Few of them, if any, began life with any special favors of birth or education. All were men of the rank and file, and doubly Americans, for they had been sifted twice. Three thousand miles of ocean and three thousand miles of land had weeded out the weaklings.

The journey to the new-found gold-fields, in 1849, was the most terrible of

all treks. Such a pilgrimage had not been known since the days of the Crusades. Of the eighty thousand men who reached the goal, nearly half zigzagged fifteen thousand miles by sea on little schooners; the others rode on horseback, or walked, across half a continent, in long, thin, crooked lines that grew tragically thinner toward the West. A few months before, San Francisco had been a tiny trading village, and California as empty as Labrador. In a single year it became, at a bound, a full-grown State, with as many voters as Florida has today; and in the Golden Gate four hundred ships lay deserted because their crews had seen the glint of yellow in the hills.

It was a desperate scramble for sudden riches. Every man fought for his own. There was no law. The nearest jail was a thousand miles away. Every social prop was knocked from underneath morality. Yet, in 1849, the first newspaper, the *Placer Times*, was issued at Sacramento; in 1850 a complete State government was organized; and in 1851 the little University of the Pacific was founded at San José. They were American citizens, those Forty-Niners, and even in the frenzy of the gold rush they took time to establish free speech, law, and education.

THE RISE OF THE PIONEERS

Every leader rose from the ranks. Of the so-called Big Four who built the first railway over the Rockies, Huntington and Hopkins had sold pickaxes, Crocker red shirts, and Stanford flour and tobacco. John W. Mackay, one of the greatest of civilization-builders in both East and West, was a blaster. His three partners, Fair, Flood, and O'Brien, were shirt-sleeve pioneers. D. O. Mills, owner of skyscrapers, steel-mills, and hotels, paid rent for a shanty. James R. Keene, master of the Wall Street game, was a San Francisco proletarian. Sharon, Hearst, Tevis, and Haggin, rich afterward as Roman emperors, were at first as poor as any of the gold-seekers. "Lucky" Baldwin kept a livery-stable. Lux and Baron, the ranch kings, were butcher-boys. Senator Perkins was a sailor. Irving M. Scott, builder of the Oregon, had been a helper in a Balti-

more foundry. Adolph Sutro, the Astor of San Francisco, had been highly educated in Germany, but when California knew him first, he was a pedler.

Some of these men, of course, stumbled into treasure-holes; others became gold kings by sheer brain-power and perseverance. It was half a lottery and half a race. There are few of the famous mines that have no glamour of romance and adventure about their history. How John Selkirk sold the richest mine for fifty dollars to James G. Fair; how even that astute miner believed it to be worthless, and resold it to Lane and Alvinza Hayward for ten thousand; and how these two men, led on by a belief in spiritualism, groped in the rejected mine until they found seven million dollars—such is the story of the Utica. And there are many such stories, waiting for the great writer who shall some day come and immortalize them in an *Odyssey of the Pacific*.

These fortunate Forty-Niners took the stream of life at the flood, and it swept them on to fortune. They dug up forty millions the first year, fifty millions the second, eighty-one millions the third. They were rich beyond all definitions of riches, and their money was real, not the make-believe money of inflated stocks. Better still, it was clean money, as the Westerners say. It was taken out of the ground, not out of other men's labor.

Much of the money went for fine houses and fast horses; but most of it was spent on railroads and the building of cities, and a large fraction of it went for the higher necessities of civilization. The Scott and Crocker art galleries became famous. The Sutro library was the best west of the Mississippi. In education, the tide of generosity rose to its height, and the result is that there are now two universities of the highest rank, nine colleges, a thousand professors, and ten thousand students.

The University of California, less than forty years of age, stands at the head of our State universities. There are not more than three or four of the great institutions of the East that equal it. With nearly five hundred instructors and thirty-four hundred students, with a magnificent site at Berkeley not occupied by accident, but chosen for its picturesque

beauty, and with a score of multimillionaire godfathers close at hand, it is still growing at a rate which is remarkable even in the West. It is here that the traveler is amazed to find the spacious outdoor Greek theater—a creation that is unsurpassed in size and in the charming novelty of its conception.

The university's roll of honor, from President Durant, its founder, to Benjamin Ide Wheeler, contains many names that are as well known in the East as in the West. In the earlier days there were, for instance, the two Le Contes, noted scientists both, and Daniel C. Gilman, who was president of the University of California before he was called to Johns Hopkins. Professor Jacques Loeb, who works miracles in the science of physiology, has been given a new laboratory here in which to continue his search for the secret of life. Professor Josiah Royce, now one of the lights of Harvard, first lit the fires of philosophy at Berkeley.

Associated with the university is the Lick Observatory, our foremost workshop of practical astronomy. The work that has been done at this favorable spot has become one of the assets of the human race. As our most eminent Eastern astronomer, Simon Newcomb, has said, the achievements of Director Campbell and his corps of star-students have "put a new face on astronomical science."

THE ROMANCE OF AN OBSERVATORY

Lick Observatory is typically Californian in the romance of its origin. It was indirectly the result of a love story which ended happily for science, though not for the lovers. The maiden was a miller's daughter in Pennsylvania. She was willing to marry young James Lick, but the miller refused his consent.

"It's the mill and not the girl that you want to marry," he said to Lick. "You can have my daughter as soon as you own a mill as fine as mine, and not before."

Lick went to California. He made organs and pianos, and grew rich. Then he built such a mill as no miller had ever dreamed of. It was of solid mahogany from Central America. Money was lavished upon every slightest detail. Even the door-knobs were of solid silver.

When it was finished, he sent a photograph of it to the Pennsylvania miller. That was a California revenge.

James Lick never married. When his lonely life came to an end, it was found that his fortune of nearly three millions had been dedicated to the public service. To-day his name is perpetuated in the queen of observatories, and at the foot of the great telescope lies the body of the stern old philanthropist, with his heart-break healed forever.

It was love and loss, also, that founded Leland Stanford Junior University. Leland Stanford, the railroad king, had a dream soon after the death of his only son. He fancied that the boy stood before him and said:

"Father, do not spend your life in sorrow. Do something for humanity. Build a university for the education of poor young men."

Henceforth Leland Stanford was the servant of that dream. He built the dream university, and filled it with students. In that way it came to pass that we have at Palo Alto the magnificent educational city over which David Starr Jordan presides. Two hundred professors and nearly two thousand students are there, the latter including fifty from the Atlantic States. After her husband's death, Mrs. Stanford lavished her whole fortune upon the university. It is an interesting fact that two of the most generous friends of education in California have been women—Mrs. Leland Stanford and Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst.

Southern California has also the Lowe Observatory, on Echo Mountain, in which that eminent scientist and philosopher, Edgar L. Larkin, studies the ways of stars and men. Near by, at Pasadena, the literary center of the South, there is now the Throop Polytechnic Institute; and a new college for women, one of unusual size and scope, is being built.

California has done more than produce great educators. She has become the home and the birthplace of genius. More than five hundred of our most famous Americans, according to "Who's Who," are now living in California, and a hundred and sixteen of them were born there. The prophecy of Bayard Taylor, written when the Golden State was ten years old, is coming true.

"Nature must be false to her promise," he said, "or man is not the splendid creature he once was, if the art and literature and philosophy of ancient Greece are not one day rivaled on this last of inhabited shores."

A LAND OF POETS AND WRITERS

Was not one of the most impressive poems of recent times, "The Man with the Hoe," written by a poet who was a thorough Californian? It was in the foot-hills of the Sierras that Edwin Markham first found "the upward looking and the light." And it is the free spirit of the antislavery State that breathes through all his majestic poems, and fires him to resent "the insults of the few against the whole."

It is also a fact, and not an accidental one, that the greatest of all American books on social reform, "Progress and Poverty," was written in California by Henry George, who worked out his whole theory of the "single tax" in the pages of a California newspaper. The battle of San Francisco against monopoly taught him his philosophy and made him a spokesman of the masses—one of the ablest in American history.

Other California poets are John Vance Cheney, now in Chicago; Charles Warren Stoddard, of the Catholic University; Joaquin Miller, the Homeric poet of the Sierras, whose work is known East and West; Ina Coolbrith, Clarence Urmy, and Warren Cheney. Naturally California has from the first been the home of poetry. She is to other States what poetry is to prose, and her sons and daughters inherit imagination always. Even the logical Charlotte Gilman and the satirical Ambrose Bierce lay aside their sharp steel pens and use the poetical goose-quill now and then.

California has had but one historian of national reputation—Hubert Howe Bancroft, who wrote thirty-nine books and gathered fifty thousand. But she has had a continuous procession of novelists, from Bret Harte to Jack London. Frank Norris, the American Zola, who wrote "The Octopus" and "The Pit," was a Californian in every fiber. He was a writer of a purely American type, and did much to set the standard of popular fiction high. Like Keats, he died when

his genius was in the bud. Gertrude Atherton and Stewart Edward White are Californian in part; and Richard Realf, Palmer Cox, Mark Twain, and Robert Louis Stevenson spent some of their best years in San Francisco.

There are seven hundred newspapers in California—twice as many as are in the kingdom of Belgium; and several high-class magazines are maintained entirely by native talent. The *Overland Monthly*, founded by Anton Roman, was the first of the magazines. Afterward came *Sunset*, the *Pacific Monthly*, and *Out West*. W. R. Hearst, too, whose Californian energy and ambition have made him such an active factor in journalism and politics, was born in San Francisco.

In art, California might be well represented by William Keith, the painter of landscapes, and by Douglas Tilden, the deaf-mute sculptor of San Francisco. In the field of nature study, there is John Muir, that genial Thoreau of the West, who has done most of all to explore and portray the Rockies. At the head of the organized club-women of America is Mary Wood Swift, of San Francisco. In athletics, the prowess of California has been upheld by such strenuous champions as Corbett, Jeffries, and Britt, in pugilism; by C. A. Harriman, the long-distance walker; May G. Sutton, the tennis-player; and George Calvert, who surprised Switzerland last July by climbing Mont Blanc in nine hours and fifty minutes.

In the dramatic firmament there are such stars as David Belasco, Mary Anderson, Marie Burroughs, Edna Wallace Hopper, Nance O'Neil, and Florence Roberts, all born under Californian skies. Two others, born elsewhere, but trained in San Francisco, are Blanche Bates and Alice Nielsen. What a superb stock company Belasco might have had, if all these had remained at home!

And so we might continue for pages, if this list of famous Californians were complete, and not merely a suggestive one. All over the United States there are strong men who became strong in California. The oldest of our Senators — Edmund Winston Pettus — was a Forty-Niner, who rode on horseback, with thirty others, from Alabama to the

gold-fields. So also was T. C. Jenkins, the Marshall Field of Pittsburgh; and the famous Maine statesman, Thomas Brackett Reed, taught school for a time in the shadow of the Sierras.

A MOTHER-STATE OF LEADERS

California has always been a breeder of leaders. From John Bidwell, who went overland in 1841, to James D. Phelan, and from Peter H. Burnett, governor in 1849, to George C. Pardee, she has had no lack of able public men. And whenever a man of statesmanlike qualities has been needed for a special work, there has generally been a Stephen J. Field in northern California or a Stephen M. White in the South. But California has also been, and is to-day, the land of the average man. It is not all Santa Barbara and Pasadena and Nob Hill.

These, therefore, are some of the reasons why the Californians love their State with a fierce affection—why they regard it as "God's country," with all the United States behind and all the world in front. Even a few weeks spent in this wonderland enables outsiders to appreciate a little better that sense of dumbness that a Californian feels when he is asked to describe his country to one who has never been there. They can understand his devoutness when he says:

"I'd rather be a post-hole in California than a flagstaff anywhere else!"

Californians have always been dreamers. Hope and optimism flourish in their minds as the flowers do in their soil. Their thoughts leap toward the future. They know that, since Dewey's guns thundered in Manila Bay, their State has become central. They know that with the cutting of the Panama Canal, San Francisco will be nearer to New York by sea than St. Petersburg is now. They see facing them more than half of the human race in Asia and the islands of the Pacific. And they believe that, in the lifetime of their children, San Francisco and Los Angeles will equal New York and Philadelphia, with twenty million people prospering between Mount Shasta and San Diego.

With this glimpse at her past and present, who shall venture to set bounds to what California may be when she celebrates her centennial in 1949?

GUIDING HORACE

BY E. J. RATH

WITH A DRAWING (FRONTISPICE) BY J. H. GARDNER-SOPER

IT was two o'clock on a sunny Saturday afternoon when I first met Horace. For want of something better to do, I was standing idly against one of the stone pillars that line the Battery sea-wall, and the subtle influence of a lazy day had infected me. My introduction to Horace was quite informal. To my ears came a voice.

"If you please, I should like to see the Queerium."

A grave-faced boy, about eight years old, was composedly awaiting an answer as I looked down.

"The Aquarium is over there," I said, pointing to the familiar old building.

"I know it," said the boy calmly. "But I prefer to have a guide. Are you a guide?"

I examined him carefully, for in these days children are precocious and sometimes chaff their elders when the latter are unaware of it. But his eyes were too big, brown, and confiding to conceal guile, and his manner was respectful, with a certain odd dignity. His speech betrayed good breeding; his clothes, money.

"Are you a guide?" he repeated. Then he added apologetically: "There are guides in so many places."

"Have you been in many places?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed; many," he replied. "Helen and I travel, and we often engage a guide."

I could not find it in my heart to disappoint the child, so I said:

"Yes, son; I'm a guide. You want to see the Aquarium?"

"Yes; the Queerium," said he.

I led him across a short stretch of the park and we entered. On the way he confided his name—Horace Williams.

"Please call me Horace," he added. "I like it better than Mr. Williams."

I thanked him gravely for the privilege, and in return told him that my own name was Winthrop.

"First or last name?" he inquired.

"Last name," I said. "My first name is a very plain one—James."

"I read about a king named James," said Horace consolingly. "If you do not mind, I will call you James."

"Oh, certainly," I replied. "I prefer it. Call me Jim, if you like."

"First names are much nicer," continued Horace. "Helen is used to it, now."

Our arrival at the large circular tank cut short my inquiry concerning Helen.

"This seems to be a very large queerium," observed Horace. "Do they call it a queerium because it has queer things in it?"

"Possibly," I said. "But a great many people call it an aquarium."

"I like queerium better," said Horace. "I think I shall call it a queerium."

He slipped a hand confidently into mine after this delightful exhibition of contempt for custom, and led me toward the tanks that line the walls. Thereupon, I told him stories about the fish we saw, obtaining what information I could from the labels and shamelessly inventing the rest. We spent an hour and a half there before he thought of going home. Then he remarked:

"I think Helen will be expecting me now."

We emerged into the park, where he graciously thanked me for my services and asked for my bill.

"Fifty cents an hour," I said gravely. "You owe me seventy-five cents."

"I'm sorry," said Horace. "I ought

to have asked before. I have only a quarter. But if you will come home with me, Helen will pay you."

"And where do you live, Horace?"

"In a hotel," said he.

"What hotel?"

"A hotel with two big palms in front of it," said Horace.

"Undoubtedly," I said. "But what is the name of it?"

"I don't know," he answered.

"Where is it?" I asked with growing curiosity.

"I'm afraid I don't know that, either," he replied composedly. "But Helen knows."

"I certainly hope so," I said. "But how in the world are you going to find Helen or the hotel, if you don't know the name of it or what street it is on?"

"I don't know that, either," said Horace with amazing equanimity. I looked at him fixedly, but he returned my gaze with untroubled eyes.

"Come over here and sit down," I said, leading him to a bench. "How long have you lived in this hotel?"

"About two weeks, I think," said Horace.

"And who is Helen?"

"Why," he said, looking at me in surprise. "Helen is my mother."

"Oh!" I said blankly. "Do you always call her Helen?"

"Always," said Horace.

"What's your father's name?"

"My father is dead," said he. "I'm named after him."

"And where did you live before you went to this hotel with the two big palms in front?"

"In St. Louis, Missouri," responded Horace. "It is in the Middle West," he added, in explanation. "I don't think they have any queerium there."

"I hope not," I said, almost sharply. "Now, try to tell me what street this hotel is on."

"Honestly, James, I do not know," said Horace. Then he clutched my arm and pointed. "Look!" he said. "What a funny dog! What kind of a dog is it?"

"Horace," I said, "please divert your mind from that dog and give your attention to me. Do you know that you are lost?"

"I suppose so," said he complacently, watching the funny dog go up the path. "But you're a guide, aren't you?" suggestively.

"Yes, for people who know where they want to go," I said. "Don't you know that, if you are lost, your mother will be scared almost to death?"

"She might worry a little," he admitted, after some thought. Then his optimism conquered again and he began to talk about the parrot-fish. I cut him short with a fusillade of questions, but to little purpose. The hotel had two large palms in front; that was the sum total of his description. He had walked several blocks—he didn't know how many—to a car. He had told the conductor that he wanted to go to the Aquarium and the conductor had given him a transfer. By and by he had taken another car, which brought him to the Battery. That was absolutely all he knew.

II

I SPENT several minutes trying to think, while Horace exhibited lively interest in the passing show. Responsibility for the safety of this extraordinary child seemed to have been thrust upon me. The easiest and most practical thing to do, of course, was to take him to the police. But, somehow, I revolted at that; it did not seem fair to Horace, with his implicit trust in me. Besides, what a poor guide he would think I was—and there was something about Horace that made you value his good opinion.

The idea of calling up a lot of hotels by telephone and inquiring for Mrs. Horace Williams also occurred to me, but in a city full of hotels it seemed a hopeless task. It was almost certain, too, that he hadn't been lost long enough to warrant an alarm to the police.

"Are you sure you would know this hotel again, if you saw it?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm sure I would," replied Horace cheerfully. "It has two big palms in front of it."

I sighed and took him by the hand, and we boarded an up-town car. Horace enjoyed the ride immensely. He marveled at the big buildings, the crowds, and the vehicles. He wished that Helen could see them. Occasion-

ally he talked of the fishes at the Queerium. Not once did he allude to the fact that he was lost.

When we reached the southern frontier of the hotel district Horace and I left the car and walked. How many hotels we passed in the next hour I cannot venture to say. But it was a great many; hotels of all sizes and shapes, tall ones, squat ones, handsome ones, ugly ones, hotels with palms and hotels without them—in fact, it seemed to me, every sort of hotel that had ever been built. But at each one Horace shook his head positively and said no.

He was a good pedestrian, but he had a distracting habit of lingering whenever he saw anything that took his fancy. He wanted to look into store windows and to stand gazing after automobiles, and every street-fakir we passed proved such a magnet that I fairly had to tear him away. In conversation he constantly reverted to the Queerium, repeating with faithful accuracy the lies I had told about the fish. But never a word about being lost. His composure was astounding.

It was six o'clock and the hotel with the palms in front was undiscovered.

"Horace," I said, "are you hungry?"

"Yes," he answered frankly, "I am. But I have only twenty-five cents."

"Nevertheless, we'll get something to eat," I said. "I'll put it all in my bill to Helen."

We happened to be near one of my favorite dining-places, so thither I led Horace. He seated himself opposite me and immediately evinced lively interest in the big dining-room, the lights, the music, the waiters—in everything but his plight. While we were waiting to be served I went to the telephone, but police headquarters had as yet received no alarm for a missing boy. When I returned to the table Horace was contentedly munching celery. I gazed upon him with a mixed feeling of despair and admiration.

"Aren't you frightened at being lost?" I asked.

"Why, no," said he, raising his big brown eyes in surprise. "You're a guide, aren't you?"

It was no time to shatter his trust in me and I did not deny it.

"How about Helen?" I said.

"She won't mind very much, I guess," he replied optimistically. "She'll wait for me at the steamer."

"The steamer!" I exclaimed.

"We're going to Europe on Wednesday," he remarked blandly.

"Good Lord!" I cried. "Why didn't you tell me that before? I could have made inquiries at shipping-offices. Now they're closed."

"I'm sorry," said Horace. "I didn't know it was important."

"Well, it was," I said; "mighty important. You may have to stay out all night."

He appeared to consider this seriously for a minute, and my annoyance was so great that I hoped he would become properly frightened. His equanimity was almost uncanny as he observed, after a moment's consideration:

"James, let's talk about the fish at the Queerium."

But I absolutely declined to be a party to such frivolity. Evidently it was impossible to make Horace understand that his plight might be serious. Suppose I never did find Helen, I thought. What were my responsibilities in such a case? Would I have to take care of Horace for the rest of his days? And how could anybody take care of such a youngster, anyhow? I gave it up.

Although I cross-examined Horace concerning his family affairs, I gained nothing of value as a clue. Helen, it seemed, was a beautiful lady; he was loyally sure about that. Whether she was young, middle-aged, stout, thin, rich or poor he did not know. She was beautiful; that was all. This was very fine from Horace's standpoint, of course, but utterly useless to me.

They had traveled much, it seemed, since Horace was five years old. It was evident that the late Mr. Williams had left his widow in good circumstances. Bit by bit I corkscrewed family history out of the unsuspecting Horace, but it was barren of results.

"Ever been lost before?" I inquired.

"No" said he; "I always had a guide."

He did not intend that to be a pointed remark, but it was.

"Look here, Horace," I said. "I'm going to get a cab and we will drive to a lot of hotels and you must try to remember the one you live in. Keep a sharp eye out for hotels with palms in front. Understand?"

"Yes," said Horace. "It will be fine to drive, James."

I sighed again at this child to whom all that happened was a pleasure-jaunt. It was barely dusk when we started, and we crisscrossed back and forth about the city, working up-town gradually. Hotels there were by the score—some with palms and evergreens and some without, and at each I would ask:

"Horace, is that it?"

And Horace would look at it casually and reply: "No, James."

I could have flogged him for his indifference and hugged him for his self-possession. It was with difficulty that I kept his mind on hotels, for the busy affairs of the street won his constant attention. He asked so many questions about everything except hotels that I was at my wits' end to answer them.

It grew dark, and still we drove, passing a never-ending succession of hotels and apartment-houses. I began to realize that this ridiculous proceeding could not continue forever, and again I telephoned the police, but there had been no alarm for Horace. What sort of a person was Helen, anyhow? Was she as placidly indifferent as Horace? In desperation I was trying to evolve some scheme that did not involve leaving my charge at a police-station, when he laid a hand on my arm lightly and said:

"This is the hotel, James."

I almost yelled for joy. Horace was pointing to a large, brilliantly lighted building half-way up the block. In two large pots on either side of the entrance stood spreading palms.

"Are you positive?" I exclaimed.

"I am quite sure," said Horace.

The hansom drew up to the curb and he alighted. Then he held up his hand and said:

"Good-by, James, and thank you very much. If you will send your bill to Helen she will pay it."

Here was a dismissal for you; rather

an abrupt one, even though unquestionably polite. I was not offended, however, for I realized that Horace was different from other people. Besides, my great sense of relief dulled any sensitiveness. I took some credit for the happy result, to be sure, but I relied upon Horace to make a fair statement of it to Helen. So I shook hands with him and said:

"All right, Horace. I guess you'll explain it better than I can. I'll drop in to-morrow and leave my bill. Good night."

"Good night, James," said Horace, and he ascended the steps and disappeared through the great door.

As I rode away I reflected on the extraordinary ways of boys, Horace particularly. I was still musing upon his curious character when I awoke from my meditation long enough to observe a large, brightly illuminated building, almost opposite. We had gone half a dozen blocks from the hotel where I left Horace. The front door of the place which now attracted my attention was aggressively ornamented with two large palms. They fairly grinned at me.

With a sickening feeling of doubt in my mind I hastily dismounted from the cab and ran up the steps. Did you ever have an intuitive feeling that something was wrong? I had it as I crossed the lobby and asked the clerk:

"Is Mrs. Horace Williams, of St. Louis, stopping here?"

"Yes," he said.

III

I KNEW it! I could have sworn it from the second I set eyes on those palms! What I thought about Horace at that instant is immaterial. I was trying to decide whether to go back for Horace first, or tell his mother where I had left him, when the clerk remarked:

"Mrs. Williams went out the ladies' entrance not half a minute ago."

I raced after her. As I emerged on the sidewalk I observed no sign of a woman, but half-way up the block was a rapidly disappearing cab.

"Did a lady just take that cab?" I cried to a hansom driver, at the head of a waiting line.

"Just this minute," said he.

"Catch it!" I yelled, jumping into his vehicle, and away we went. She was headed for the police-station now, I understood, and I must stop her, for I knew where Horace was. The adventures of that chase were mere incidents to me at the time. It mattered not that by miracle only we avoided killing pedestrians, smashing carriages, running into automobiles or upsetting by our own momentum as we swung corners. Slowly we overhauled the cab ahead, which seemed to be rocking and careering as wildly as our own. As we drew abreast of it I leaned out and shouted to the driver:

"Stop! Stop!"

He pulled up his horse, and as he did so my own driver slowed down. A white-faced young woman leaned out of the other cab and I stammered excitedly:

"Are—are you Helen?"

"Yes," she almost screamed. "Where is my boy?"

"Why, he's at—er—I found him, but he's gone again," I went on lamely.

"What do you mean?" she cried hysterically. "Where is he?"

"I just left him ten minutes ago at the wrong hotel."

"Which one? Where?"

"Don't know the name, but I can drive to it," I replied. "Here," I said to my driver, handing him a bill. I dismounted and leaped into the other cab, beside the distracted woman, who was so overwrought that she paid no attention to my extraordinary behavior.

"Drive fast," I commanded the new driver, giving him a direction, and then I tried to explain things. I did it badly, of course, but it gave her heart to know that I could guide her to her son. Horace was entirely right about Helen—she was beautiful. Lines of anxiety and reddened eyes could not hide the fact. She hadn't missed her boy until dinner-time; then she had searched everywhere. Had she given any alarm? No; she was just on her way to the station, as a last resort. She hadn't even reported the incident at the hotel desk; in fact, it hadn't occurred to her to do so. So like Horace, I thought.

My apologetic explanation of the losing and finding of Horace was rewarded with the exclamation:

"Stupid! How utterly stupid!"

"But he said he lived there!" I expostulated.

"Idiotic! Stupid!" she repeated.

We had reached the hotel where Horace bade me good-by and I made a flying leap to the street. Mrs. Williams was at my heels as I raced into the lobby.

"Is Horace here?" I shouted at the clerk.

"Who's Horace?" he asked in mild surprise.

"He's my son," said Mrs. Williams, at my elbow.

"A little boy," I explained, "looking for his mother, Mrs. Horace Williams."

"Oh, there was a little boy in here about twenty minutes ago," said the clerk. "But he's gone now. Said he'd made a mistake."

Helen uttered a groan and I looked foolish and helpless.

"Which way did he go?" I asked.

The clerk rang a bell and summoned a uniformed colored lad.

"Weren't you talking to the little boy who was looking for his mother?" he asked.

"Yas, sir," said the negro.

"What did he do? Where did he go? What did he say?" I volleyed.

"Can't say where he went, sah. He just say he got inter the wrong hotel, an' he was much obliged an' he'd go an' find the right one. He told me 'bout some fishes he seen, an' then he say good night an' went off by hisself."

I looked meekly at Helen, who was leaning against the desk for support.

"You hopeless idiot!" she said weakly. "Now, where shall I find my son?"

"We must search the neighborhood," I replied, with sudden firmness. I had no faith in such a search, but I wanted time to think. I led her back to the cab, and for nearly an hour we scoured the town within half a dozen blocks radius. Helen—it was almost impossible to think of her as Mrs. Williams, after an afternoon with Horace—had fallen almost into a state of collapse. She said but little, but her silence rang eloquent with her opinion of me. My presence was tolerated, no doubt, only because in

some foolish, hazy way I seemed to be a link between her and Horace. She paid not the slightest attention to my explanation of my own identity. At last I said, as cheerfully as I could:

"We had better leave a description of Horace at the police-station and then drive back to your hotel. The police will have the boy before morning and will notify you at once."

She gave a despairing nod of assent, and we drove to the station, where an admiring sergeant took down a minute description of Horace. I say an admiring sergeant, because it was impossible to look at Helen without admiring her. He promised volubly to send word to the hotel as soon as Horace was found. Then I escorted her back to the hostelry with the palms.

As we approached the desk the clerk called:

"Oh, Mrs. Williams, your son was looking for you."

She gasped and clutched at my arm.

"He came in a little while after you went out," continued the clerk. "He asked if you were in, and when I told him no, he said he'd go out and play for a while. He isn't back yet."

We looked at the clerk dumbly.

"Anything the matter?" he asked.

"Why, man," I cried, "that boy has been lost since early this afternoon. His mother is nearly crazy."

The clerk whistled. "I didn't know that," he exclaimed. "He didn't tell me; nobody told me. He said he'd been down to the Aquarium, seeing the fish."

Helen was speechless, but I managed to recover my voice.

"You had better go to your room, Mrs. Williams," I said. "Horace can't be far, and I'll find him directly. You are worn out and excited."

Then I rushed out to the street and strode rapidly up the block. I hadn't the least idea where to go, but hurried blindly on. As I turned a corner I bumped into a large, comfortable-looking policeman. He was engaged at that moment in conversation with a small boy seated on a railing. The boy had his arms spread wide and was saying:

"The biggest one was as long as that—twice—and all the time he kept swimming around."

"Horace!" I yelled.

He looked up in surprise and then smiled cordially.

"This is James, my guide," he said to the policeman. "James, this is my friend Thomas."

The uniformed Thomas grinned cheerfully and remarked:

"Funniest kid I ever seen."

"James is the man who showed me all about the fish," continued Horace.

"Do you know that your mother is nearly crazy about you, Horace?" I said severely.

"Oh, did you meet Helen?" inquired Horace.

"I did."

"She's nice, isn't she?" said Horace.

"Yes—perhaps—oh, I don't know, you little idiot," I said. "You come back to the hotel with me at once."

Horace slipped from the railing and said to the policeman apologetically:

"Helen wants me now, so I'll have to go. But if you're here to-morrow, I'll tell you about the other fish."

"You might 'phone to the station-house," I said to the officer, "and tell them that the boy they had an alarm for is found."

The fat policeman opened his eyes in astonishment. "Him lost?" he said. "He never told me nothing about it."

"Of course not," I said. "He never does."

Then I took a firm grip on Horace's arm and led him back to the hotel.

"Did Mrs. Williams go to her room?" I asked at the desk.

"No," said the clerk. "She followed you out, but I guess she couldn't catch you. She hasn't got back yet."

"Now she's lost, I suppose," I said dejectedly.

"We can talk about the fish, anyhow," said Horace.

I glared at him fiercely. "If you don't stop talking about those fish," I said, "I will never guide you again as long as we both live."

It was a desperate threat, and Horace fell silent. I took him into a reception-room and we waited. By and by I began to believe that Helen really was lost. Two hours went by and Horace became sleepy. But I did not dare send him up to bed for fear he would get

lost somewhere on the way. At last she came, so wearied with walking that her step faltered pathetically. The sight of Horace acted as a tonic. She gave a little cry and clasped her placid son in an embrace that caused him evident embarrassment.

"You wicked, wicked darling!" she exclaimed.

"Helen," said Horace, gently struggling to be free, "this is James, my guide."

Mrs. Williams smiled through her tears and extended her hand.

"My son has a peculiar habit of using only Christian names," she said.

"I found him talking to Thomas, a policeman," I said.

She laughed merrily as I gave a detailed account of my affair with Horace.

"Here is a letter for you, Helen," said Horace, drawing a crumpled envelope from his pocket.

Mrs. Williams took it and asked: "Why, when did you get this, Horace?"

"The clerk gave it to me as I went out this afternoon," he said.

"Horace, you are beyond hope," I exclaimed weakly. "Why didn't you tell me you had such a letter?"

"Why," said he, in surprise, "it was for Helen."

"But it had the address on it," I cried.

"I never thought of that," said Horace.

Mrs. Williams, who had recovered her spirits marvelously, was in a gale of laughter.

"The three of us are a pack of lunatics," she said.

"I don't think I'm a lunatic," I said. "I found him, anyhow. I think I'm a pretty good guide."

"Oh, yes, Helen," said Horace. "I

nearly forgot. Will you please pay James his bill for guiding me?"

"Certainly. How much is it?" she asked gravely.

"It will have to be itemized," I said.

"I shall insist on paying it," said Mrs. Williams, her eyes twinkling.

"Certainly," I said. "Ordinarily we guides don't present our bills until we are discharged. I thought Horace would need a guide for two or three days more."

"He really does need one," said Mrs. Williams; "but he needs an entirely reliable one," she added.

"I will put a collar and chain on him to-morrow," I said.

"James is a very good guide, Helen," said Horace, coming to my defense. "He knows a lot about fishes."

The upshot of it was that I guided Horace again the next day, and the day after that, and, not having lost him, I was finally permitted to guide both him and his mother to the steamer. Two handkerchiefs waved from the rail as the vessel moved out of her berth and Horace cried shrilly:

"I'll write you about the guides in Europe."

He has written me a number of letters, quaint documents that deal with guides and aquariums and Helen. He says I am still the best guide and I am beginning to believe it. In the last letter he writes:

When we get home next month Helen hopes you will be able to guide me some more, and says, please have your bill ready for the other guiding.

The bill isn't made out yet. I shall let it run as long as Horace needs a guide. When he discharges me I'm going to find out if Helen doesn't need one.

IDENTITY

So slight the jeweled girdle of the soul!
 Thoughts strain and dreams wear thin
 Its substance. Jar of passion, shock of sin,
 The delicate brush of a joy's swift wing—
 And lo! 'tis snapt! The scattered jewels ring
 Against the pavements of the stars or cling
 In tendrils of the dawn, and the soul sweeps
 Far out into unfathomable deeps.
 Yet haply some stray part
 Nests in a comrade's heart.
 So slight the jeweled girdle of the soul!

Gertrude Huntington McGiffert

THE WORLD'S RACE FOR SEA POWER

BY RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON

EUROPE'S GROWING NAVIES ARE A MENACE TO THE FUTURE
PEACE OF THE WORLD—THE UNITED STATES IS THE ONE
COUNTRY THAT CAN INSURE INTERNATIONAL PEACE BY IN-
CREASING HER OWN NAVAL STRENGTH

Japan in victory is building new war-ships; Russia in defeat is building new war-ships; Great Britain is building new war-ships; France is building new war-ships; Germany is building new war-ships; the President has urged our Congress to build new war-ships. What is this world-wide race? What does it mean? What will be the finish?

The British are far in the lead, showing the result of the sea-training of a thousand years. During this period the Spaniards, the Dutch, the French have run gallant races, but each in turn has gone down before the present champion. Is it possible that the great race now on may break the world's record and develop a new leader for the ages to come? Let us see.

In rough figures, the British flag now waves over one million seven hundred thousand tons of modern war-ship displacement, made up chiefly of fifty battle-ships and thirty-two armored cruisers, the figures, as in the figures of other countries to be mentioned later, including ships which at this writing are not yet in commission but close to completion. The ships are good and the personnel is efficient, for the British are a seafaring people and their war-ships are kept constantly in commission. Officers and crews have the sea-habit.

The French come next, with about six hundred and twenty thousand tons, counting twenty-five battle-ships and sixteen armored cruisers, good ships, but of

questionable efficiency, because the French are not a seafaring people and their ships are too often in port out of commission. Close to France is Germany, with about four hundred and seventy thousand tons, including twenty-four battle-ships and seven armored cruisers. The German ships are good and the personnel, though untried, gives evidence of great efficiency. The man takes chances who bets on the French navy as against the German. Behind Germany comes the United States, with about three hundred and ninety thousand tons—twenty-two battle-ships and fifteen armored cruisers; followed by Japan with three hundred and twenty thousand tons—twelve battle-ships and eleven armored cruisers; Italy, Russia, and Austria bring up the rear with two hundred and seventy thousand tons, two hundred and forty-five thousand tons, and one hundred and twenty-five thousand tons, respectively. The Japanese take a stand with the Teuton as to aptitude, while the Slav goes back to be classed with the Latin.

FAST-GROWING FOREIGN NAVIES

The British development is steady, with about two hundred and thirty-five thousand tons of new ships now in course of construction; France is making an heroic effort with one hundred and eighty thousand tons building, but is evidently laboring heavily; Germany has one hundred and twenty thousand tons building,

a steady, relentless development that be-speaks deep, unswerving purpose. America is making little effort—does not know that the greatest race of the ages has begun. Yet we have three hundred and fifteen thousand tons building. Ambitious Japan, electric with victory, has one hundred and ten thousand tons building and a great program laid out. Russia, despite her recent humiliation, is laboring ahead with one hundred and thirty thousand tons building; Italy, Austria-Hungary, and the other nations are steadily falling to the rear. The chief interest in Austria-Hungary and Italy comes from the fact that their combined strength—three hundred and ninety thousand tons built and ninety-five thousand tons building—is likely, since they are in the Triple Alliance with Germany, to be added to Germany's strength, making a total of eight hundred and sixty thousand tons built and two hundred and fifteen thousand tons building, to match France and Russia in their Dual Alliance of eight hundred and sixty-five thousand tons built and three hundred and ten thousand tons building.

A FORECAST OF THE FUTURE

Who will forecast the finish of this race and the effect upon the world? Germany, America, and Japan are forging ahead. It is easy to see that Germany, with a growing population of fifty-seven millions and a rapidly growing foreign commerce, will overtake and pass France, with a stationary population of only forty millions. Indeed, Great Britain must look about if she does not wish Germany some day to pass her in the race. The final supremacy, however, will not rest in Europe. America must gain dominion over the ocean and hold this dominion till the nations and the races are confederated in an international organization for peace.

No one can question America's ability to take the lead. Our people have always shown the highest naval efficiency. Our resources are matchless—as large as those of all the countries of Europe combined—and are little taxed for military purposes. Furthermore, the rate of increase of productiveness due to our natural increase and the addition that

Europe sends, is nearly twice that of all Europe combined. We have nearly ninety million inhabitants, and by cold statistical returns the average American produces more than three times as much as the average European.

Whenever America decides to hold supremacy on the sea, no power or combination of powers can stand in the way. The only question is, whether America is going to decide or not. I answer the question in the affirmative.

During the last four and a half years I have gone into every State and Territory of the Union and have made more than thirteen hundred speeches, advocating strong foreign policies, based on a strong navy, for the purpose of protecting our interests, guaranteeing the Monroe Doctrine, securing our peace, and promoting the cause of peace and justice throughout the world. In every section—North, South, East, and West—the people have responded like magic.

The logic of the situation is unanswerable. The greatest nation, with by far the longest extent of coastwise property exposed, with the largest amount of export property on the water, producing most in great world staples that must have fair access to markets beyond seas, why, in legitimate apportionment for self-protection, should we not have the biggest navy?

TO GUARANTEE THE MONROE DOCTRINE

We have undertaken the greatest and noblest task in the world, that of securing the western hemisphere against oppression. A strong navy alone can guarantee the Monroe Doctrine with peace. A non-military nation, without imperial colonial ambitions, a nation without any inherited hatred, the common offspring of the other great nations, our influence in the world, as far as it goes, must always be felt on the side of justice and peace. We are appointed to be the chairman in the councils of nations, to be the arbiter in their disputes, to be the peacemaker of the world. Our influence and effectiveness in such service will be directly proportional to the size of our navy. Therefore, the bigger our navy, the better for the world. All the other great nations have enemies. Their navies are for war. We have no enemy; our navy is for peace.

Why should not the peace navy be the biggest?

The greatest movement of the centuries is the movement now gathering momentum, chiefly through the efforts of the Interparliamentary Union, to evolve an international organization for peace, to administer the international affairs of the world along lines of justice. America's organization of her forty-five States is the protoplast of such an organization. America should, therefore, take the lead in this great movement.

The people's response to such argument is instantaneous, and their conviction becomes fixed and deep when I show them that our nation has been so evolved that it can be trusted with power and will not abuse it. As long as power is used over the waters to restrain greed and brutality, America should be ready to furnish that power.

AMERICA NO BULLY

When our young nation, so wonderfully born and reared, began to extend its relations with other nations, wonderful qualities came out. Independent and virile before the strong, we have been generous, magnanimous, protecting toward the weak. In opening Japan we never fired a gun. When Japan and China paid indemnities to American and European powers on account of disturbances which the powers suppressed, we returned the indemnities, repudiating the very thought of accepting money from a weak people. With less than sixteen million inhabitants we determined to protect the weak of a whole hemisphere. When an American army seized Santiago, it undertook to feed the Spanish women and children gratis, eighteen thousand of them, though our own soldiers at times had to go on half rations. When Spain lay helpless, we would not harm or humiliate her. When Cuba remained in our hands, after we had paid the price of possession in blood and treasure, when the world expected us to make Cuba pay us back the costs of the war and to keep her as a permanent source of revenue, we took her by the hand, taught her how to stand alone, started her down the new path of liberty, assuring her of the near-by protection of the strong arm of an elder brother, and with a hearty "God-

speed!" we gave to little Cuba her independence. No one need have misapprehension about the growing power of America. Power makes America only the more considerate and generous. Water would have to run up hill before America could become a bully.

Such a nation is just what the world needs at the present juncture. A great transformation is taking place, from the old system that suited when man was under the heel of nature and had to live by the law of might, into new systems suited to modern conditions, in which man has conquered nature and must live by the law of right. Militarism and war are in a death-grapple with industrialism and peace. Every great force of modern times is on the side of peace—the natural forces, mastered by science, that are building the world up; the economic, commercial, and industrial forces that are making people more independent; the educational forces that are banishing ignorance and prejudice; the political forces that are bringing wider liberties to the citizen; the moral and religious forces, teaching that all men are brothers; and above all the great organizers for peace.

THE COMING REIGN OF PEACE

War, ultimately, is sure to disappear. Peace must conquer. The only questions are: How long must the fight last? How much must the world suffer in the meantime? It is clear that the nations with great armies, which take away large portions of the population from useful pursuits and interfere with the free play of economic forces, must fall behind industrial nations in the competition for the world's commerce, unless the armies can be used in war to gain advantage and pay for themselves. If we can only keep peace secure for a term, and insure equal trade opportunities and equal rights over the world, militarism will go down in its own strongholds and the armies of the world will dwindle away. Militarism feeds on war. The great danger to the world is the outbreak of a general war in Europe or in Asia that would stir up the destroying passions of centuries of heredity; the legacy of militarism. The greatest of all service to the world would be the prevention of such an outbreak.

What nation is best equipped to render the greatest disinterested service in such an undertaking? In the Far East as in Europe, to avert the danger to civilization the world must look chiefly to America, and the peace of Asia, like the peace of Europe, rests in largest measure upon the enlargement of the American navy. America should put forth her best efforts to hasten international organization that would do away with a resort to war, and toward this end should appropriate, say five per cent of the amount allotted to the building of new ships; but the most urgent duty of the nation to-day is to hasten naval expansion as the means of securing peace over the world and keeping the way open for the great economic and moral forces, and the great movement for international organization, to work the complete overthrow of militarism and the best progress of the human race.

Does any one doubt the response of our people and their endorsement of these policies? Then grasp the significance of the fact that representative audiences in two hundred and forty-six cities in every part of the land have already voted unanimously for them and instructed their public servants to cooperate in putting them into effect.

THE PLEDGING OF THE PEOPLE

Since the first of January, 1905, I have introduced a series of resolutions at the close of my lectures and speeches, calling on the United States to negotiate general arbitration treaties with all nations; to extend arbitration groups to larger numbers, and, if practicable, to form an expanding alliance or union of nations for peace; to urge the convening of the second Hague Conference in order to expand its usefulness as an international judiciary; to urge the forming of an international parliament and the other machinery for a general international organization for peace; to stand against the introduction of militarism into China, and against the dismemberment of China; to stand ready to be the arbiter in the disputes of the world and play the part of the peacemaker among the nations. In order to put these purposes into effect, and to keep peace secure in the world, the resolutions insist upon

the speedy upbuilding of a navy, and call on the mayor in each city to appoint a committee to notify the Representative in Congress from the district, the two Senators from the State, and the President of the United States.

The cities include every size and cover thirty-five States and two Territories. Except where many were standing already, the vote has been a rising vote. The aggregate audiences have numbered about two hundred thousand. Out of this number only nine individual men have voted against the resolutions. One of these was an army officer, whose stumbling-block was the general arbitration treaty clause. He believed that vital questions should be excluded. Two others were professors at the same college in Mississippi. I found that, in rivalry with the State university that had just adopted the resolutions unanimously, they agreed beforehand to vote in the negative. Another was a politician in Alabama, who seemed to think that his voting affirmatively might help me politically in the State. Another was a preacher who abhorred the idea of the use of force under any circumstances—though Quaker communities have not hesitated to vote unanimously in the affirmative. The others slipped away before I could get a chance to find out the motives of their negative vote. The audiences have included all parties, all creeds, all American nationalities.

Broadly speaking, the conclusion is unmistakable that the American people will stand as a unit in strong foreign policies for peace and justice, founded on an expanding navy. The fruit of this spreading sentiment is already appearing. At the last session of Congress, when a first vote came as to whether we should authorize two new battle-ships or one, forty Democrats voted with the Republicans. We got two battle-ships. The next time a test vote comes probably a hundred Democrats will vote with the Republicans. Before very long, Democrats will try to outstrip Republicans, and there will be no party lines, but a solid nation, and speedy and steady expansion will be the fixed policy of the government till peace is established permanently through international organization and the confederation of the world.

THE LAKE BREED

BY J. OLIVIER CURWOOD

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMANN HEYER

CAPTAIN WIGGS'S girl arrived in Buffalo on the eight-fifteen train. Ten minutes later the excited captain was hurrying her down to the thick, coal-grimed darkness of the river, where the din of loading and emptying vessels, the glare of tug lights, and the signals of incoming and outbound ships filled the night with the light and life of the dirtiest and busiest port on the Lakes.

Captain Wiggs was overflowing with joy. Above the rattle of wheels on cobblestone pavements, the wheezing of innumerable exhaust pipes, and a hundred other noises, his voice rumbled cheerfully, while his daughter, panting and laughing, ran at times to keep pace with him. The skipper of the *Jennie Cullom* was short and thick; he stood five feet seven and weighed two hundred and eighty pounds. When he paused at last where a vista of ships' lights hung low, like a thousand varicolored stars, he was wheezing like a stranded fish, but still talking.

"There she is!" he announced, catching his breath in a staccato of gasps. "She's lit up—ready f'r you—ever'thing nach'r'l!"

He pointed to a rim of lights hung along the gangway of a freighter which, in the lantern-lit gloom, looked like its master, short and fat; then he whisked his girl over the plank and released the last volume of breath in him in a bellow for the mate.

"Ben—Ben, m' lad, where are y'?"

The mate had purposely lost himself in a group of men working about the windlass. For hours he had been preparing himself for the ordeal of meeting the captain's daughter. As he came slowly out into the light, struggling to

overcome the uncomfortable bigness that welled up into his throat, his heart beat like a drum and his face was red with hot blood. The girl saw him almost before he had detached himself from the darkness. She hurried to meet him.

"You don't seem to be a bit anxious to see me," she cried, an inflection of disappointment in her voice. "Aren't you glad, Ben?" She held out her two hands and Ben took them in his big, trembling fists.

"I'm glad," he said. "I—I've been wanting to see you for a long time, Jean, ever since you—" He swallowed hard, and added: "I've been wanting to see you *damned bad*, Jean!"

The girl was laughing before he realized what he had said. Then she became very sober. As the captain came puffing up over the deck she drew her hands from the mate's grasp and said, with a touch of piquant naïveté: "You're the same old Ben, always bashful—*dreadfully* bashful!"

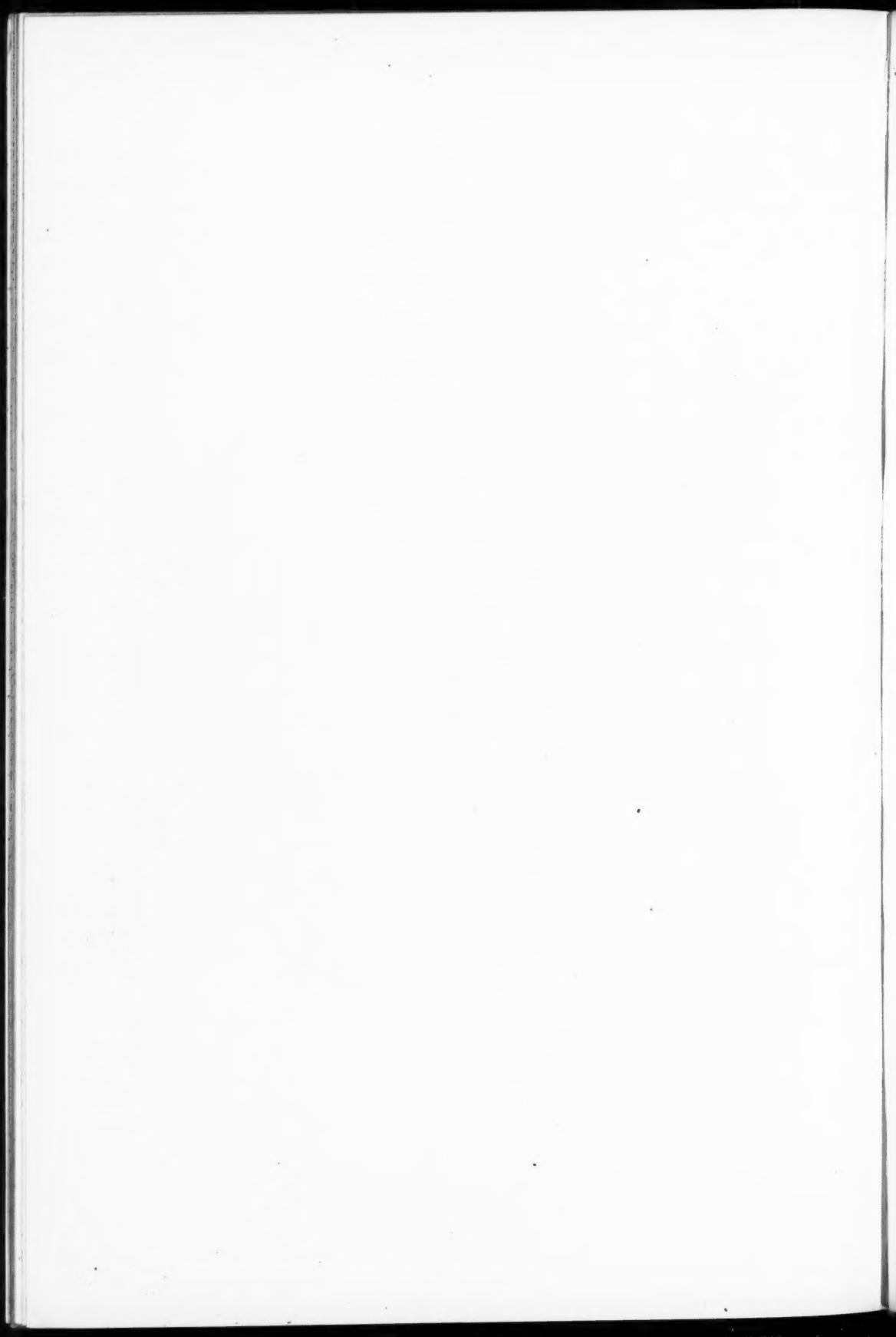
She turned away with a laughing good night and Ben went back among the men, dully wondering if he knew what she had meant, and with a new and growing happiness in him.

"Heave up, boys!" he cried. "Let's get under way before that big fellow signaling out there comes in and blocks us. Ho, there, Cap'n Stevens!" He shouted down into the blackness alongside, where for half an hour a tug had been lying. "We're ready, Cap'n Stevens. Pay out your line!"

He went forward, lighted his pipe, and watched the dock lights as the old freighter slipped out slowly and elbowed her way between giant steel



THE FIRST PERSONS THE MATE ENCOUNTERED AS HE CAME FROM HIS CABIN WERE JEAN AND
THE MAN FROM BOSTON



ships into the thousand-mile highway that led to Duluth. When the thin, white breakwaters were left behind, like ghost-lines edging the city, the tug dropped off and drifted back, and with the cheerful good-bys of the crews the Jennie Cullom began pounding her way into the Upper Lakes.

II

A MILE or more over the starboard rail occasional lights shone faintly along the New York shore. The mate always watched these when going out. He knew that where the edge of the city's night-glow melted away into gloom there were two little cottages, side by side, hidden behind a great apple orchard that was there before he was born.

In those cottages, years before, he and the captain's girl had lived; in the orchard and along the beach they had passed their childhood days together, he the son of a fisherman's widow, she the daughter of a schooner's master. Every time the Jennie Cullom left Buffalo his retrospection ended with the scene of a summer morning when little Jean, crying as though her heart would break, had joined him in the old orchard with the terrible news that her father was going to send her away. He remembered how he had blubbered then, and how he had gone to Captain Wiggs and begged of him not to make the girl go. But it had long been the skipper's dream to make a lady of his motherless child, so she was sent to an aunt in Boston, and for many months the boy was alone and miserable.

To-night he went over those days again in his memory. He smiled, and his heart warmed throbbing, as he thought of the letters they wrote—letters in which Jean called him "Dear Benny," and in which they both said things which made him flush now as he recalled them. Jean came home once or twice during the first year, but after that her visits were few. The letters became more and more infrequent until at last the boy was ashamed of the scrawls he wrote. Then he went to sea, and while he matured among the rough breed of the Lakes, Captain Wiggs's girl became a lady. The

Jean he had known seven years before had returned, more beautiful than he had ever dreamed she would be, and he knew that their chumship lay only in the old memories of the orchard.

The mate watched the fading shores until a mist came into his eyes. Jean was with him again, but it was not the Jean of his boyhood, the little girl of the old cottage and the big orchard. He stood thinking of these things until there was nothing but the darkness of the lake about him, except where a glow hovered over the receding city. Then he went to his cabin and lay awake until midnight, thinking of Jean.

The Jennie Cullom was a wooden freighter, and slow. A thousand times the mate had regretted this fact, but during the following three days and nights he wished that she sailed under canvas instead of steam. They were the happiest days he had ever lived, and most of his time, even when he was on watch, was spent in Jean's company.

The first morning out from Buffalo she appeared on deck with her hair in a long braid, and Ben smiled in honest joy. In the afternoon she discarded her yachting suit for an old dress belonging to the cook, and began to take a keen interest in the running parts of the ship. She made friends with the stokers, ate supper with the hands aft, won the heart of old Robbins, the wheelman, by raising blisters on her pretty hands at the wheel, and lifted the mate into a seventh heaven by insisting that he should accompany her in all of her explorations and assist her in her experiments.

Once, when Jean smiled up into his face, her eyes filled with sparkling happiness, he caught one of her hands in his own and held it for a full half minute while his clumsy tongue struggled to say what was burning in his soul. But the words failed to come.

At another time, during a blow off Saginaw Bay, when the girl was leaning over to see the rush of waves under the vessel's bow, he dared to put a supporting arm partly around her waist. Jean turned her tempting face up to him and laughed, and the mate felt himself blushing so furiously that he was glad when she looked into the sea

again. He knew that he was a coward in her presence. At times he cursed himself roundly for it, at others he reasoned that it was his better sense which had prevailed.

As the days and evenings passed, days and evenings when he was almost constantly in Jean's company, the mate found that in spite of his battle against it the spark of hope was beginning to burn in his breast. He could not but see that Jean was sometimes more than kind to him. Her smiles, the little pressures she gave his arm, and the occasional touches of her soft hands against his own consumed him with the thought that he might still be something to her. He imagined at times that her voice was almost tender as she talked of the days they had spent together in the little cottages back of the old orchard; and once, when they were sitting in the soft moonlight, he could have sworn that there were tears in her eyes as she recalled memories of the old home. He had taken her hand for a moment then, but in his nervousness and his fear he had remained silent.

That was the evening they were approaching the Soo. Jean had gone to her cabin early, with the promise that she would come on deck again before retiring for the night. The mate took advantage of this interval by reviewing the events of the past three days. As he went over them one by one, from the day Jean had chided him for not greeting her more warmly, he became more and more convinced that she had encouraged him to speak. For the time, what he considered to be his own unworthiness was forgotten, and Jean's actions, her smiles, and her gently spoken memories of the past bore a new and potent meaning for him. He was filled with a throbbing, overmastering hope, and when at last he saw Jean come out of the cabin and walk to the side of the ship he came quietly up behind her, his love burning on his lips. The girl heard him and turned, and the words he was about to speak were interrupted by her own.

"I was thinking of you, Ben," she said softly. "I've wanted to tell you something all day, but—I haven't. Will you do something for me?"

"Anything, Jean!"

"Well—" The girl slipped a hand through his arm. "Well—you see," she continued, "I've got a friend coming aboard at the Soo." She shot a glance into her companion's face, then gazed demurely at a schooner fading away in the moonlight. "It's a man." She felt a sudden tremor in the arm she held. "A young man from Boston," she added, "who has come almost two thousand miles to take this trip across Superior in my company. He's rather foolish, don't you think?" She did not wait for a reply. "I want you to help make it pleasant for him. Will you, Ben?"

As the meaning of Jean's words came to him the young mate straightened. Through him went a shudder which the girl did not feel, for he had dropped her hand. It was like an electric shock, something fatal to all that had risen in him, something which destroyed in an instant every vestige of those things which had lifted him for a brief time above his own level. When it had passed away it left behind the ugly truth that he was his old, clumsy self again, an uncultured, cross-grained specimen of the Lakes. Once more Jean was the lady. But the revulsion had come with more than ordinary force. In his own respect it left him little more than a wreck of what he had been when the girl came aboard at Buffalo. He had made a fool of himself—the biggest fool in the whole world, so far as he knew. A moment more and he would have brought upon himself Jean's pity, or her contempt.

He realized the narrowness of his escape. But with the knowledge of his own stupidity came the thought that Jean—not the old Jean, but the new Jean from Boston, the Jean who had been made into a lady, and in whom he would have placed his honest confidence beyond all others—had been playing with him. She had allowed him to place his arm around her, she had let him hold her hand; he knew that he might have kissed her, if he had dared. Yet she had known that her lover from the East would be with her within a few hours.

To the mate, strong in the honor of

a simple Lake mother and ignorant of the ways of women, these things became crimes. Unseeing, unhearing, he gazed steadily for a few moments out into the darkness, then turned without a word and walked away. Though he heard Jean call him and knew that she followed him a few steps across the deck, he did not pause. Loving her, yet despising what she had done; crushed but cured, he went among the men aft, while Jean, her heart beating with sudden tumult, her face flushing hotly, hurried to her cabin.

For a long time she sat quietly near the partly opened door of her room, listening for footsteps which might be those of the mate. She realized, slowly at first, the significance of Ben's actions, and knew that she had wounded him bitterly, though unintentionally.

In the silent darkness of her room she condemned herself for what she had said. Why had she hinted that the man from Boston was her lover? Why, instead of playing the hypocrite with Ben, had she not told him the truth—that the man at the Soo was a brother of her dearest girl chum, doomed by a malady which it was hoped a Lake trip might retard? She had pitied the man, and, for her chum's sake as well as for his own, had invited him to the hospitality of her father's ship. Why had she not told Ben this? If she could see him now—to-night—she would explain, she would tell him that she had lied—yes, *lied*—and that she was sorry.

For more than an hour she watched for Ben, but he did not go to his cabin. She walked forward and aft. If the mate was on either deck, he kept out of her sight. This was like a touch of fire to the girl's spirit. She regretted what she had done, but if the mate was not inclined to be even courteous, she would postpone the explanation she had intended to make. And why should she explain to Ben, after all? He had been disagreeable, he did not return when she called to him; anyway, morning would do. So she went to bed, uneasy, a trifle angry.

III

EARLY the following morning the Jennie Cullom entered the Soo locks.

At dawn, two hours before the watch was up, Ben aroused the second mate and went to his cabin without waiting for breakfast. He knew that, according to the precedent she had established, Jean would come on deck with the break of day, and he did not care to meet her, much less his rival from the East, who would probably come aboard before the freighter started on her lifts into Superior.

Smoking incessantly, he counted the hours in his cabin. He figured by the position of the ship that the man from Boston came aboard between eight o'clock and eight-thirty. He tried to work himself into the belief that now he cared nothing about his presence, or that of the girl, but failed dismally, and finally fell asleep fighting against his jealousy and his love—the best thing that could have happened to a man who had slept less than one hour out of ten in a period of three days and four nights. From his slumber he was aroused by a knocking at the door which called him to dinner.

The first persons the mate encountered as he came from his cabin were Jean and the man from Boston. In a single glance Ben measured his rival, a thin, pale young man, stoop-shouldered and with eyes that had the light of a fever in them. He was not good-looking; but there was something likable about him, something that unconsciously and instantly appealed to one, even to the mate, who was prepared to hate him. But the knowledge that he was Jean's lover and that he was taking Jean from him kept back the greeting that the sailor would otherwise have given. As the girl smiled Ben touched his hat stiffly; as she advanced a step to meet him, her eyes questioning, her lips framed to words, he bowed slightly and passed within a dozen feet of her on his way to the mess-room.

During the remainder of the day he managed to keep out of Jean's presence. Several times during the afternoon the girl sought a reconciliation. Twice she waved her hand at the mate and smilingly beckoned. Once she left the Boston man's side and approached him, but the sailor went among the men aft as though he had not seen her. At this

the girl tossed her head, and deigned no more glances or smiles or friendly beckonings in Ben's direction. This was what the mate desired. He felt relieved, for he was still buried deep in his conviction of Jean's hypocrisy and was determined not to lend himself again to her amusement. He was even more relieved when later in the afternoon a light gale sprang up and Jean and the stranger sought the shelter of their cabins.

As the afternoon advanced the gale increased. When the second mate came to relieve Ben at six o'clock the waves were beginning to roll against the Jennie Cullom with thundering force and the sky was filled with the peculiar slate-gray thickness that presages riotous storm on Superior. Ben knew the signs and smiled grimly as he went down among the men to eat at mess. He wondered if the man from Boston was accustomed to the sea. If not—he chuckled inwardly as he pictured results, and when he came out of the dining-room, where dishes were beginning to slide about a little, he steadied himself in the sweeping wind and regarded with pleasure the thousand choppy billows that plunged up as black as ink on all sides of the Jennie Cullom.

After a little he went to his cabin, divested himself of his clothing and crawled into his bunk, comfortably satisfied that a beautiful storm was brewing, that the Boston man had already collapsed, and that Jean would be compelled to amuse herself alone during the remainder of the trip. Then he fell asleep and dreamed of hoisting the Boston man to the top of a mainmast, whence he dropped him to the deck.

When his rival struck there came a concussion that sounded like the explosion of a cannon. There followed a dull, rending crash, and the vessel shuddered. From his dream the mate was hurled into wakefulness—a wakefulness that brought into him the great dread of all men, the dread of death.

In the first seconds of consciousness he realized what had happened, and, with a shout of warning to those who might hear him on the other side of the cabin walls, he hurried into a part

of his clothing and dashed out upon the freighter's deck, where the loud cries of men forward and aft mingled with the terrifying clanging of the great gong which called upon every man aboard ship to fight for his life.

A hundred tons of water were running off the decks of the Jennie Cullom. Most of her deck-lights were shattered, and she pitched in the heavy seas with reverberating booms that told she was driving broadside in their troughs. As the mate ran forward the second officer met him.

"We're stove in!" he shouted. He waved his hand around the blackness of the sea. "God knows what—mebby a derelict—a rock—and we're taking in a lot of water under the for'ard chains!"

From the bridge Ben could hear the booming of the captain's voice. Down in the engine-room tinkling bells set the pumps at work and men's faces went pallid under their coats of grime. Cassidy, the engineer, stood with courage mapped in his face, a heavy wrench gripped in his hand as he shouted curses at his assistant, who had bolted for the stairway. From the lower landing the mate came and roared down words of courage to him.

"Give 'er all she'll take, Cassidy!" he shouted. "Don't let the old tub rest for a minute, or we'll sink. We'll let you know if it comes to the worst!"

He shot back and slammed the door behind him. The jarring of the pumps sucking on vacuum sounded beneath his feet, and he turned back to listen. Then came the heavy, choking run of water, and his heart sank. He hurried on deck, and a moment later the second officer came out of the forward way and coolly informed him that the ship was sinking.

"Little need of sounding or pumping," he said. "We're filling like a tin can with the bottom out!"

The mate repeated the words to the captain and ran down to verify. He could hear water pouring into the hold with the noise of a small cataract. After he returned, the signal-call to boats was sent down into the engine-room and stoke-hole. Captain Wiggs descended the pilot-house stair to the first and second officers, who stood close as he shouted his commands.

"Firemen an' deckhands into the starboard boat, Wilkins!" he boomed into the second officer's ears. "Head south by a little east! Ben, you'll take charge of Jean!" The captain almost screamed the last words at his first officer, then rushed amidships among the gathering men.

Ben hurried toward the girl's cabin. He did not think of the Boston man until he reached Jean's door, and then it flashed into his head that perhaps he, too, had come for her. But Jean was alone. As the mate came in, naked to the waist and breathing deeply, she stood holding to the cabin-table, her beautiful hair loose about her shoulders, her face white but filled with courage. She was waiting, bravely, and as Ben burst through the door she smiled her gladness and held out her hands. Even then she wanted to tell him—to close the breach between them, but in this hour of danger there was still a coldness in Ben's manner. Without speaking, he fastened a couple of life-belts around her and then slipped one over his own shoulders. He knew that Jean understood, that there was no need of explanation.

"I've been waiting for you, Ben," said the girl as the mate hurried her to the door. "I knew you'd come—you or—" She meant to say her father, but the sentence was not completed. As she passed out of the cabin the wind smothered what she would have said, and the mate heard only that which reminded him of the man from the East.

He made no reply, but half dragged her along the deck to where lanterns were flitting around the boat davits. As they came amidships a faint cheer sounded above the noise of the sea, which was battling less noisily now against the sinking vessel, and Ben knew that the second officer's boat was launched. In an instant the cheers gave place to curses as two men rushed across from the starboard davits, one of them shrieking maledictions.

"He slipped the fall!" he shouted, pointing at his companion; then, turning upon him like a beast: "You slipped the fall, curse you!" He struck out fiercely and the other staggered under the blow. "He slipped the fall!" he

shrieked again. "They've gone 'n' left us."

A cry of anger and despair went up from the men, and Jean, trembling with fear and horror, clung tightly to the mate.

"Ten of us!" boomed the captain. "Make the best of it, men—make the best of it—one at a time!" He crowded among them, a great fist raised threateningly, and the mate sprang to his side.

"One at a time!" he shouted after the captain. "One at a time—and to name!"

Those of the men who had gone into a panic at the thought of crowding ten men into a boat that should hold but eight began to recover their reason. One after another Captain Wiggs called out their names and they lowered themselves into the blackness of the sea. When four had gone below the captain turned to his daughter.

"Jean," he shouted, "Jean, girl, you next!"

The mate led her to the side. "I'll hold you," he cried in her ear. "I'll hold you—safe!" He took her in his strong arms and lifted her over the rail; and for a single moment in that passage his lips were pressed against those of the girl.

"Jean, I love you—I love you—"

The girl heard him, and in the darkness she put up her hands; but other hands reached up and pulled her down. Ben fell back as another figure, reeling as if drunk, staggered up among the men. It was the Boston man, his thin face deathly white in the light of the lanterns, a deep sickness showing in his bloodshot eyes. The fifth and the sixth man were climbing over, and did not see; the seventh, who stood with the captain and the mate, was Cassidy, and though despair came into his face he did not speak.

"Eleven!" groaned the captain in his beard. "My God!" He motioned to the engineer, but Cassidy remained at the fall, with the boat's rope wound tightly around his waist.

"Somebody's got to stay!" he growled. "I ain't afraid!"

Ben sprang to the Boston man's side and caught him under the arms.

"You're next!" he shouted. "Quick——"

He dragged his rival to the side of the ship and almost threw him over. Cassidy had kicked off his shoes and was tightening his life-belt with one hand while he held to the fall with the other.

"Cassidy!" thundered the captain. The engineer hunched his naked shoulders with dogged determination. "There ain't room f'r all," he growled. "I'm going to stay!"

The mate caught the engineer by the shoulders. "Quick, Cassidy," he urged. "We're all going!" He caught the fall in his own hand and pulled the engineer to the rail. "For God's sake go down!" he cried in his ear. "Go down and shout up there's plenty of room, or Cap'n Wiggs 'll never leave the ship! Roar it out, Cassidy, roar it out!"

The engineer climbed over, and Ben, leaning far out, looked down into the boat. He could see by the light of the lanterns in it that it was already dangerously overloaded. Jean was in the bottom amidships, and the men had pulled the Boston man over beside her. Soon Cassidy's voice came up in a trumpet-like roar.

"Plenty o' room, Cap'n Wiggs, plenty o' room!" he shouted. "We'll ride five hundred pounds more!"

"Hear that?" yelled the mate cheerfully. "Over the side with you, Cap'n Wiggs! I know you want to go last—but you can't. You're too heavy. I've got to give you a powerful lift or you'll swamp the boat!"

He pulled the captain to the side, as he had urged Cassidy, and crowded him over the rail. As the master of the ship slipped heavily down among his men the engineer stood erect and stretched up one great arm imploringly, but instead of reaching for it the mate tossed the loose rope in Cassidy's face, and the small boat shot away from the sinking vessel.

For an instant Ben caught a glimpse of ten white, horror-filled faces looking up at him. Then, above the first outburst of men's voices there came a piercing cry from Jean, and as the boat was swept out into the night he saw

her standing with outstretched arms. But he made no response. Silently he leaned over the rail and watched the flashes of the lanterns in the small boat as it was lifted on the crests of the waves. He knew that Captain Wiggs would attempt to return for him, and he knew, too, how futile his efforts would be in the heavy roll of the sea. At first he heard men's shouts, more and more indistinct with growing distance, but after a little these last human sounds failed to reach him.

IV

DURING the few moments that followed, moments which he realized were closely preceding death, there came contentment into his heart. He did not fear the end which he knew was fast approaching; he had told Jean of his love and had taken her in his arms and kissed her, and he was now giving up his life for her. After this Jean could never forget him.

Soon there came from beneath him a barely perceptible shock. It was followed by another, a shuddering, noiseless throb, as if a charge of dynamite had exploded in the hold without making a noise. Where two or three lights were burning aft the mate could see the black tops of the seas coming higher and higher until they broke in a roar over the Jennie Cullom's deck. Suddenly they crowded forward, and like a thing fighting inch by inch against her doom the wooden ship was submerged until only her lighted peaks stood for a moment triumphant in the center of a whirling maelstrom. In another moment they, too, had disappeared.

Where for a brief spell a hundred different currents shot up bursting tons of water the mate was tossed like a piece of water-logged wood. He was twisted this way and that, now entirely submerged, now buoyed to the surface of the buffeting seas by the cork belt under his arms. Instinctively he husbanded the breath that was in him; and when at last the place where the freighter had sunk ran once more in the regular sweep of the waves, he floated with his head above them, exhausted, almost dead, but still possessed of that unconquerable last spark which

calls upon every man to struggle for his own preservation. Slowly his limbs responded, until strongly and regularly they obeyed the instinct of the man into whom at the last moment had come the great love of life.

In the first half hour of his fight in the sea the mate figured out his chances. Unfortunately he did not know at what hour the Jennie Cullom had struck. If he had possessed this knowledge he might have estimated pretty accurately his distance from the Michigan shore. It could not be more than thirty miles; possibly it was less than ten. Ben had never heard of a man who had lived to swim thirty miles, or even twenty, in the chilling water of Superior. But ten—he might do that. Already he began to feel the chills, the bites of the summer ice-devils of Kitchi Gummi, as sailors call them, and he worked doubly hard to keep the warmth in his body.

All would have ended soon if the shore had not been very near. But in the early dawn two teamsters from a lumber-camp came down to the edge of the lake, and there they found Ben, crumpled up in the sand, with that glorious last spark still live in him, but burning feebly—so feebly that they thought him dead at first. He was taken up and carried to the big cabins back in the woods, and for days only unintelligible mutterings fell from his lips.

On the tenth day something like reason fought its way back into his head, and, as the facts came to him one at a time, he revealed disjointedly the story of the Jennie Cullom. After a time the spark that was burning brighter each day brought him out into good, wholesome life again; and after that, still too weak to leave his bunk, he would pass wearisome hours wondering what had become of Jean and the Jennie Cullom's crew. The thought that they had drowned began working upon his mind. Horrible pictures would come to him even in his sleep.

He prayed for the day when he could regain his feet and start through the woods for the nearest town, which was twenty miles away; but his worry brought back the fever, and so when the camp-supply wagon left on its monthly

trip to the station he could only sit up and watch it as it rattled off over the logging trail. But in the driver's care was a slip of paper upon which he had scribbled a few words, addressed to Captain Edward Wiggs, Buffalo, and which were to be sent by telegraph. In the message he did not speak of Jean, nor did he say that he was sick.

Two days and nights passed. Early in the morning of the third day, while the camp was still asleep, Ben knew that he heard the distant, hailing cry of the returning driver. Like a shadow he slipped from his bunk and stole half naked out into the grayness of the dawn. When four tired and dripping horses came out into the edge of the clearing, they stopped suddenly as the man stumbled up to them, almost falling under their feet in his weakness. His words came hysterically, sobbingly, as he stretched up his naked arms.

"Anything for me—for me—?"

The driver fumbled for a moment under his seat as he recognized the sailor, then gave him a little yellow envelope and lowered his lantern. The mate snatched the light from him and crouched beside it upon the ground, with the precious little envelope.

There was not much to read, but when he was done the light of reason was almost gone from Ben's feverish eyes, and he fell face downward in the road with a cry that brought the driver to his side. As the lumberman raised Ben in his arms his eyes fell upon the little slip of paper and he reached out for it. He could see nothing in it that should cause a man to act as the sailor had done. He spelled it out twice, but he was not enlightened, for he saw only these plain, simple words, not knowing that they would change the course of a life:

My life went out when I thought that my Ben had died. In the little old cottage behind the orchard I am waiting for you, praying as I have prayed each night and day, that my beloved will come to me soon.

JEAN.

And even as the lumberman read, Ben saw in his delirious half-consciousness a picture of the old orchard, a picture with Jean in it—the old Jean—his Jean, forever and forever!

JEAN JACQUES HENNER

BY R. H. TITHERINGTON

THE ALSATIAN PEASANT WHO BECAME A FRENCH ACADEMICIAN
AND ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS PAINTERS OF HIS DAY—THE
REMARKABLE SERIES OF TYPES THAT HE CREATED, AND
THE UNIQUE PLACE HE HELD IN NINETEENTH-CENTURY ART

WE sometimes talk of the "contemporary French school of painting" as if the craftsmen of modern Paris were as united a family as some medieval master and his pupils working together in a walled Italian town. The fact is, of course, that both in France and elsewhere the tendencies of latter-day art have been increasingly complex. There is more and more dissent as to truth of principle and orthodoxy of practise. In Paris, for example, within our own time, we have heard the last echoes of the old battle between the classicists and the romanticists; we have witnessed the rise, the progress, and perhaps the decadence of the impressionists. We have seen Puvis de Chavannes create a distinct art of mural decoration, and Raffaelli devise a wholly new method of blending color. The imitators of the Japanese have had their day. The portrait-painters are always with us; and we have to listen, besides, to the discordant claims of the landscapists, the military specialists, the allegorists, and the painters of still life, of human anecdotes, and of sensational horrors. New leaders have continually arisen to point the way along strange roads; their followers have marched hither and thither in many directions, sometimes treading in throngs along well-worn

highways, sometimes moving alone in some solitary path.

Henner, who died a year ago after a long and productive career, was one of the most remarkable instances of the latter class. Ranked as a pupil of Drölling and Cabat, he owed practically nothing to his teachers. What he learned came to him direct from the old masters, especially those of Venice. His work was like a nineteenth-century revival of the traditions of the great sixteenth-century colorists. He had some partially successful imitators, but he left no successor. He stood apart in a world of his own—a dreamland of lovely visions, unvexed by the currents of the busy modern life about him. His genius was a heaven-sent gift, with nothing to explain it in his ancestry, for he was the son of Alsatian peasants, a juvenile prodigy who could draw long before he could write.

HENNER'S ARTISTIC FORMULA

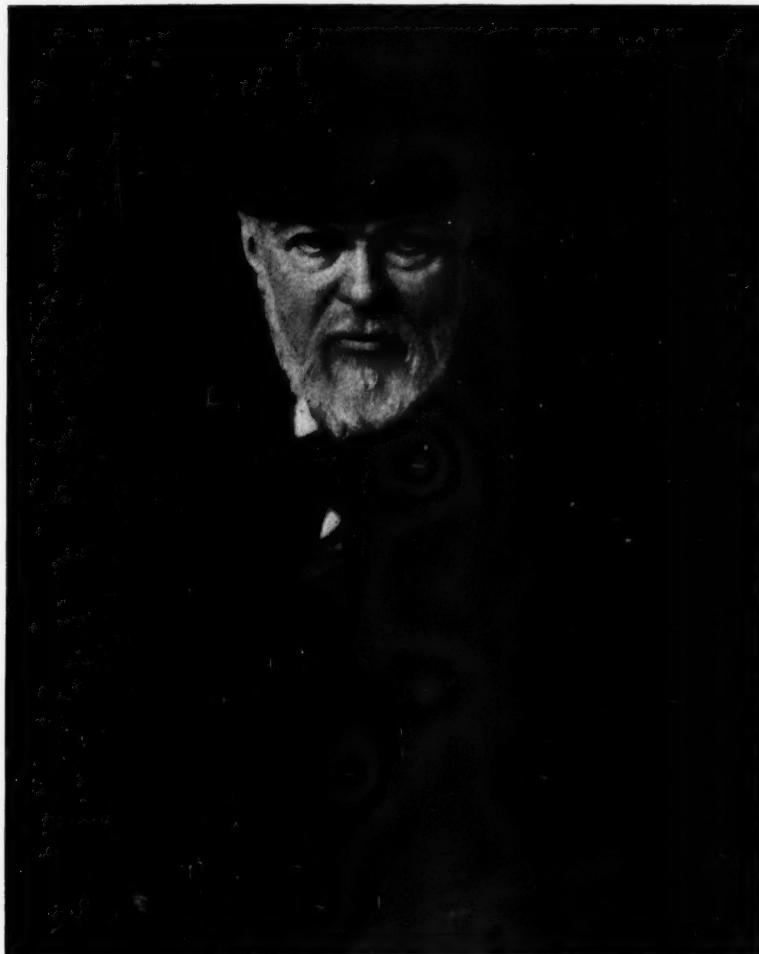
Early in his life, Henner found the precise expression that embodied his ideal; further he never went or sought to go. Honors, the highest that France can give to her painters, came to him, and fortune was at his command; yet he remained the same simple, quiet dreamer, toiling away in his studio in the Place

EDITOR'S NOTE—This article is one of a series suggested by the death, within a remarkably brief space of time, of a number of the most famous artists of their generation—among them Bouguereau, Bréton, Gérôme, and Henner, in France; Lenbach and Menzel, in Germany; the English Watts and the American Whistler. The papers already printed were on Gérôme, in the June number of this magazine; on Lenbach, in the September issue; and on Whistler, in October. Others will appear later.

Pigalle, going to the Louvre to meditate before the masterpieces of Titian and Velasquez, or summering in the unpretentious villa that he built in his native village of Bernwiller—now transferred, by the annexation of 1871, to German

thereafter sounds it again and again, as if spellbound by its fascination.

Jules Claretie's characterization of Henner's work would apply to any one of a long list of his pictures. "Who," said the versatile Parisian littérateur,



JEAN JACQUES HENNER—BORN AT BERNWILLER, ALSACE, MARCH 25, 1829; DIED IN PARIS JULY 23, 1905

From the portrait by Jean Benner—Copyright, 1899, by Braun, Clément & Co., New York

territory. He never painted a picture which really tested his possibilities as an artist. Having developed his formula, he clung to it until—charming, original, and distinctive as it was—it began to weary with its too frequent iteration. He was as a man who finds one beautiful and haunting chord on an organ, and

"has not stood to dream before his wonderful idyls, in which, with the daring innocence of ancient days, some unclothed maiden stretches herself on the green grass, or throws into the evening air the mournful strains of her reed flute? It is the close of a cloudless day. Twilight is at hand. The trees are outlined

in solid and slightly darkened masses against a sky of tender blue, while a lake, or the slumbering water of a brook, reflects the boundless vault of heaven. What a graceful, dreamy charm! Theocritus and Vergil sang as this Alsatian

Jean Henner's model, of the mawkish strain,
Still tears her auburn hair for Henner's gain;
One hour with pious pose she plays the nun,
And then she plays a part the pious shun;



"THE GIRLHOOD OF JEANNE D'ARC"

From a carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co., after the painting by Jean Jacques Henner

paints. In him there are both an incomparable painter and a poet—the poet of nature and of the woods, of dreams and of beauty."

A less kindly critic has thus assailed the monotony of the artist's oft-repeated feminine type:

But whether as a maid or Magdalene, A wearying sameness clothes her morbid scene.

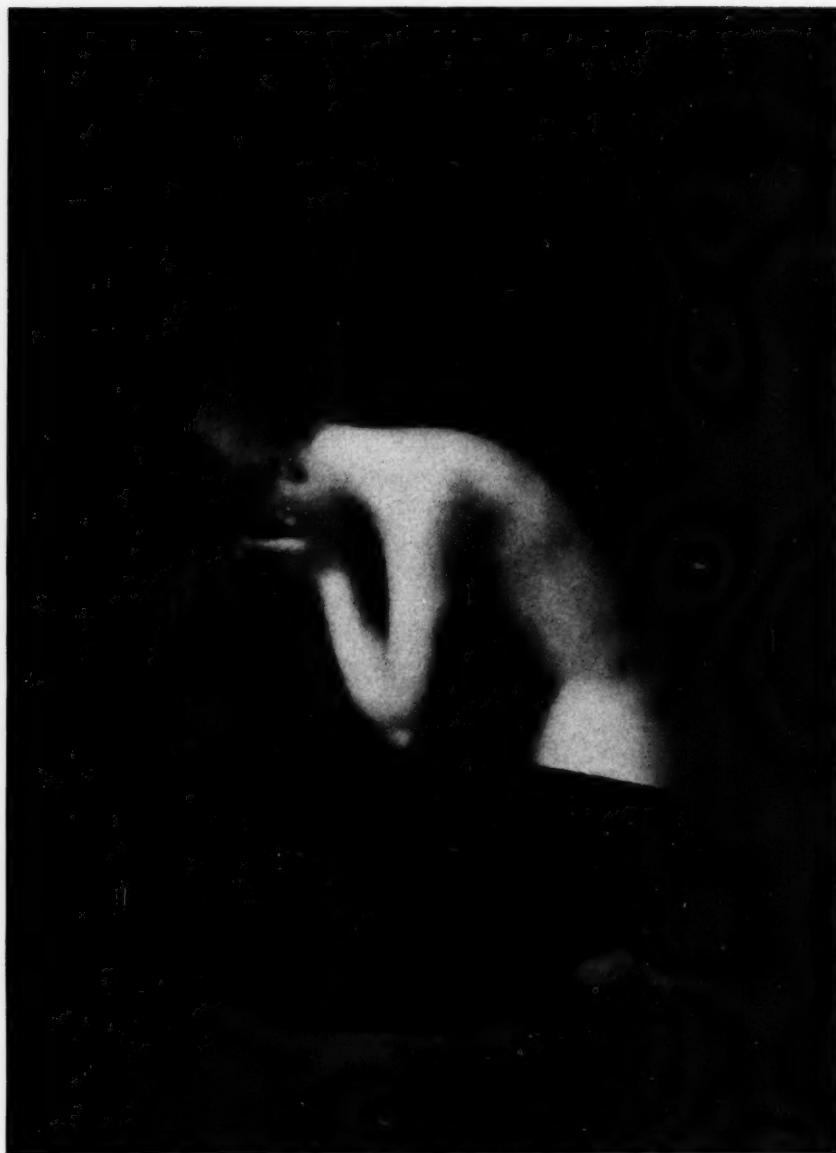
Still more cutting was the remark of a New York art-dealer, who said:

"Yes, so long as Henner was a painter I used to buy his pictures, but



"PRAYER"

From a carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co., after the painting by Jean Jacques Henner



"THE WEEPING MAGDALEN"

From a carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co after the painting by Jean Jacques Henner

when he became a manufacturer I gave them up."

HENNER'S UNIQUE PLACE IN ART

Yet it would be unfair to deny to the Alsatian an important place in the art of his time. He had a finished mastery of draftsmanship and of color, even though his compositions and his color

schemes were of the simplest. Beyond this, he was one of the few moderns who have had that much-prized technical accomplishment, the ability to paint human flesh in all its tender softness and delicate glow: He did no small service to his contemporaries by setting before them, every time his work was exhibited, a noble tradition which for a century had



"REVERIE"

From a carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co. after the painting by Jean Jacques Henner

been almost forgotten, or at least neglected.

Compared with the old Venetian masters, who were his chief inspiration, Henner moved upon a loftier and less earthly plane. His atmosphere was never that of sensuous reality; his nymphs and penitents had their being in a far-off ethereal realm, bathed in a dim and mys-

tic light such as never was on sea or land. As he grew older, the dreaminess of the painter's style seemed to intensify. He dealt less with substance and more with shadow; less with outline and color, and more with light and shade. To a certain extent he indorsed, though he did not fully exemplify, the theories of the impressionist school.



"LOLA"

From a carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co., after the painting by Jean Jacques Henner

"What do I care about the subject of a picture?" he once said. "Look at such and such a masterpiece. What do you see there? Two white spots, which are women, on a green spot and a blue spot, which make a background of trees and sky. Where is the subject? One doesn't know. But there is a grace, a poetry, a charm, a harmony in it; it awakes emotion, it gives pleasure—and that is painting!"

Henner had the strong local patriotism and the intense domestic loyalty that are so characteristic of the French peasantry from which he sprang. He never forgot that he owed the beginning of his career to the sacrifices made in his interest by his mother and elder brothers—for his father died while Jean was a boy. He delighted in painting portraits of his relatives and their Alsatian friends and neighbors, and several of these interesting studies he sent to the Salon and other exhibitions. He seldom left his Paris studio except to go to Bernwiller; and whenever a piece of land in the village was for sale, he purchased it. An acquaintance once declared that Henner worked so hard and exacted such high prices for his pictures because he had resolved to buy the whole of his beloved province back from its German conquerors.

A DISCIPLE OF THE OLD VENETIANS

To the fixing of Henner's style two incidents of his life contributed largely. One was his visit to Italy, made possible



"FABIOLA"

From a carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co., after the painting by Jean Jacques Henner

by his success in winning the Prix de Rome when he was nineteen years old. His experiences during his artistic wander-years are recorded in his letters to his first teacher, a M. Charles Gontzwiller, of Altkirch, some of which have been published. It was at Venice that he received by far the most vivid impressions. "If you only knew," he wrote, 'how earthy and leaden are all the studies which I did before going to Venice, and even those which I did at the commencement of my visit! It is only here that I have realized all the resources of the palette of this school."

In his admiration for Titian and Giorgione he did not go quite so far as his contemporary Adolphe Monticelli, who used to insist that he had had a

previous existence in the most gorgeous days of Venetian art; but he remained ever after a devout student of the work of those great masters of color.

The other formative incident in Henner's life was his discovery of a model who seemed the very impersonation of

and a wealth of red-gold hair, who posed for one of his early pictures. She seems to have set the keynote of a color scheme which he used over and over again with slight variations—a Titianesque figure with a background of deep, rich blue or shadow-darkened green.



"A FAIR CREOLE"

From a carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co., after the painting by Jean Jacques Henner

his artistic ideal. In the career of many other painters there has been a similar influence—Rembrandt's Saskia, for instance, Rubens's Hélène Fourment, or Eleanor Siddal, whose stately face looks out from so many of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's canvases. In Henner's case it was a young Jewess, possessed of a remarkable ivory complexion

"The modern Correggio from Alsace"—so Muther, in his admirable summary of nineteenth-century art, styles Jean Jacques Henner. The term is a merited tribute to a painter who stood alone in his chosen field, whose work was perfection within narrow limits, and whose secret has perished with him.

TO HIM THAT HATH*

A STORY OF PRESENT-DAY LIFE AND ITS PROBLEMS

BY LEROY SCOTT

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

THE Rev. Philip Morton, head of St. Christopher's Mission in New York, is found dead, and his friend, David Aldrich, is summoned to take charge of his personal affairs. In going through the dead clergyman's papers, David makes a surprising and terrible discovery. He finds that Morton has been blackmailed by a woman named Lillian Drew, who has threatened to reveal a liaison of his college days; that he has taken five thousand dollars from a charity fund to silence her; and that his sudden death was probably a case of suicide in despair.

So shocking a revelation of the weakness of a man who has been the moral prop of his people threatens to undo the whole work of Morton's life in building up St. Christopher's Mission as a power for good in the worst quarter of the great city. David determines to keep it a secret at any cost. First he visits Lillian Drew and forces her to surrender a package of letters from Morton. Then, as he has no money of his own, he goes to Alexander Chambers, a rich banker, whose daughter, Helen Chambers, is deeply interested in the charitable work of St. Christopher's. Failing to find Mr. Chambers at his office, David sees Mr. Haddon, the treasurer of the mission; but he, too, is out.

Going to St. Christopher's, Aldrich finds Miss Chambers and Mr. Haddon there. The latter has discovered that Morton withdrew the missing five thousand dollars from the bank and is making an investigation. In this emergency, with the hideous secret on the point of discovery, David can see no way to prevent the disclosure except to take the guilt upon himself; and he declares that it was he who took the money.

IV

THE history of the next four years of David's life is contained in the daily program that is posted about Croton prison. At six o'clock the rising-bell rang; David rolled out of his iron cot, washed himself at the faucet of his cell, and got into his striped trousers and striped jacket. At half-past six he marched, with a long line of fellows, to a breakfast of oatmeal porridge, bread, and coffee. At seven he marched to shoe factory or foundry, where he labored till twelve, when the program called him to dinner. At one he marched back to work; at six he marched to supper; at half-past six he marched to his cell, where he might read; at ten his lights were put out, and he slipped into his iron cot. Multiply this day by fifteen hundred and the product is his prison life.

It would be an untruth to say that a sense of the good he was doing sustained a passionate happiness in David through all these years. Moments of exaltation were rare; they were the sun-blooming peaks in an expanse of life that was otherwise hung with gloom. There were dark times when the vile talk of some of his prison-mates nauseated him, when the callousness and stupidity of some of the regulations filled him with rage, when the weight of all the walls seemed to lie upon his chest, when he frantically felt he must have light and air, or die—and when he cursed his own foolishness, and would have traded the truth to the people of St. Christopher's for his freedom. Prometheus must often have repented his gift of fire. But the momentum of David's resolve carried him through these black stretches; and during his normal prison mood, which was the rest-

less gloom of all caged animals, his mind was in control and held him to his bargain.

But always there was with him a great fear. Was Morton's memory retaining its potency over the people of St. Christopher's? Were they striving to hold to their old ideals, or were they gradually loosening their grip and slipping back into the old, easy ways of improvidence and dissipation? Perhaps, even now, they had wholly relapsed, and his four years had paid for nothing. The long day of carrying liquid iron to the molds would have been easier, the long night in the black cell would have been calmer, had he had assurance that his sacrifice was fulfilling its aim; but never a word came from St. Christopher's through those heavy walls.

And always he thought of Helen Chambers. He could never forget the stare of her white face when he acknowledged his guilt, how she first tried to speak, then turned slowly and walked away. The four walls of his mind were hung with that picture; wherever he turned, he saw it. He had longed to spring after her and whisper his innocence, but there had flashed up, with his desire, a realization that his plan was feasible only with a perfect secrecy, and that to admit one person to his confidence might be to admit the world. Besides, she might not believe him. So, silent, he had let her walk from the room with his guilt.

He often wondered if she ever thought of him. If she did, it was doubtless only to despise him. More probably he had passed from her mind. Perhaps she was married. That thought wrung him. He tried to still the heavy pain by looking at the impassable gulf that lay between them, and by telling himself that it was natural and fitting that she should have married. He wondered what her husband was like, and if she were happy; but his prison-walls were mute.

Long before his release he had decided to settle in New York. Life would be easiest, he knew, if he were to lose himself in a new part of the world. But St. Christopher's, where four prison years and the rest of his dishonored life were invested, was in New York; Miss

Chambers was in New York. The rest of the world had no like attractions; it could hide him—that was all. But save at the beginning, while he was gaining a foothold—and could he not then lose himself among New York's millions?—he did not desire to hide.

He did not care to hide himself, because the prison had given him a message, and this message he intended speaking publicly. Prison life had been beneath his eyes for four years, and he had of necessity studied it. He had pondered the reformatory value of prisons, and society's treatment of the man who breaks its law. That treatment seemed to him absurd, illogical. It would have been laughably grotesque in its deforming incompetence had it not been directed at human beings. It was a treatment bounded on one side by negligence, on the other by severity. It maimed minds, killed souls; it was criminal. David's sense of justice and humanity demanded that he should protest against this great criminal—our prison system. He knew it as prison reformers did not—from the inside. He could speak from his heart. And as soon as he had gained a foothold, he would begin.

At length came the day of his liberation, and he found himself back in New York, twenty dollars, his prison savings, in his pocket, the exhaustion of prison life in his flesh, and in his heart a determination to conquer the world. He knew well but one part of New York—the neighborhood of St. Christopher's Mission—and that part drew him because of his interest in it, and also because he must live cheaply, and there life was on a cheap scale.

He hesitated to settle in the immediate neighborhood; but he could camp just without its edge, w're he might look on, and perhaps pass unnoticed. On the fifth floor of a dingy tenement, seven or eight blocks from the mission, he found a room. There were a chair, a bed, a promise of weekly change of sheets, and a view of clothes-lines and a hundred or more windows across the littered back-yard. Five years before, such a place would have been unbearable; now it was luxury, for it was freedom.

After paying the first month's rent of five dollars, and buying a few dishes, a little gas-stove, and a small supply of groceries, he had nine dollars left with which to face the world and make it give him place. If he spent for food twenty cents a day—the allowance he had made himself—and not a cent for other purposes, he could eat for six weeks. But before then rent would again be due. Four weeks he could hold out—no longer; by then he must have won a foothold.

Well, he would do it.

His dinner over and his dishes washed, he sat down at his window that looked over into the privacy of two-score homes, and his mind, instead of filling with what he should do, floated away to Miss Chambers. The question that had asked itself ten thousand times repeated itself again: Was she married? He tried to tell himself quietly that it was none of his affair, could make no difference to him; but the suspense of four years was not to be strangled. The desire to know the truth, to see her, became a fire within him.

And another question also came to him: Was the mission still a power for good? And this also roused his desire to know the truth. He left his room, and walked toward St. Christopher's, wondering if he would be recognized. But he was known by sight to few, and he reached the mission without any one giving him a second look.

He paused across the street in the shadow of a tenement entrance, and stared chokingly over at the club-house and at the chapel, with its spire rising into the darkening night. Everything seemed just the same. But were the people the same? Had his five years been squandered?—or spent to glorious purpose? He trembled, his lips grew dry—then he slipped across the street and looked cautiously into the chapel, from whose open door a faint light reached forth.

He saw no one but a gray-haired man, with a strong and kindly face, who immediately came toward him. David guessed him to be Morton's successor. "I'm glad to see you," the man said, with a smile of welcome, holding out his hand.

David strove for a casual manner, but prison had made him too worn, too nervous, to act a part requiring so much control. "I was just—going by," he stammered, taking the hand. "I used to know the mission—years ago—when Mr. Morton was here. So I came in."

"Ah, you knew Mr. Morton, then!" said the man warmly.

"A—a little."

"Even to know him a little was a great privilege. He was a wonderful man!"

David braced himself for one of the two great questions of his last four years. "Does the neighborhood still remember him?"

"Just as though he were still here," the man answered, with the enthusiasm an unjealous older brother may feel for the family genius. "He has left an influence that amounts to a living, inspiring presence. That influence, more than anything I have done, has kept the people just as earnest for truer manhood and womanhood as when he left them. I feel that I am only the assistant. He is still the real head."

David slipped out as soon as he could, a mighty quivering warmth within him. On the other side of the street he gave a parting glance over his shoulder at the chapel. He stopped short and stared. While they had talked the head of the mission had turned on the lights, among which had been an arc-light before the great stained-glass window at the street end of the chapel. The window was now a splendid glow of warm color, and printed upon it were these letters:

IN MEMORY
OF
THE REVEREND
PHILIP MORTON
PRESENTED BY HIS
NEIGHBORHOOD FRIENDS

David stared at the window. There was a short wave of bitterness that Mor-

ton should be so honored—and he what he was. Then the glow that had possessed him in the chapel flowed back in even greater warmth. The window seemed to David, in his mood of that exalted moment, to be the perpetuation in glowing color of Morton's spirit and influence.

It seemed to throw forth into the street, upon the chance passer-by, the inspiration of Morton's life.

Yes, the four years had counted!

Half an hour later David took his stand against the shadowed stoop of an empty mansion in Madison Avenue, and gazed at a great house across the street—the only residence in the block that had reopened for the autumn. All thought of Morton and the mission was gone from him, and his mind was filled only with the other great fear of his last four years. If she came out of the door he watched, if he glimpsed her beneath a window-shade, then she probably still belonged in her father's house—was still unmarried.

A cold drizzle had begun to fall. He drew his head down into his upturned collar, and though his weakened body shivered, he noticed neither the rain nor the protest of his flesh. His whole being was directed at the house across the way.

Slow minute followed slow minute. The door did not open, and he saw no one within the windows. His heart beat as though it would shake his body apart. The sum of four years' suspense so weakened him that he could hardly stand. Yet he stood and waited, waited; and he realized more keenly than ever how dear she was to him—though to possess her was beyond his wildest dreams, and perhaps he might not even speak to her again.

At length a near-by steeple called the hour of ten. A carriage began to turn in toward the opposite sidewalk. David, all a-tremble, stepped from his shadow. The carriage stopped before the Chambers' home. He hurried across the street and a dozen paces away from the carriage he stooped and made pretense of tying his shoe-lace; but all the while his eyes were on the carriage-door, which the footman had thrown open. First a man stepped forth, back to

David, and raised an umbrella. Who? The next instant David caught the profile. It was Mr. Chambers. After him came a stout, middle-aged woman—Mrs. Bosworth, his widowed sister, who had been living with him since his wife's death.

A moment later Mr. Chambers was helping another woman from the carriage. The umbrella cut her face from David's gaze, but there was no mistaking her. So she still lived in the house of her father!

She paused an instant to speak to the footman. For a second a new fear lived in David: might she not come with her father to her father's house, and still be married? But at the second's end the fear was destroyed by the conventional three-word response of the footman. David watched her go up the steps, her face hidden by the umbrella, watched her enter and the door close behind her. Then, overcome by the vast relief which followed upon his vast suspense, he sank down upon the stoop, and the three words of the footman maintained a thrilling iteration in his ears:

The three words were: "Thank you, miss."

V

DAVID had to find work quickly, but he felt that his four walled years had earned him a holiday—one day in which to reacquaint himself with liberty. The next morning he crept down the dark flights of stairs, stepped through the doorway, paused in wonderment. All was as fresh, as marvelous as yesterday. The narrow street was a bustle of freedom—pounding carts, school-going boys and girls, playing children, marketing wives—no stripes, no locksteps, no guards.

And the yellow sun! He held his bleached face up to it, as though he would press against its sympathetic warmth; and he sucked deeply of the September air. And the colors!—the reds and whites and browns of the children, the occasional green of a plant on a window-sill, the clear blue of the strip of sky at the street's top. He had almost forgotten there were colors other than stripes, the gray of stone walls, the black of steel bars.

And how calmly the streetful of people took these marvels.

He walked away with a feeling that all his surroundings were unreal. At first he expected the people he passed to look into his face, see his prison record there, draw away from him, perhaps taunt him with "thief." But no one even noticed him, and gradually this fear began to fade from him. As he was crossing the Bowery, a car clanged behind him. He frantically leaped, with a cry, to the sidewalk, leaned against a column of the elevated railroad, panting, exhausted, his heart pounding. He had not before known how weak and nerveless prison had made him.

A little later, in Broadway, he chanced to look into a mirror-backed show-window. He paused and gazed at his full-length self for the first time in four years. The figure was gaunt, a mere framework for his shoddy, prison-made suit; the skin of his face snugly fitted itself to the bones; his eyes were sunken, large; his hair, which he uncovered, had here and there a line of gray. He was startled. But he had courage for the future, and after a few moments he said to himself aloud—a habit prison had given him: "A few weeks and you won't know yourself."

As he walked on, the consciousness of freedom swelled within him. If he desired, he could speak to the man ahead of him, could laugh, could stand still, could walk where he wished, and no guard to report him and no warden to subtract from his "good time." More than once, under cover of the rattle of an elevated train, he shouted aloud in pure extravagance of feeling; and once in Fifth Avenue, forgetting himself, he flung his arms wide and laughed joyously—to be restored suddenly to convention by the hurried approach of a policeman.

When he came to the door of his tenement at the end of the day, weary from the unaccustomed walking, a hand fell upon his arm. "Good evenin', friend," said a voice.

David glanced about. Beside him was a loose bundle of old humanity, wrapped up in and held together by a very seedy coat and stained, baggy trousers, frayed at the bottom. The face was

covered with gray bristle and gullied with wrinkles. Over one eye hung a greasy, green flap; the other eye was watery and red.

"Good evening," returned David.

"Excuse me for stoppin' you," said the old man, with an ingratiating smile that unlipped half a dozen brown teeth. "But we're neighbors, an' I thought we ought to get acquainted. Me an' my girl lives across the hall from you. Morgan's my name—old Jimmie Morgan."

"Aldrich is mine. I suppose I'll see you again. Good evening." And David, eager to get away from the nodding old man, started through the door.

His neighbor stepped quickly before him, and put a stubby hand against his chest. "Wait a minute, Mr. Aldrich, I'm in a little trouble. I've got to get some groceries, and my daughter—she carries our money—she ain't in. I wonder if you couldn't loan me fifty cents till mornin'?"

David knew that fifty cents loaned to this neighbor would be fifty cents lost. He shook his head.

"Mebbe I could get along on twenty-five then. Say a quarter."

"I really can't spare it," said David, and tried to press by.

"Well, make it a dime," wheedled the old man, stopping him again. "You'll never miss a dime, friend. Come, what's a dime to a young man like you? An' it'll get me a bowl of soup and a cup of coffee. That'll help an old man like me a lot, for Katie won't be home till mornin'."

Merely to free himself David drew out one of his precious dimes.

"Thank you! Thank you!" The dirty, wrinkled hand closed tightly upon the coin. "You've saved an old man from goin' hungry to bed."

David again turned to enter. He almost ran against a slight, neatly dressed girl, apparently about nineteen or twenty, who was just coming out of the doorway. Her black eyes were gleaming, and there were red spots in her cheeks. At sight of her the old man started to hurry away.

"Jim Morgan! You come here!" she commanded in a hard, ringing voice.

The old man stopped, and came slowly toward her with a hangdog look.

"You've been borrowing money of that man!" she declared.

"No I ain't. We were talkin'—talkin' politics. Honest, Katie. We were just talkin' politics."

"You were begging money!" She turned her sharp eyes upon David. "Wasn't he?"

The old man winked frantically for help with his red eye, and started to slip the dime into his pocket. The girl, without waiting for David's answer, wheeled about so quickly that she caught both the signal for help and the move of the hand pocketward. She pointed at the hand. "Stop that! Now open it up!"

"Nothin' in it, Katie," whined her father.

"Open that hand!"

It slowly opened, and in the center of the dirty palm lay the dime.

"Give it back to him," the girl ordered.

Old Jimmie handed David the dime.

The girl's eyes blazed. Her wrath burst forth. "Now, sir, you will borrow money, will you!" her sharp voice rang out. "You will lie to me about it, will you!"

David hurried inside and heard no more. He made a pot of coffee and warmed half a can of baked beans over his little gas-stove. Of this crude meal his stomach would accept little, for he really needed the delicate and nourishing food that is served an invalid. His appetite longingly remembered meals of other days: the fruit, the eggs on crisp toast, the golden-brown coffee, at breakfast; the soup, the roast, the vegetables, the dessert, at dinner—linen, china, service, food, all dainty. He turned from the meals his imagination saw, to the meal upon his chair-table. He smiled whimsically. "Sir," he said reprovingly to his appetite, "you're too ambitious."

After he had washed his plate, knife and fork, and frying-pan and put them into his soap-box cupboard, he drew his chair to the window and stared dreamily into the back yard, now lighted by a hundred windows, through which he could see women moving about their evening work. He was startled by a knock. Wondering who could be call-

ing on him, he lighted the gas and threw open the door.

Kate Morgan stood before him. "I want to see you a minute. May I come in?"

"Certainly."

David bowed and motioned her in. Her quick eyes noted the bow and the gesture. He drew his one chair into the open space beside the bed. "Won't you please have a chair?"

She sat down, rested one arm on the corner of his battered wash-stand, and crossed her legs.

David seated himself on the edge of the bed. He had a better view of her than when he had seen her in the doorway, and he could hardly believe she was the daughter of the old man who had stopped him. She wore a yellow dress of some cheap goods, with bands of bright red about the bottom of the skirt, bands of red about the short, loose sleeves that left the arms bare from the elbows, a red girdle, and about the shoulders a red fulness. The dress was almost barbaric in its coloring, yet it suited her dark face, with its brilliant black eyes.

There was neither embarrassment nor overboldness in her expression; rather the composure of the woman who is acting naturally. There was a touch of hardness about the mouth and eyes, and a suggestion of cynicism; in ten years, David guessed, those qualities would have sculptured themselves deep into her features. But it was an alert, clear, almost pretty face—would have been decidedly pretty, in a sharp way, had the hair not been combed into a tower of a pompadour that exaggerated the thinness of her cheeks.

She did not lose an instant in speaking her errand. "I want you to promise me not to lend my father a cent," she began in a concise voice. "I have to ask that of every new person that moves into the house. He's an old soak. I don't dare give him a cent. But he borrows whenever he can, and if he gets enough to keep full for a while, it's delirium tremens."

"He told me he wanted a bowl of soup and a cup of coffee," David said in excuse of himself.

"Soup and coffee! Huh! Whisky!"

That's all he thinks of—whisky. His idea of God is a bartender that keeps setting out the drinks and never asks for the pay. If I give him a decent suit of clothes, it's pawned and he's drunk. He used to pawn the things from the house—but he don't dare do that any more. He mustn't have a cent. That's why I've come to ask you to turn him down the next time he tries to touch you for one of his 'loans.'"

"That'll be easy for me to promise," David answered with a smile.

"Thanks."

Her errand was done, but she did not rise. Her swift eyes ran over the furnishings of the room—the bed, the crippled wash-stand, with its chipped bowl and broken-lipped pitcher, the dishes in the soap-box cupboard, the gas-stove under the bed, the bare, splintered floor, the scaling walls—ran over David's shapeless clothes. Then they stopped upon his face.

"You're a queer bird," she said abruptly.

He started. "Queer?"

She gave a little jerk of a nod. "You didn't always live in a room like this, nor wear them kind of clothes, and you didn't learn your manners over on the Bowery, neither. What's the matter? Up against it?"

David stared at her. "Don't you think there may be another queer bird in the room?" he suggested.

She was not rebuffed, but for a second she studied his face with an even sharper glance, in which there was the least glint of suspicion. "You mean me," she said. "I live across the hall with my father. When I'm at work I'm a maid in swell families—sometimes a nurse-girl. Nothing queer about that."

"No—o," he said hesitatingly.

She returned to the attack. "What do you do?"

"I'm looking for work."

"What have you worked at?"

The directness with which she moved at what interested her might have amused David had that directness not been searching for what he desired for the present to conceal. "I only came to New York yesterday," he said evasively.

"But you've been in New York before?"

"Not for several years."

She was getting too close. "I'm a very stupid subject for talk," he said quickly. "Now you—you must have had some very interesting experiences in the homes of the rich. You saw the rich from the inside. Tell me about them."

She was not swerved an instant from her point. "You're very interesting. The first minute I saw you I spotted you for a queer one to be living in a place like this. What've you been doing since you were in New York before?"

David could not hold back a flush; no evasive reply was waiting at his lips. Several seconds passed. "Pardon me, but don't you think you're a little too curious?" he said with an effort.

Her penetrating eyes had not left him. Now understanding flashed into her face. She emitted a low whistle. "So that's it, is it?" she exclaimed, her voice softer than it had been. "So you've been sent away, and just got out. And you're starting in to try the honesty game."

There was no foiling her quick penetration. He nodded his head.

He had wondered how the world would receive him. She was the first member of the free world he had met who had learned his prison record, and he waited, chokingly, her action. He expected her face to harden accusingly—expected her to rise, speak despisingly, and march coldly out.

"Well, you are up against it good and hard," she said slowly. There was sympathy in her voice.

The sympathy startled him; he warmed to her. But straightway it occurred to him that she would hasten to spread her discovery, and to live in the house might then be to live amid insult. "You have committed burglary upon my mind—you have stolen my secret," he said sharply.

"Oh, but I'll never tell," she quickly returned. And David, looking at her clear face, found himself believing her.

She tried with quick questions to break into his past, but he blocked her with silence. After a time she glanced at a watch upon her breast, rose, and

reached for the door-knob. But David sprang quickly forward and opened the door for her.

The courtesy did not go unnoticed. "You must have been a real 'gun,' a regular high-flier, in your good days," she whispered.

"Why?"

"Oh, your kind of manners don't grow on cheap crooks."

She held out her hand. "I wish you luck. Come over and see me sometime."

When he had closed the door David sat down and fell to musing over his visitor. She was dressed rather too showily, but she was not coarse. She was bold, but not brazen; hers seemed the boldness, the directness, of a child or a savage. Perhaps, in this quality she was not grown up, or not yet civilized. He wondered how a maid or a nurse-girl could support a father on her earnings, as he inferred that she did. He wondered how she had so quickly divined that he was fresh from prison. He remembered a yellow stain near the ends of the first two fingers of her left hand; cigarettes; and the stain made him wonder, too. And he wondered at her manner, sharp, no whit of coquetry; a touch of frank, good-fellowship at the last.

Presently a hand which had been casually fumbling in the inside pocket of his coat drew out a folded paper. It was the bulletin of the work at St. Christopher's, and he now remembered that the head of the mission, Dr. Joseph Franklin—the bulletin gave his name—had handed it to him the night before and that he had mechanically thrust it into his pocket and forgotten it. He began to look it through with pride; in a sense it was the record of *his* work. He read the schedule of religious services, classes, boys' clubs and girls' clubs. Toward the middle of the last list this item stopped him short:

WHITTIER CLUB—Members aged seventeen to twenty.

Meets Wednesday evenings. Leader, Miss Helen Chambers.

This was Wednesday evening. David put on his hat, and ten minutes later, his coat-collar turned up, his slouch hat pulled down, he was standing in the dark doorway of a tenement, his eyes fastened

on the club-house entrance, twenty yards down the street.

After what seemed an endless time, she appeared. Dr. Franklin was with her, evidently to escort her to her car. With all the intensity of great love, David gazed at her as they came toward his doorway. She was tall, almost as tall as Dr. Franklin, and she had that grace of carriage, that firm poise of bearing, which express a noble, healthy womanhood under perfect self-control. David had not seen her face the night before; and he now kept his eyes upon it, waiting till it should come within the white circle of the street-lamp near the doorway.

When the lamp lifted the shadows from her face, a great thrill ran through him. Ah, how beautiful it was!—beauty of contour and color, yes, but here the fleshly beauty, which so often is merely flesh for flesh's sake, was the beautiful expression of a beautiful soul. There was a high dignity in the face, and understanding, and womanly tenderness. It was a face that for seven years had to him summed up the richest, rarest womanhood.

She passed so close that he could have touched her arm, but he flattened himself within the doorway's shadow. After she had gone by he leaned out and followed her with his hungry eyes.

Could he ever, ever win her respect?

VI

THE next day the search for work had to be begun, and David felt himself squarely against the beginning of his new career as a discharged convict. He saw this career, not as a part to be abandoned after a few weeks or months, like a rôle assumed by a sociological investigator, but as the part he must play, must live, to the end of his days. His immediate struggle, his whole future, would not be one whit other than if he were in truth the thief the world had branded him. Magazine writing was out of the question; he needed quick, certain money. He was friendless; he had no profession; he had no trade; he had never held a position; he had no experience of a commercial value. His equipment for facing the world, barring his education, was identical with the equipment of the average discharged convict.

David did not look forward to this career with resignation. There was nothing of the mild martyr in him. The life he must follow was not going to be easy; it would demand his all of courage and endurance. He longed to stand before the world a clean man, and the longing was at times a fierce rebellion. He had bought a great good, but he was paying a bitter price, and he must pay the price anew every day of his life. Yet he faced the future with determination, if not with happiness. He believed that earnest work and earnest living would regain the world's respect—would slowly force the world to give him place.

He tried to forbid himself to think of Helen Chambers as having the slightest part in his future. She was a thousand times farther removed than four years before, when his name had been fair, and then the space of the universe had stretched between them. And yet the desire some day to stand well in her eyes was, after all, the strongest motive, stronger even than the instinct of self-preservation that urged him upon the long up-hill struggle.

David had determined first to seek work on a newspaper. If he could get on one of the dailies and could manage to hold his place for a few months without his story being learned, perhaps by then he would have so proved his worth that he would be retained despite his prison record. He would do his best! Some of the things he had written in that far-away time beyond the prison came back to him. They were not bad—they were really good! If he wrote copy better than the average, if he could keep his place, there might be a very durable future somewhere in the years ahead. He grew almost excited as he gazed at the dimly seen prospect.

Before starting out upon his first try at fortune, he gazed into the cheap mirror above his wash-stand and for a long time studied his face, wondering if the men he was going to meet would read his record there. The forehead was broad, and about the gray eyes and the wide mouth were the little puckering wrinkles that announce the dreamer. The chin was the chin of the man of determination. In health the face would

have suggested a rare combination of idealism and will-power; but now there brooded over it that hesitancy, that blanched gloom, which come from living within the dark shadows of prison. No one looking at his thin, slightly stooping figure would have ever guessed that here was Dave Aldrich, the great half-back of '95.

After filling the forenoon by writing for his belongings, which his New Jersey landlady had promised to keep for him till he should send for them, and by dreaming of the future, David set forth for Park Row. At the entrance to the first newspaper office he stopped, turned back, and walked to and fro. He was at the moment of beginning, at the first crisis of his new life. Would he be recognized as a jailbird? His ill-fitting prison-made suit seemed an announcement of his record; it clothed him in reproach, burned him. But he had to go in, and fiercely mastering his throbbing agitation, he entered. The city editor, a sharp-faced young man, after hearing that David had no newspaper experience, snapped out in his quick voice: "Sorry, for I need a man—but I've got no time to break in a green hand," and the following instant was shouting to a copy-boy for proofs.

At the next place the slip on which David had been required to write his business, came back to him with the two added words, "Nothing doing." At the third place the returned slip bore the statement, "Got all the men I need." The fourth editor gave him a short negative. The fifth editor sent word by mouth of the office-boy that his staff was full. It required all David's determination to mount to the sixth office, that of an able and aggressively respectable paper, and ask to see the city editor.

The boy who took in his request returned at once and led David across a large, dingy room, with dirty, littered floor, and grime-coated windows. Young men, coatless, high-gearred, sat at desks, clicking typewriters or scribbling with pencils; boys, answering the quick cries of "copy!" scurried about through the heavy tobacco-smoke. The room was a rectangular solid of bustling intensity.

The city editor, who occupied a corner of the room, waved David to a chair. Again David repeated the formula of his desire, and again he was asked his experience.

"I've had no experience on a paper," he replied, "but I've done a lot of writing in a private way."

"You're practically a new man then." The editor thought for a moment, and David eagerly watched his face. It was business-like, but kindly. "Why, I guess I might take the trouble to lick a man into shape—if he seemed to have the right stuff in him. Anyhow, I might give you a trial. But you're not very young to be just beginning the game. What've you been working at?"

David felt the guilty color warming his cheeks. "Writing."

"All the time?"

He tried to speak naturally. "The last few years I have been trying to do some—manual work."

"Here in the city?"

"No. Out of town."

The editor could not but notice David's flushed face and its strained look. He eyed David narrowly and his brow wrinkled in thought. David watched him, almost choking, striving to force a natural look upon his face. "Aldrich," the editor said to himself, "Aldrich—David Aldrich you said? That sounds familiar. Where have I heard that in the last few days?"

"I don't know," said David, his lips dry; but he thought of a paragraph he had read on the ride from prison announcing his discharge.

"O-o-h!" said the editor. His eyes sharpened. David understood—the editor had also remembered the paragraph. "I'm very sorry—but I'm afraid I can't use you after all. I really don't need any men. But I hope you'll find something without trouble."

The blow was gently delivered, but it was still a blow—one that, as he walked dazedly from the office, made his courage totter. He told himself that he had counted upon just such experiences as this, that he had planned for a month of rebuffs—and gradually, as the evening went by, he preached spirit back into himself. However, he would make no further attempts to find newspaper

work. Even should he be so lucky as to secure a place, some one of the score or two score fellow workers would be certain to connect him with the newly liberated convict, as the editor had done, and—discharge. For the present, it would be better to seek a position among the large business houses.

The next morning David had an interview with the superintendent of the shipping department of a wholesale house that had advertised for a shipping-clerk. The superintendent scrutinized David's face, making David feel that the prison mark was appearing, like an image on a developing plate, and then demanded: "Why do you want a job like this? This ain't your class."

"Because I need it."

"Had any experience as a shipping-clerk?"

"No. But I'm mighty willing to learn."

"Well, let's see your letters from previous employers."

David hesitated. "I have none." He felt the red proclamation of his record begin to burn in his cheeks.

"Have none!" The superintendent looked suspicious.

"No references at all?"

David shook his head; his cheeks flamed redder.

"Who've you worked for?"

To mention here his four years of writing would be absurd. "No one," he stammered—"that is, I've no business experience."

The superintendent's reply came out sharply: "No experience—no references—can't use you. Good morning."

David stumbled out, not noticing the relief his dejection gave the other applicants waiting outside the office. He saw the difficulty of his situation with a new, startling clearness; the superintendent had summed it up with businesslike conciseness—"no experience, no references." A sudden fear, a sudden consternation, clutched him. Would he ever be able to pass that great wall standing between him and a position? —that wall builded of his prison record, of no experience, of no references?

Whether or not, he must try. He hurried to another office that had advertised for help, and to another, and to an-

other—and so on for days. Usually he was turned away because there was really no work, but several times because to the penetrating questions he could return only distrust-rousing answers. His courage tried to escape; but he caught it and held it desperately.

Saturday evening an expressman delivered a box sent by his old New Jersey landlady. The charge was a dollar, and the dollar's payment was a tragedy. The box contained only a few of the things he had left behind him. His landlady, though kind, was careless, his things had become scattered during the four years, and the contents of the box were all she had been able to get together. There were a few of his books, a few photographs and prints, a few ornaments, a pair of boxing-gloves, and an overcoat. The overcoat at least was worth having.

The second week was an elaboration of the first few days, and the first half of the third was the same. Then he had three days' work at addressing envelopes—girls' work and boys' work, for which he was paid eighty-five cents a day. Then the search again.

At last he found a place. It was a small department store in One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street—a store that in fifteen years had developed from a notion shop occupying a mere hole in the wall. The proprietor was one of those men who do not see the master chances—the thousands and the millions, but who see a multitude of little chances—the pennies and the dollars. He squeezed his creditors, his customers, his shop-girls—kept open later than other stores to squeeze a few last drops of profit from the day. His success was the sum of thousands of petty advantages.

When David appeared the proprietor saw that here was a man in cruel need. The labor of a man in cruel need is yours at your own price—is, in fact, a bargain. He had had enough experience with bargains in merchandise to know that when a very good bargain offers it is best to snap it up and not question too closely the reason for its cheapness. So he offered David a place in the kitchen-furnishing department. Salary, five dollars a week.

David accepted. His first week's salary, minus ten cents a day for carfare and ten cents for luncheon, amounted to three dollars and eighty cents. He had begun a second month in his room, and his landlady, seeing how poor he was, again demanded her rent in advance. After paying her, David had a dollar and a quarter left. But he had a job—a poor job, but still a job.

The following Sunday afternoon, as he sat at his window, pretending to read, but in reality staring down through the spider-web of clothes-lines into the drab of the back-yard, Kate Morgan came in. It was the first time he had seen her since her visit of a month before, though he had called several times at her flat, to be told by her father that she was away at work.

"Good afternoon!" she cried, and giving him her hand, she marched in before he could speak. "Take the chair yourself, this time," she said, and sat down on the bed, her feet hanging clear.

She wore a black tailored suit and a plumed hat to match. Evidently she had just come in from walking, for the warm color of the late October air was in her cheeks. There was no doubt about it this time—she was pretty. And there was a lightness, a sauciness, in her manner that had not showed on her previous visit.

"Well, sir, how've you been?" she demanded, after David had taken the chair.

"I can't exactly say I've had a corner in the happiness market. You haven't noticed a rise in quotations, have you?"

"Nope," she said, swinging her feet—and David had to see that they were very shapely and in neat patent-leather shoes, and that the ankles were very trim. "I just got back this morning. How's dad been? And how many loans has he stuck you for?"

"To be exact, he's tried seven times and failed seven times."

"Good! But dad's better now than he used to be. When I first began to go away I'd leave him enough money to last for a week, or till I'd be home again. He always went off on a spree—never failed. So now I mail him thirty cents every day. It ain't quite enough to live decent on, and at the same time it ain't

quite enough to get drunk on. See? So I guess he keeps pretty sober."

"I guess he does," said David, not quite able to restrain a smile. "But how've you been?"

"Me?" She shook her head with a doleful little air. "I've been having a regular hell of a time. I've been nurse-girl in a swell house on Fifth Avenue. It's built out of gold and diamonds and such stuff. The missus is one of these society head-liners. You know the sort—good shape, good complexion, swell dresses, and that's all. Somebody made the dresses, her make-up box made her complexion, and her corset made her figure. Soul, heart, brain—pst! Once every day or two she'd come to the nursery just long enough to rub a bit of her complexion on the children's faces. And she treated me like I wasn't there. Oh, but wouldn't I like to wring her neck! But, I'll get square with her!"

She gave a meaning jerk of her little head, which David did not understand, and smiled again. "But what's your luck? Got a job yet?"

"Yes." David did not like to tell this brilliantly dressed creature how lowly his work was.

"What doing?"

"Clerk in a department store," he confessed.

"How much do you make?"

Oh, that awful inquisitiveness!

"Five dollars a week."

She stared at him, then suddenly leaned back and laughed. He reddened. She straightened up, bent forward till her elbows rested on her knees, and gazed into his face.

"Five—dollars—a—week!" she said. "And you a king crook!" She shook her head wonderingly. "And how do you like being honest at five dollars a week?"

"Hardly as well as I would at six," he answered, trying to speak lightly.

She was silent for almost a minute, her eyes incredulously on him. "Mr. David Aldrich," she remarked slowly, "you're a fool!"

It was his turn to stare. "That's hardly the judgment one would expect from a woman who works for her living."

The look of wonderment remained on

her face a few moments longer, then it gave place to a queer little smile.

"Hum!" She straightened up. "D'you mind if I smoke?" she asked abruptly, drawing a silver cigarette-case from a pocket of her skirt.

David was startled; the women he had known had not smoked. But he said "no," and accepted a cigarette when she offered him the open box. She struck a match, held the flame first to him, then lit her own cigarette.

She drew deeply. "To-day's the first time I've dared smoke for a month. Ah, but it's good!"

She stared again at David, and now with that penetrating gaze of her last visit. A minute passed. David grew very uncomfortable. Then she spoke abruptly: "You're on the dead level!"

The queer little smile came back. "So I work for my living, do I? Well, how do you suppose I keep my flat, keep my father, dress myself, have a little money for a good time—all on a maid's twenty dollars a month?"

"I don't know," David answered. A sudden fear leaped up.

"People around here think I've got a rich old lover," she said.

He grew sick at heart. This had been his sudden fear. And she took the shame in such a matter-of-fact way!

"I let 'em think so, for that explains everything to them. But they're wrong." The queer smile broadened. "What do you think?"

"I could never guess," said David.

She leaned forward, and her voice lowered to a whisper. "You and me—we're in the same trade."

"What! You're a—" He hesitated.

"That's it," she said. "A nurse-girl or a maid in a rich house sees a lot of things lying around. Or, if she wants to, she can stay for two or three weeks or a month, learn where the valuables are kept, make a plan of the house, get hold of keys. Then she gets a pal, and they clean the place out. That's me."

There was a glow of excitement in her eyes, and pride, and a triumphant sense of having startled him. For the moment he merely stared at her, could make no response.

"There, we know each other now," she said, and took several puffs at her cigarette. "But ain't you tired of the honesty life at five per?"

"No."

"You soon will be!" she declared. "Then you'll go back to the old thing. All the other boys that try the honesty stunt do. They're up against too stiff a proposition. You're way out of my class, but when you get tired, maybe I can put something in your way that won't be so bad. By the by, you ain't ready for something now, are you?" A vindictive look came into her face. "Mrs. Make-Up-Box gets it next. And she'll get it, too!"

"I'm going to stick it out," said David.

She gave a little sniff. "We'll see!"

Her eyes swept the room, fell upon the little heap of photographs and prints lying on his box of books. "Why don't you put those things up?"

"I don't know—I just haven't."

"We'll do it now."

She slipped to her feet, went out the door, and two minutes later reappeared with a handful of tacks, a hammer, and a white curtain. She took off her hat and coat, and for the next half hour she was tacking the pictures upon the dingy blue walls—first trying them here and there, occasionally asking David's advice and ignoring it if it did not please her. Then she ordered him upon the chair and made him, under her direction, fasten the curtain into place.

"Well, things look a little better," she said when all was done, surveying the room. Then, without so much as "by your leave," she washed her hands in his wash-bowl and arranged her hair before his mirror, chatting all the while.

Hat and coat on again, she opened the door.

"Mister," she said, nodding her head and smiling a keen little smile, "I give you two months. Then—the old way!"

She closed the door and was gone.

On the third morning of the new week, as David left the elevated station to walk the few blocks to the store, he noticed that a policeman's eyes were on him. David thought he recognized the

officer as one who had been present at his trial, and he hurried uneasily away. A block farther on he glanced over his shoulder; the policeman was following. The uneasiness became apprehension, and the apprehension would have become consternation had he, after entering the store, seen the officer also come in.

A few minutes later David was summoned to the office. The proprietor's little pig-eyes were gleaming, his great pig-jowl flushing. He sprang to his full height, which was near David's shoulder. "You dirty, lying cutthroat of a convict!" he roared. "Get out o' my store!"

"What's that?" gasped David.

The proprietor shook a fat fist at David's face. "Get out o' here! You came to me as an honest man! I hired you as an honest man! You deceived me. You're nothing but a dirty, sneaking jailbird! You came in here just to get a chance to rob me! You'd have done it, too, if a cop hadn't tipped you off to me! Get out o' here, or I'll have you kicked out!"

David grew afire with wrath. It was useless to plead for his place; but there was a dollar and seventy cents due him. For that he choked his anger down. "Very well, I'll go," he said, as calmly as he could. "But first pay me for my two days."

"Not one red cent!" David's two days' pay was one of the kind of atoms of which his success was composed. "Not a cent!" he roared. "You say another word about pay, and I'll have you arrested for the things you've already stolen from me. Now clear out—you low, thieving jailbird you!"

A wild rage, the eruptive sum of long insults and suffering, burst forth in David. He took one step forward, and his open hand smacked explosively upon the padded cheek of the proprietor. The proprietor tottered, sputteringly recovered his balance—and again the hand smacked with a sharp report.

When the proprietor gained his balance a second time, it was to find David towering over him, face inflamed, fists clenched.

"My money, or by God I'll smash your head off!" David cried furiously.

(To be continued)

THE CABIN ON THE SHOULDER

BY VINGIE E. ROE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

TWO men stood barring the narrow way, opposing each other's passing. One slouched in careless insolence; the other stood tensely upright, and there was anger in his face.

"Ef ye do," he said quietly, "thar will be more ter pay then ye reckon on!"

With a laugh—a ringing sound that echoed clear and fine against the rock-walled crevasses—the slouching mountaineer pushed back his dilapidated hat. His face beneath was handsome in a feminine way, lit by blue eyes that smiled continually, and framed in curling light hair.

"I reckon this," he made answer, "that the girl is wuth the resk, an' that by playin' the right keerds she'll come ter me."

"Ye'd take advantage o' her helplessness? Ye low-down, ornery cuss, Sam Corbin!"

Corbin dropped his smile and strode forward past the other without a word. The larger man caught him by the shoulder and flung him roughly back.

"Ye'll listen ter whut I hev ter say. Ef ye do this thing, I'll stop hit an' kill ye afterwards."

II

FAR back, on a shoulder of the hills, stood a cabin—a low, two-roomed structure built of logs—so old that the lower ones had long since sunk, bringing the door-sill level with the clean-swept yard. A little pen beneath the trees held a couple of pigs, and a few chickens strayed in the underbrush. The place was lone and quiet, for there were but two who dwelt there—a girl and a feeble-witted boy.

The cabin was Laury's heritage; the boy was her life-long charge, the only

brother left by an old blood-score, the one being of her blood upon the earth, object of a love so fierce in its pitying tenderness that she felt the need of no other. It was to keep bread in the childish, drooping mouth that she did many hard things, laboring silently—that she hated the bright badge of the law.

It was a lonely life, but she knew no other. On Sundays she dressed the boy in clean, coarse garments—a hickory shirt and marvelous trousers of faded jeans reaching to his bare ankles—and took him down the mountain to the tiny log church at Powell's Corners. Never a word of the itinerant preacher's sermon found its way to the dull brain behind the hanging shadows of incomprehension, but the pleased look of the quiet face was sufficient for the sister.

Sometimes a man walked home with the girl and the boy when meeting was over. Now it was one of the two who met on the narrow mountain way, and now it was the other; but neither got beyond Laury's quiet scorn. The mountain woman's chief desire is to prove to the outside world that she has no interest in the other sex; but with this girl it was neither simulated indifference nor wish to show it. Before her eyes was ever the secret of her lonely cabin, and though, with the wonderful breeding one sometimes finds in a lowly people, there was never a turn of head or glance of eye to betray her neighbors' knowledge, yet she knew that she stood a bit apart.

When the last affray silenced Hiram Daily's rifle above the dead bodies of his two big sons, the apparatus of his livelihood in the hidden cave behind the house fell to the girl left suddenly alone with the helpless boy. Throughout a

golden summer day she wrestled dry-eyed with her problem, panting with grief and despair and a woman's natural shame. In the dusk she lifted her head with the proud courage of the fighter who dares, and sent the boy to put a jug in a secret place, as a sign to the countryside that her father's trade would still go on. But from that day her face and manner took on a cold reserve that repelled all approaches.

To-day she lay prone on the bare sod, where the spring sunshine dappled the shade of a wide-spreading tree, and her blue eyes were as smiling as the skies. She was a fair woman, with the milky brow and throat of the South, and her vigorous young muscles showed under the scant, coarse dress like a tiger's under its skin. The boy, with his appealing, vacant face, sat near, catching at her fingers as she crept them out toward him and snatched them back again.

From out the circle of dense shrubbery that surrounded the clearing a man stepped suddenly. The two on the ground sprang up. Visitors were strange upon the Shoulder. It was Corbin, with his battered hat still far back on his curls.

"Sho, did I skeer ye, Laury?" he asked smiling.

The girl smoothed back her hair with her habitual expression of reserve upon her face, and brought a three-legged stool from the kitchen.

The man sat down and tilted back against the logs. Laury sank down to the low sill in silence. She looked off across the basking slash-lands, and dislike for Corbin filled her soul.

"Don't ye never git lonesome here?" he asked presently.

"No," she said.

"Hit's dredful fur back. Why don't ye git married, Laury?"

The sudden bluntness of the question kept her quiet for a moment.

"Because I don't want to," she said with dignity.

The man was watching her from side-slanted eyes without turning his face. Some inner knowledge made his smile exultant. He turned on the stool.

"Ye will want, honey, when I tell ye what I've come here fur!"

He leaned over and dropped his hand

on her shoulder. She shrank away from him, and tried to slide his fingers off. Her face flamed up a little. He had never dared so far in the half-silent strolls home from meeting, and her self-centered pride resented it.

"Don't!" she said sharply.

He swung back and looked at her coolly. He knew her distaste for him as well as she, and this was the hour of his chance.

"Laury," he said gently, "I've come hyar ter save ye. Do ye know ye've ben diskivered?"

The girl sprang to her feet with a bound that straightened her body like an unsnapped bow. Her eyes grew black in an instant, and her first startled glance was at her idol, the boy, who had already fallen asleep in the shade. She faced Corbin with clenched hands.

"Whut do ye mean, Sam Corbin?" she demanded.

"Jest whut I said. Ye've ben diskivered—told on. I'm yer friend. The revenues is at the Ten Mile crossin', an' by ter-morry they'll be hyar."

The girl opened and closed her hands, and her lips worked.

"My Lord!" she whispered at last. "Whut'll I do?"

Then he rose and placed his hand on her shoulder again.

"This," he said. "Ye come ter me an' I'll hide ye—an' if I save ye, ye can marry me, Laury!"

She looked at him without understanding, her mind groping pitifully to grasp this horror. He shook her a bit.

"Ye can marry me," he repeated.

"No," she said at last.

He loosed her roughly.

"Do ye know who giv ye away ter the revenues?" he asked, his eyes narrowing. "Hit were yer friend Tom Atwood. Didn't know why he brought ye home twice ter my once, did ye?"

For a moment blank, incredulous wonder looked from her eyes; then from the depths of her unconscious soul there came the light of a deeper thing, and it was unutterable misery. The man saw it in her face.

"Will ye come ter me?" he asked.

She shook her head, and her hands gripped each other.

"Then do ye know ye'll go down the

mountain ter the county seat? Old man Vance hain't ben seen in these hyar parts sense they raided his still on Des Arc Bayou, an' that's two year ago."

Laury was only conscious of a great, aching desire to be alone.

"I thank ye, Sam, but I'd ruther go," she said wearily.

Corbin's face hardened.

"But ye cain't take Amos," he said craftily; "an' no one on the mountain'll keep a half-wit."

He had struck the master chord. With a cry that comprehended all, the girl flung herself on her knees with her head on the three-legged stool. The sunlight flicked her hair with gold. There was no sound but a silver-throated lird in the pine, and Corbin waited while this untutored, primeval woman fought her battle. At last he touched her gently.

"Will ye come?" he said.

She did not raise her head, and her body trembled as she answered thickly:

"Yes—but go!" And the man, wise beyond his environments, went.

III

THAT day was like none that had ever gone before. For a long, blank hour Laury lay across the stool, while the boy slept in the shade. Then she roused herself and went about her meager duties. Never for one moment did a thought of escape or resistance enter her mind. The still had been discovered, "told on," and there was but one end to that among the mountains.

She looked about the bare cabin which was home, at the scraggy chickens, at the lean pigs in the little pen; and at sight of every homely thing her heart grew faint with agony. Once or twice she sprang up wild with loathing at thought of Sam Corbin, her hands clenched, and fierce denials on her lips.

"I won't—I won't—I won't!" she cried aloud.

Amos, the half-wit, touched her hand and looked up at her in wonder, and she dropped on her knees and buried her face on the faded hickory shirt with her arms around the boy's slouching form. Anything, no matter what, rather than that a harsh hand should touch this pitiable child!

She did over and over again every bit of work she could find with that nicety of detail that we give to a thing which we have loved and are about to leave. She shut the heavy door into the cave with a thought of the dreaded hands that would open it next. At dusk she gave the boy his supper, and sent him to bed in the low loft beneath the long, sun-curled shingles. Then she went out alone under the stars to find herself for the morrow's trial, to call back all the old courage, the pride, the indifference that had held her up so long.

Never had a day broken more gloriously across the slash-lands than the one that ended that long night. The cool, blue light, shooting across the fog-enveloped gumwoods far below and turning swiftly to opalescent green and rose and lilac, bathed the waiting mountain in a flood of molten gold.

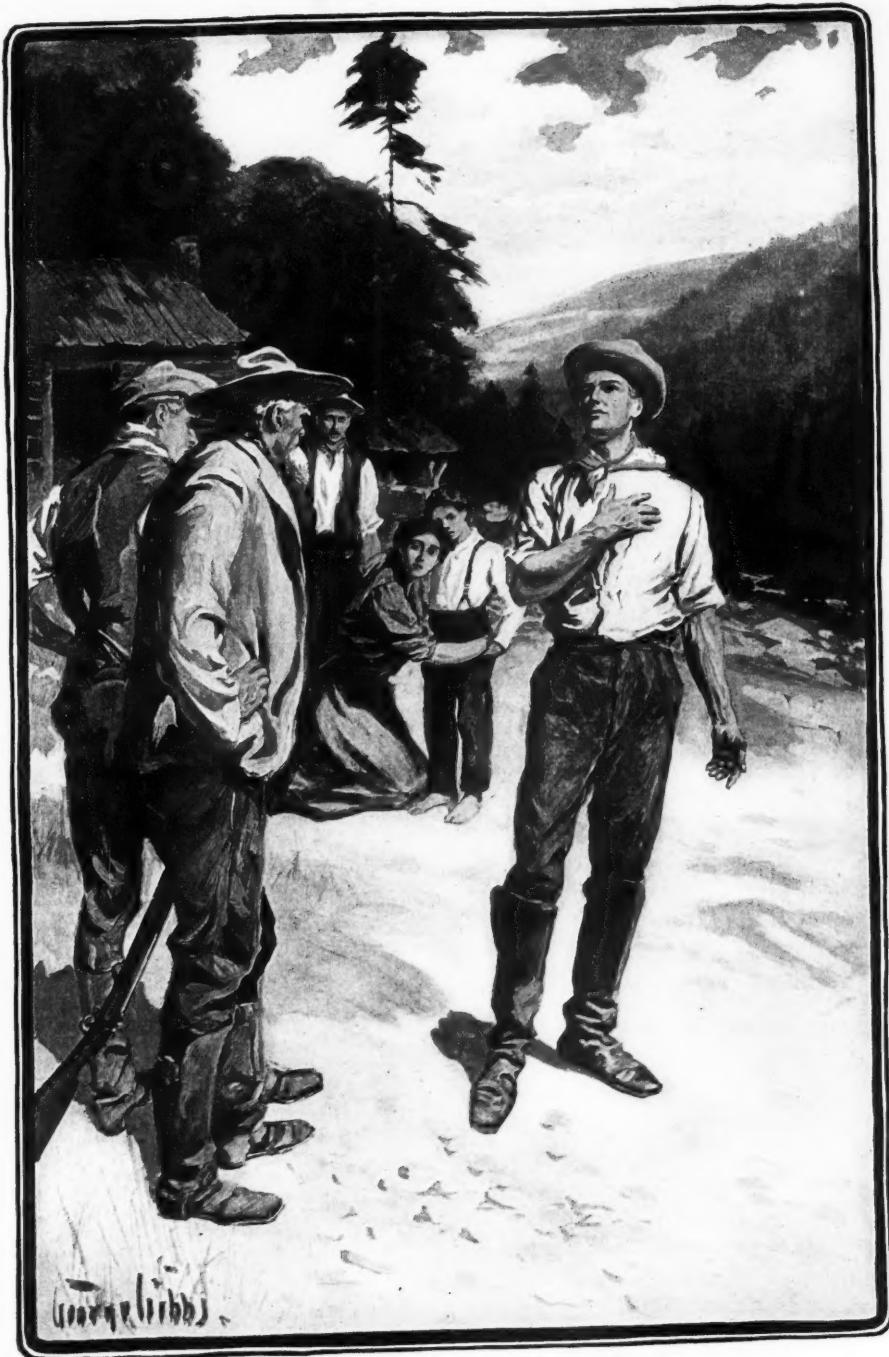
Laury watched it change and glow as one watches the last light in darkening eyes. Her face was clear and white, and her blue eyes held their wonted calm. She stood in the clean-swept yard holding the boy's hand, and waiting. It was time to go down the hidden trail to the altar of sacrifice; but at the last moment the spell of the mountain had fallen over her, encompassing her with its mysterious strength.

Every moment she would go the next, and every moment she lingered as if an inner voice had said "Thou shalt not." With the first step, she must leave behind the landmarks of her lonely life to enter one still more lonely—aye, one wherein was the bitterness of an utter and everlasting loss.

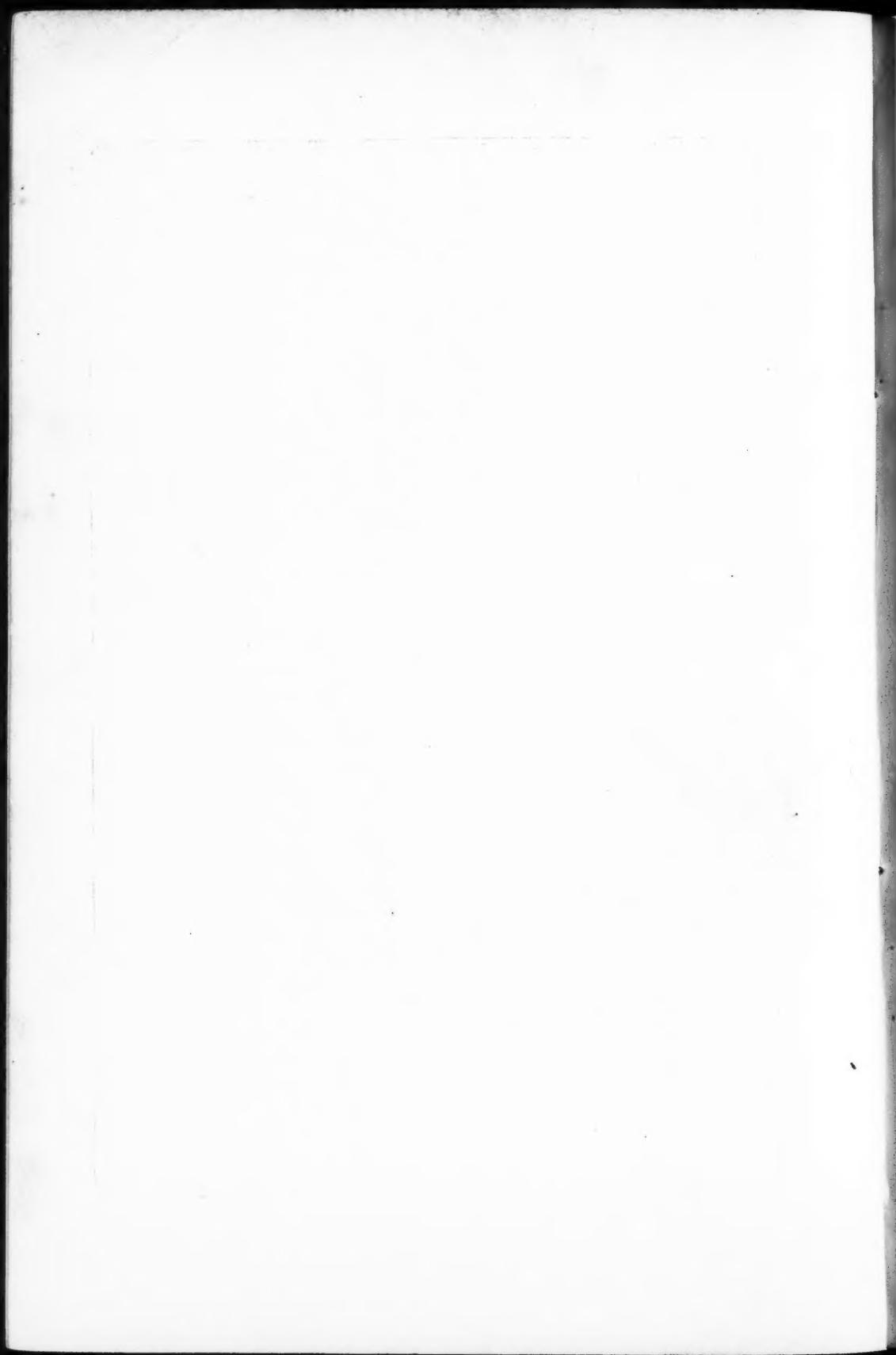
The anguish of the night came back upon her, shutting out the sunlight and the songs of the birds, else she had heard the soft approach of those who came like shadows from the woods around and stood before her when it was too late to take the trail. She straightened and faced them silently. The leader stepped out and threw back his coat. There gleamed the badge her blood had hated for generations.

"You are Laury Daily," he said easily, "and you have been making 'moonshine' in a cave behind that house."

He waited for an answer, but there



"THE MAN YE WANT IS—ME. I OWN THE STILL!"



was silence. For the first time in these weary hours anger was slowly surging up in her heart. The leader turned.

"Donaldson, search the place," he said; "though it hardly seems to be necessary, since we have been so fully informed."

Laury laid her arm on the half-wit's shoulder, and her self-condemnation was as a curse from above, though her eyes blazed at those who represented the power of the law. As the officer turned to her again, there was a stir from two sides of the clearing. From one sprang out Sam Corbin, his face writhing with emotion; from the other stepped Tom Atwood.

"Laury, ye fool! ye fool!" cried Corbin. "Why didn't ye come?"

He caught her by the arm and shook her in the stress of his defeated plans. The man of the law looked at him in mild astonishment.

"Why, you're the man who sent us here!" the officer said.

"No—yes—I—that's ben a bad mistake, cap, an' I——"

Corbin was seeking desperately for words. He still held the girl by the arm, but she was not aware of it, for her eyes were on the face of the second man; and at that moment Tom Atwood stepped forward and shouldered his way into the circle. The men gave back before the sweeping movement of his strength.

"Thar has ben a mistake hyar, officer," he said—"a bad mistake. Ye've found the still—hit's thar; but I take hit ye want the man as owns hit. Sam Corbin made a little mistake when he giv ye his information. Ye'd take this helpless girl an' the half-wit boy, an' ye'd miss yer game at last, for the man ye want is—me. I own the still!"

There was utter silence. Laury lifted her hand to her throat and opened her lips for the breath that seemed leaving her body. For the first time Tom Atwood shot a look into her eyes, and the command in his was like a flail whipping her very soul into his keeping forevermore. In the space of an uncounted breath she knew him, and the knowledge was as if it had been from the beginning. She stood transfixed, breathless, with the surge of something from the depths of

her being. She swayed suddenly, and when she caught herself and saw the light again the first tears she remembered in the span of her life were on her cheeks.

The officer of the law turned to her. "Is this the truth?" he asked.

She took her eyes from Atwood's face and lifted up her head. She was as strong as he. Her very fingers were tingling with the joy of his defense of her; but though it would be the secret gold of her life to remember it, it must not be. She had taken in her breath to speak the truth, to pay her own price, when one word fell on her heart like the knell of doom.

"Amos!" said Tom Atwood sharply.

The word did what he knew it would. The light of sacrifice and ecstasy went out of her eyes like a snuffed candle, and sudden anguish leaped in its place. She cowered like a hound that had been struck, snatching to her breast the boy she had forgotten for the first time in his life.

"Come!" said the officer. "Answer me, is this true?"

"Yes," said Laury, sobbing, "hit's true."

There were words and noises, but the girl was conscious of nothing but the sound of her own weeping and Amos's fondling of her bowed head. The birds and the sunlight and the scent of wet foliage came to her dimly, and when she looked up again she met a sight that burned her soul like iron. The officers were making ready to go down the mountain, having destroyed the simple apparatus in the cave; and in their midst stood Tom Atwood, with head proudly erect, and on his hands behind him the shackles of disgrace. Sam Corbin had gone.

For one moment Laury looked at Tom, and her hand trembled on Amos's shoulder. Then she went swiftly to the young mountaineer and knelt at his side. She bent her head and softly pressed her lips to where the handcuffs touched his wrist.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" she cried, with her head against his arm. "Hit won't be long, but ef hit's all a lifetime ye'll find me hyar, a-waitin' fer ye with all the love I know!"

THE BRIDES OF ESSEN



BY VANCE

THOMPSON

THE ROMANCE OF BERTHA KRUPP, THE YOUNG GERMAN GIRL WHO OWNS AND RULES THE FAMOUS KRUPP STEEL-WORKS AT ESSEN—SHE AND HER SISTER BARBARA ARE TO BE MARRIED ON THE SAME DAY

THE dark-eyed girl who is queen of Essen—of the twenty square miles of furnaces, mills, and foundries, and of those who work therein—has chosen a husband. The event takes on, in a way, the air of things royal and important. There are many monarchs whose power for good or evil does not equal that of Bertha Krupp, the cannon-queen. Her annual income of five million dollars overtops the civil list of all but the richest rulers.

The first "King Krupp" was a working man. His genius transformed the little village of Essen into a big and busy town, depending on his works for its livelihood. The second Krupp did much to develop the great industry; but his life was bad; he died by his own hand in Capri. At least it was thought he died—a body was brought from Capri and buried with German pomp. The Kaiser praised the dead man. But yonder in Essen they will tell you that Friedrich Krupp did not die; that somewhere, in anonymous exile, he is hiding his disgrace.

In any case, it was in 1902 that Bertha Krupp came to her iron throne. At that time the business was transformed into an *aktiengesellschaft* with a council of nominal stockholders; but the forty million dollars' worth of shares, and all the power, remained in the hands of Bertha Krupp. Her will and her whim are supreme. As royalty is bred for its trade, she was schooled for her position. Her earliest memories are of the white furnaces and the roaring shops

where she walked, clinging to her father's hand.

"You shall be my son," he said; and if he could not make a man of her, he gave her the technical training which fitted her for the headship of the house. In the German War Office they will tell you there are few artillery officers who know the modern guns better than she does. Her life has been passed amid these deadly, delicate mechanisms. In spite of the old gray men who sit in the council, she is still the brain and the will of Essen. The outside world is a trifle skeptical; not willingly do men of the war-trade admit that a girl can equal them in science, but the truth is that Bertha Krupp is the sole and absolute mistress of all that huge industry—from the council-chamber to the testing range, where day and night the canmons crash away.

Her forty thousand workmen know the truth of this; and they love her well—even the dreary German socialists whose religion is discontent. For one thing, she is not "noble." With rugged pride the Krupps have kept to their democracy. They are proud of the blunt, plebeian name. Twice they refused the *freiherrnstand*—they would be neither lords nor nobles. They have kept to the people. The last word Bertha Krupp heard from her father was:

"Do not wed a gilded fool!"

Before his death there were great quasi-royal receptions at the Huegel Villa in Essen; the Kaiser, with a train of princes, had come there to shoot and

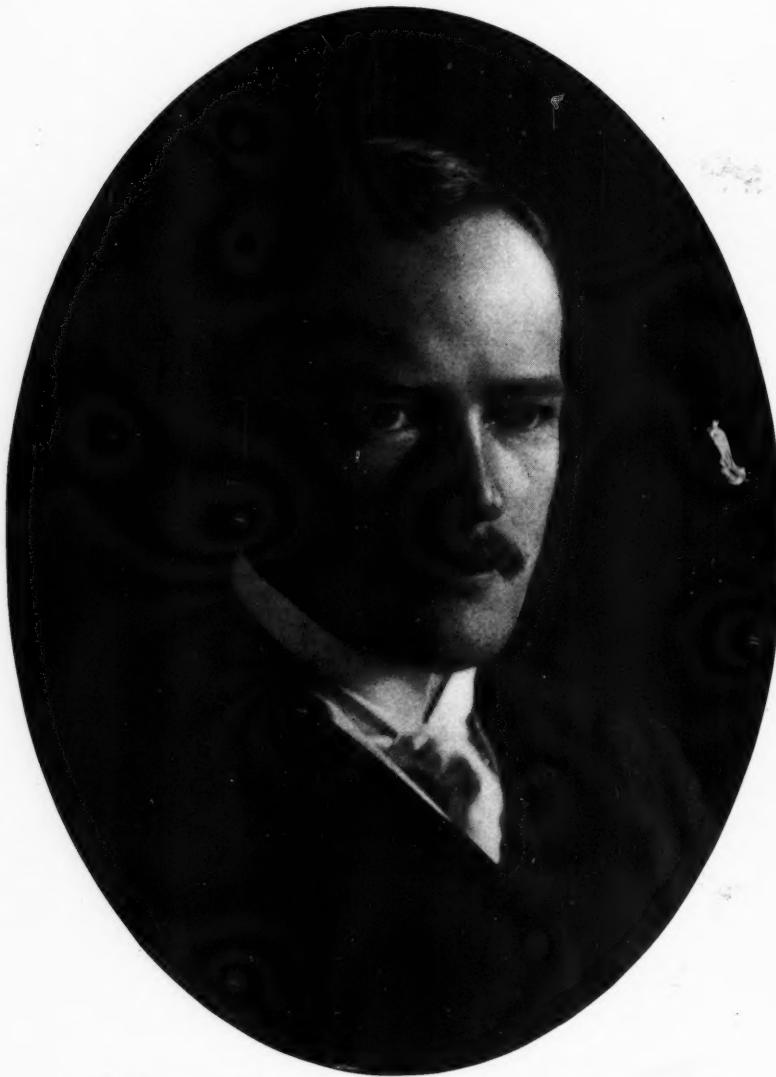


FRÄULEIN ANTOINETTE BERTHA KRUPP, OWNER OF THE GREAT KRUPP STEEL-WORKS AT
ESSEN, WHO IS TO BE MARRIED TO HERR GUSTAV VON BOHLEN UND HALBACH

From a copyrighted photograph by Kessler, Essen

to discuss armor-plate. The mysterious death of Friedrich Krupp put an end to this gay and crowded way of life. The curtains were drawn in the big mansion.

slender girl, nineteen years old, winsome and brown. Her dower is proportionately very small. In Essen they think of her as the Cinderella of the Krupps.



HERR GUSTAV VON BOHLEN UND HALBACH, THE FIANCÉ OF BERTHA KRUPP
From a copyrighted photograph by Kessler, Essen

The women lived there alone. There was the old mother, a stately woman of noble birth—a von Ende of Hesse-Nassau; only a little fragment of the big fortune had come to her. There, too, was the younger sister, Barbara—a tall,

The fortune and the responsibility were all for the chosen girl.

Now and then the Fräulein Krupp traveled abroad. At Constantinople she was received with almost queenly honors, for the wily Sultan wanted

guns and credit. And at home and abroad the suitors lay in wait for her. How easy—oh, how easy it is to love a girl with five million dollars a year! Came a prince of the great line of Reuss and asked her to sit on his musty throne of purple and gilt; came the old nobleman and the young officers; came dignitaries and diplomatists—indeed, all the greeds and ambitions and wants of the lean aristocracy swarmed about her. Now and then honest love looked up at her timidly—a young foreman in the works, a village doctor, a poor gentleman; they loved in silence and went away.

"Her first love is the works," the good folk of Essen said. "She will marry some one who can aid her in building up her industrial kingdom."

THE CANNON-QUEEN'S LOVE-STORY

It is hard to say whether they were right or wrong; but there was whispering amazement in Essen when it was known what choice she had made. The old gray men of the council stared at one another in horror, and exclaimed:

"Himmel! She is going to marry for love!"

That much was true. The heiress of the house of Krupp had sent away the princes and chosen a simple gentleman, a clean-bred man of study and worldly affairs. Herr Gustav von Bohlen und Halbach is counselor of the Prussian legation to the Vatican. He was born at The Hague in 1870, his father being then minister from the grand duchy of Baden to the kingdom of Holland. He studied at the University of Lausanne, at Strassburg, and finally at Heidelberg, where he took the degree of doctor of law. And then he traveled abroad, visiting England and the United States. A dozen years ago he entered the diplomatic service. He was sent to London, to Washington, to Peking—at last to Rome.

Herr von Bohlen's career has been a plain and honorable one. He has little personal wealth, though his family possesses fair estates. He belongs to the lesser nobility, but by marriage the Halbach-Bohlens are kin to the reigning family of Lippe and to the great house of Lippe-Biesterfeld. And so he

brings to the heiress of Essen a little of the gilt and glamour of sovereign things. Withal, and of equal importance, he is a handsome, upstanding man, wise in the world, gentle-mannered. He knew the little heiress in the old, happy days when Krupp II reigned in Essen, when aristocrats from all the German world thronged to the industrial court; and it may be he carried a memory of her through all his travels. The Berlin folk aver that the Kaiser himself made the match, ordering, in fine old despotic fashion, these two young people to fall in love and marry. For my part, I never believe gossip of this sort; moreover, the story told in Essen of the wooing is prettier in every way.

Certain representatives of the Italian army were sent to Essen to discuss plans for new guns. With them came a German military attaché, and, in an idle moment, Herr von Bohlen, the *legations-rath*. He, having nothing to do with the business, strolled out into the town. Of old he had known it well, with its flaring chimneys and roaring tunnels, its rows of decent workmen's homes; and he went on to the old folk's colony. There, in quaint little cottages, clambered over by flowers and vines, those who have toiled for the house of Krupp pass their old age in ease and neighborly comfort. The old women sit knitting in the doorways; the old men smoke and gossip in the sunny gardens; and the children—they who shall toil for the house of Krupp some day—romp on the grass.

On one of these door-steps a girl sat. She wore a brown blouse like the women of the town, and her hat was off. Around her knees a half-dozen children had gathered—one had climbed into her lap; and with great mystery the girl was whispering to them a story of the Essen fairies, red and white, who live in the palaces of molten steel. The man had long been an exile from the Fatherland, and the picture went home to his heart—"the dear German girl!" He had never seen anything so charming, so wholesome, so kindly, so German; he stopped in the road and watched the little group.

At last the girl looked up and said, "Why, it's you!" And he, too, said,



FRÄULEIN BARBARA KRUPP, WHO IS TO BE MARRIED ON THE SAME DAY AS HER ELDER
SISTER, BERTHA KRUPP

From a photograph by Kessler, Essen

"Why, it's you!"
And they both
went away to-
gether through the
city of iron and
flame.

This is the story they tell in Essen; but they tell it in so many ways that it may be as fabulous as the adventures of the steel fairies —those who dance and scream in the molten metal. I do not know.

At any rate, they were engaged. From the contract of betrothal you may learn that the full name of the heiress is "Antoinette Bertha Krupp, born March 29, 1886." Her future husband is her elder by sixteen years. It is when she comes of age that she will wed.

In this Old World, where the nations go armed and eye one another suspiciously over grim-bastioned frontiers, the marriage of the cannon-girl takes on vast importance. Far away in Spain a new queen may lessen the savagery of the bull-fight, or introduce new English fashions of going in state with crimson outriders; she may teach the languid sons of the hidalgos to play golf—there her influence stops; but this queen of Essen is powerful in a way more terrible. Not alone the weight of her millions gives her domination. The Krupp war-materials, given or withheld, may decide the fate of nations.

There has suddenly risen a wide desire that the government should take over the famous works. Officials assert the weight is too great for a girl to carry through the honeymoon hours of life.



HERR THILO VON WILNOWSKI, THE FIANCÉ
OF BARBARA KRUPP

The socialists, too, would fain see this establishment, as all others, in the hands of the state. Some day, it may be, all that will be left to the heiress of Krupp II will be her millions—for her name is to be absorbed in that of Bohlen und Halbach, and the Fatherland may decide to take away her power. When that day comes, I think, she will be a sad woman.

From Berlin and Paris and London the tradespeople whose business it is

to decorate the great brides of the world are flocking into Essen; the dressmakers spread before the queen of cannons their laces and silks; the jewelers bring rubies and pearls; and the "good Fräulein Bertha" is seen no more in the works. New uniforms have been ordered for her army. And this is worth noting. She is the only subject in the Old World at the head of a private and personal army. With the Kaiser's consent she maintains an armed militia of nine hundred men, ready to act against robbers or revolutionists.

And while all the world talks of Bertha Krupp, would you imagine that there was another bride in Essen?

Her younger sister, Barbara, as has been said, has no power, no great dowry, and no share in the works. What fortune she has is little more than a crumb that has fallen from the golden table. But she, too, is to be married on that great Essen day, when the heiress is to become Frau Bohlen und Halbach.

MIRACLES

STILL as of old His miracles sublime
God works to-day in wonders new to time:
His chosen tools are now, as they were then,
The hearts and brains and hands of living men.

Frederic Fairchild Sherman



ETHEL BARRYMORE, WHO IS TO STAR THIS SEASON IN "KATHLEEN"

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

ETHEL BARRYMORE

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

AN ACTRESS WHO INHERITS SOME OF THE BEST TRADITIONS
OF THE AMERICAN STAGE, AND WHO IS ONE OF THE MOST
INTERESTING PERSONALITIES AMONG OUR YOUNGER PLAYERS

"NEVER yet," remarked a theatrical man of many years' experience, "have I known a good actor or actress to score a brilliant success at the outset of his or her career."

Ethel Barrymore is only one example out of many, to prove him right. And in her case the cause for initial discouragement was all the deeper by reason of the great expectations aroused by her ancestry and environment. It certainly meant much to be the granddaughter of Mrs. John Drew the elder; and to have been brought up under that famous woman's care was to draw direct from a fount of rare histrionic wisdom. Nor was this all. In Ethel Barrymore inheritance stood to focus mighty forces. Her mother, Georgia Drew, was one of the most engaging players of comedy in the Frohman roster when she died about twenty years ago; and Maurice Barrymore, the girl's father, ranked easily in the forefront of the actors his period sent us from England. Moreover, a certain luster was reflected upon her from the wide and growing vogue of her uncle, John Drew. Surely, then, when Ethel Barrymore emerged from the Convent of the Sacred Heart in her native city of Philadelphia, in the spring of 1894, presages of success crowded thick about her transition from school life to the career that was traditional with her family.

At this time she was barely sixteen, the eldest of three children—the other two, Lionel and John, being still at school. It was natural, of course, that in looking about for an opening her uncle's company should be the first to

suggest itself. John Drew was to start his season in Boston with "The Bauble Shop," an English drama by Henry Arthur Jones that had made a huge hit in New York the previous winter. *Lady Kate*, a character who had little to do except to wear fine clothes, had been played there by Elsie De Wolfe; and it was perhaps the fact that Miss De Wolfe and Miss Barrymore happened to be nearly of a size, as much as anything else, that induced Mr. Drew to assign his niece to the rôle. The gowns, resplendent and costly, were passed on from one young woman to the other. In fact, in two back numbers of this magazine, one may see how they looked in the same frock. The photograph showing Miss Barrymore in it was her first portrait to appear in *MUNSEY'S*, and was published in the issue for July, 1895.

A DISAPPOINTING DÉBUT

Naturally, Miss Barrymore's connections and antecedents made her début a matter of special interest quite apart from the manner of her work. Like the part she is now playing in "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," *Lady Kate* was much too old for her; and her performance was not such as to cause a conflagration of the neighboring rivers.

Miss Barrymore's second rôle with her uncle's company was another disappointment to her, in that she was not permitted to create a character, but was put in the place of Agnes Miller as *Zoe Nuggetson*, the American girl, when "The Squire of Dames" was taken on the road. The following season she fared a little better. When Mr. Drew

put on "Rosemary"—destined, with Maude Adams as *Dorothy*, to be one of his biggest successes—he entrusted the maid-servant, *Priscilla*, to his niece. And although *Priscilla* was but a bit, Miss Barrymore made it stand out vividly; the peculiar quality of her deep contralto voice fitting in neatly with the blunt demeanor of the servant at the *Ingle*. Indeed, thus early in her career did Ethel Barrymore drive her admirers into verse, one of them writing for the *Dramatic Mirror* the following tribute:

MISS BARRYMORE IN ROSEMARY

No wonder dear *Dorothy* kindled a fire
In the lonely old heart of the bachelor
squire;
But how in the world could he live and
die single
With a girl like delicious *Priscilla* at *Ingle*?

The next spring Miss Barrymore went to London and was invited to join Henry Irving's company, appearing with him as *Annette* in "The Bells," and in one or two other parts. She was in great spirits over this engagement, and felt that she was making real progress when Charles Frohman selected her for the part of the duke's sister, in support of Annie Russell in "Catherine." The play was brought out in New York, at the Garrick Theater, in the fall of 1898, and made two women very unhappy. They were Annie Russell, the star, and Ethel Barrymore. Each had just come from playing in England, and each declared that she wanted to go back to a country where she was more appreciated than she was at home. Miss Russell's plaint was that all the good points in the piece went to other parts than the star's; Miss Barrymore's grievance centered about being noticed only for her looks, and being accused of speaking so indistinctly that she could not be understood in the stalls. She regretted that she had ever left London, where she had been both understood and appreciated, and predicted that when she returned there it would be to stay.

Here was indeed a deplorable plight for a young actress supported by such traditions, and with a practical experience of three seasons on the stage! Surely this will be enough to convince any aspirant that there is no royal road

to footlight advancement, even for one born to the stage purple, as it were, like Ethel Barrymore.

She did not carry out her resolution, however, any more than Miss Russell did. She remained in "Catherine" until the end of the season, and the next autumn Mr. Frohman sent her on the road in the leading rôle of "His Excellency the Governor." She succeeded so well in the part—which Jessie Millward created—that the omnipotent manager decided to make her the central figure in a brand-new play by Clyde Fitch.

"Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," as the piece was called, had its première in Philadelphia on the 7th of January, 1901, with H. Reeves-Smith, the English actor, as *Captain Jinks*, a Seventh Regiment man who falls in love with a grand-opera singer. Philadelphia being Miss Barrymore's home town, she received a personal ovation, but the play was roasted to a turn by the critics. A New York reviewer who went over to take it in fell upon Miss Barrymore tooth and nail, as well. While he admitted her beauty and her general popularity, he added that she must make up her mind to settle down to many months of the most arduous sort of work—"voice culture, elocution, and a hundred and one other accomplishments which are merely a well-equipped actress's stock in trade"—before she could hope to become a successful leading woman.

MISS BARRYMORE BECOMES A STAR

Nevertheless, when the play came to the Garrick Theater, New York received it warmly. So well was Miss Barrymore's work liked by metropolitan theater-goers that Mr. Frohman gave her the surprise of her life. One night, as her cab turned into Thirty-Fifth Street, she glanced up at the Garrick and fell back in her seat speechless, for there were the letters forming her name in electric brilliance over the entrance, and signifying that she had become a star. "Captain Jinks" lasted her for a season and a half, and then, at the Savoy, in the autumn of 1902, she came out with a double bill—"Carrots," a touching curtain-raiser from the French, and "A Country Mouse," an

English comedy, done with great success in London by Annie Hughes, who was seen in this country in "Mr. Hopkinson" last spring.

With Miss Barrymore's next venture, in the fall of 1903, she had the honor of opening one of New York's handsomest new theaters—the Hudson. The vehicle was a comedy by a young Englishman, Hubert Henry Davies, who for years had knocked in vain at the doors of American managers and finally had gone back to England, where two of his plays made simultaneous hits. It was one of these—"Cousin Kate"—which gave Miss Barrymore the chance to enact a part after her own heart—that of a woman considerably older than herself, twenty-nine, in fact. The play pleased both the critics and the public, and Mr. Frohman went to England again for her next season's offering—"Sunday"—written by three actors under the *nom de guerre* of Thomas Raceward. In this play of Western mining-camp life and English society Miss Barrymore became a young girl again, but she still hankered after the flesh-pots of middle age, for last year she insisted on securing the American rights to "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," in order that she might play the mother of two children, a part created in London by Ellen Terry.

HER PLAY FOR THE PRESENT SEASON

It will be seen that Ethel Barrymore has really originated only one rôle, that of *Mme. Trentoni* in "Captain Jinks." That this is not for lack of ability has been sufficiently demonstrated. It only remains for some clever playwright to deliver the goods. Mr. Frohman hopes that H. V. Esmond has done so in "Kathleen," which Miss Barrymore will produce for the first time on any stage when she begins her annual New York engagement this fall. Mr. Esmond is

an English actor turned playwright, with "When We Were Twenty-One" as his biggest success.

As most of her plays have been of English make, so have Miss Barrymore's two leading men been British. Mr. Reeves-Smith's successor, Bruce McRae, started with her in "A Country Mouse" and "Carrots," and has remained her mainstay ever since. And by the same token, it is to four Englishmen that rumor has from time to time engaged her—to Lawrence Irving, son of Sir Henry; to Gerald du Maurier, son of the author of "Trilby"; to Captain Harry Graham, formerly private secretary to Lord Minto and Lord Rosebery; and to Ernest Lawford, the pirate captain with Maude Adams in "Peter Pan." All these, with the exception of Captain Graham, are actors; and, it may be added, it is on the cards that she will marry nobody just now.

Miss Barrymore—whose real name, by the way, is Blythe—is devoted to her two brothers, both of whom were in her company last season. She is fond of society, which is little to be wondered at, seeing that society is so fond of her. Her vogue in London is as wide as it is here, and she counts among her closest friends people of high position, like the Duchess of Sutherland. And yet, although she is indefatigable in her pursuit of social distractions, she allows nothing to interfere with her histrionic ambitions. The mere fact that in "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" she chose the mother's part instead of the daughter's demonstrates her eagerness to escape from the rut of rôles that are too easy. Some time since, in a few performances of "A Doll's House," she displayed unexpected ability in an entirely new direction, and she is now studying *Lady Macbeth* in order to get practical experience in a plane which she has not hitherto attempted to enter.

FASHIONED

He asked to-day—but ever 'twas to-morrow;
 He asked success—but failure was his lot;
 He asked for joy—instead, his cup was sorrow;
 He asked for ease—but toil was lessened not.
 And thus he chafed, and bided; little knowing.
 The things that were, it seemed, should always be;
 But, ah! through toil and disappointment growing,
 He filled the waiting opportunity.

Edwin L. Sabin

THE ROMANCE OF STEEL AND IRON IN AMERICA

THE STORY OF A THOUSAND MILLIONAIRES

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

VIII—FIVE YEARS OF THE STEEL TRUST

An Impartial Summary of the United States Steel Corporation's Record, of Its Present
Situation, and of Its Prospects—What the Greatest of Industrial Organizations
Has Done for the Iron and Steel Trade, and What Is Said
of It by Its Friends and by Its Critics

THE first annual report of the United States Steel Corporation was the most remarkable financial document that had ever been known in the long history of commerce.

It looked more like a magazine than an annual report, with its sixty-four pages and sixty-three illustrations of furnaces and steel-mills. And it was sent to nearly sixty thousand stockholders—a larger circulation than many a magazine possesses. Its figures were those of an empire, rather than of a private company of American business men. Its revenue of five hundred and sixty million dollars was equal to that of the ten kingdoms of Spain, Portugal, Holland, Rumania, Sweden, Norway, Greece, Denmark, Siam, and Turkey. The receipts of the United States itself, for 1902, exclusive of the postal business, amounted to only two millions more than those of the United States Steel Corporation.

This wonderful corporation was not a bank, yet it had more than fifty millions in its vaults—a greater sum than the deposits in any of the New York savings banks except five, or any of the national or State banks except seven.

It was not a railroad, yet it operated five large railway systems, with nearly five hundred locomotives and more than twenty-six thousand cars. And these were not freight roads merely, as eighty-three of the cars were for passengers.

It was not a marine corporation, yet it possessed a fleet of more than a hundred vessels, many of them the best of their kind, whose earnings for the year furnished a nine-million-dollar item to the report.

Without counting its sixteen docks, its seventeen thousand coke-ovens, its two hundred square miles of gas land, its hundred thousand acres of coal land, and its sixty ore mines in the Lake Superior region, this corporation reported itself as being the owner of nearly sixteen hundred manufacturing plants.

The grand total of assets—no human mind can transform this line of figures into an idea—was \$1,546,544,234.65.

Roughly speaking, labor got one hundred and twenty million dollars for the year's work; the stockholders, fifty-six millions; the machinery for improvements and depreciation, forty-five millions; and Andrew Carnegie, the grand old pensioner, got eighteen millions, in-

cluding the three millions set apart as a sinking fund for the payment of his bonds in the year 1952.

The 168,127 workmen received an average of \$717 apiece; the stockholders averaged about a thousand dollars. So far as profits were concerned, the little Scot, in spite of his abdication, still towered above all the newcomers.

The net profits of the corporation for the year were more than a hundred and thirty-three million dollars. Out of this twenty-five millions were taken for special improvements which were thought to be advisable though not strictly necessary. Because of the use of this generic word "improvements," it is impossible to tell the exact percentage of profits. Just how much of the forty-five millions that come under this head was spent for the actual enrichment of the property, and how much of it went for political purposes, or to cover up mistakes and losses, no one outside of the corporation can tell. There is no cause for suspicion in the report itself; but recent revelations concerning the methods of "high finance" have made the American public more sophisticated than it was.

THE SUDDEN "SLUMP" OF 1903

The corporation began well, as a money-maker. For twenty-seven months it moved along as steadily as a clock, ticking out fourteen millions in dividends every quarter of a year. Then, in the middle of 1903, came trouble. It was a feast-and-famine year. The market had become surfeited with the stock of over-capitalized corporations. In two years the total capitalization of new companies had soared up to nearly eight billion dollars. There was an over-production of stock, and, when prices fell, the good suffered with the bad. The wreck of Schwab's ship-building enterprise, and the governmental veto put upon the Northern Securities merger, made matters worse. "Steel preferred" went below fifty, and the common stock plunged to ten.

On New Year's Day, 1904, the stockholders regarded the wish for a happy new year as a cynicism. They had received a message notifying them that the profits for the preceding three

months had dropped to the beggarly sum of two million dollars. Only by drawing upon the company's surplus could the quarterly dividend be paid on the preferred stock; holders of the common stock, who had had their revenue halved three months before, were now cut off altogether. Down and down went the price of the corporation's securities. "Steel common" was recommended as cheap wall-paper, and the comic papers reported that grocers were giving away a share with every purchase of a pound of tea.

There was a general outcry from those who saw their dollars cut in half. "The Steel Trust has robbed the people of five hundred millions in a single year," said a Boston broker. "With its common stock at ten, it can pay its debts at the rate of twenty-five cents on the dollar," declared a Chicago professor. Twelve thousand stockholders jumped overboard and swam ashore with heavy losses. If they had remained on board for a year longer, they would have lost nothing. But it was a time of panic, when men jumped first and thought afterward.

Capital lost thirty millions which it had been led to expect; but labor lost more. Twenty thousand workmen were discharged. Twenty thousand homes, into which twenty million dollars had flowed in the previous year, were left without resources. Twenty thousand workmen stood idle in the market, offering their skill for sale, and endangering the price of labor all along the line. It was a harsh step, but necessary from the standpoint of dividends.

It was a hard-luck year, and everybody grumbled—everybody except the Wall Street brokers. They did a merry business, pulling down what they had built up three years before. In fact, the stock exchange end of the steel business has grown until it is larger than the manufacturing end. It is a point of great significance, for better or for worse, that the buying and selling of steel stocks is to-day a business of greater volume than the buying and selling of steel.

THE RETURN OF PROSPERITY

In 1905 the horn of plenty was once more emptied on the heads of the steel

men. It was a year of jubilee. Before it was half over, the preferred stock had climbed above par and the common to nearly forty. The twenty thousand workmen came back, and others with them. At the annual meeting the stockholders effervesced with delight, and passed a vote of thanks to Mr. Morgan, as the meeting happened to be on his sixty-eighth birthday.

Those who regarded the United States Steel Corporation as a finished product said, in the dark days of 1904, "Morgan has failed." The wiser ones, who regarded it as a continuous process, said, "Wait." Morgan's supreme aim was to give stability to the iron and steel trade. He had against him not only natural forces, but artificial ones as well. He had to fight against a depression caused by bad crops, or a panic caused by some speculative buccaneer.

Now, if there is one thing that Morgan's strong nature hates more than another, it is something that is small, flimsy, and uncertain. He abhors make-shifts. His lasting honor will be that he has been the first American who deliberately made it his life-work to coordinate the various functions of industry and finance on a national scale. With a masterfulness which has never been surpassed, he linked together railroads, banks, steamship lines, industrial corporations, and two-thirds of the iron and steel trade. He had to use refractory materials. Neither his friends nor the public understood his purposes. He was compelled to work with many men who lied to him and betrayed him. His so-called partners were, comparatively speaking, no more than clerks. He stood alone, a Gulliver among the Lilliputians of Wall Street.

In 1901 many critics pointed out that the demand for dividends by a mob of stockholders would be likely to take too much money out of the business and allow the plants to depreciate. There was good reason for this warning. Hundreds of iron and steel men had wrecked their fortunes on the big-dividend rock. Even the late Russell Sage, clever financial pilot as he was, could not steer past this peril. Sage was in the iron business in 1866—as early as Carnegie. He had a large share in Captain Ward's Mil-

waukee rolling-mill; but he made the usual mistake of demanding enormous profits at once.

"Sage made my life miserable because we did not pay higher dividends, although we paid from fifteen to twenty per cent for several years," said J. J. Hagerman, who was then an official of the company. Those who remained in that Milwaukee enterprise made millions; but Russell Sage lacked the farsightedness to be a steel-maker. Like hundreds of others, he had his chance and lost it.

Every successful steel-maker knows that improvements must be made continually, whether any money is left for dividends or not. To look at the figures given out by the corporation was not convincing. In annual reports things are not always what they seem. Such has come to be the public opinion. When fifty millions of preferred stock was changed into bonds in 1902, it was stated that thirty millions of it went for improvements. Ten millions a year were appropriated for "special" work of this sort, and in each annual report there were several pages of "improvements and extraordinary replacements" mentioned by name.

"Improving our own plants is the key-note of the United States Steel Corporation," said its first vice-president, James Gayley.

But the only way to know whether the property of the corporation is rising in value, or falling, is to go and see it. Consequently, in gathering the information for this series of articles, I was careful to ask at every stopping-place, "Show me what improvements have been made since 1901." After nearly six thousand miles of travel, I have not found a single instance in which a property has been allowed to depreciate, or in which improvements have been made in a parsimonious way.

"Everything the United States Steel constructs is first class," said one of Duluth's leading business men.

"I want you to build that store for all time—no make-shifts," said the vice-president of the Union Supply Company to a contractor.

The corporation operates fifty stores under this name in its coal and coke re-

gion, and the order given by the vice-president was not a mere phrase for effect, as I overheard it accidentally.

THE PARAGON OF COAL-MINES

The Traveskyn coal-mine, near Pittsburgh, which was built entirely by the corporation, has probably no equal in the world for safety, convenience, and efficiency. It is a mine without a mule. All its hauling is done by four six-ton electric locomotives, on a double-track road, without a grade anywhere of more than eighty feet to the mile. This is a saving of twenty men as compared with the mule system, and keeps the mine much cleaner. The mine is lit with electric lights from end to end. Its walls near the pit's mouth are white-washed. A twelve-thousand-dollar ventilating apparatus blows through it a constant stream of fresh air. An independent telephone system, with eighteen instruments, connects the superintendent with every part of the mine.

The four hundred workmen live in neat cottages, scattered through a grove of trees. Each house has from three to six rooms, and rents for two dollars a room. A few of the men make a hundred and fifty dollars a month, but the average wages are half as much. The output of the mine is two thousand tons a day—five tons per man. In the past dozen years I have seen many mines, in this country and Great Britain, but never one like this.

A STEEL TRUST COKE PLANT

At Uniontown, Pennsylvania, is a coke-making plant, made entirely by the United States Steel Corporation. Here, too, the same good management and free expenditure of capital can be seen. We shoot down the steam-hoist in a few seconds, making the three-hundred-foot trip more slowly than if we were cars of coal. The mine below is practically a little village of two square miles. As it is a gaseous mine, no electricity is used, except in the stable. This stable is one of the sights of the whole mining region, being built entirely of cement and bricks. Not a splinter of wood is to be seen, making fire impossible. It has stalls for fifty mules, yet at the time that I went through it it was as clean as a

garage, the sloping cement floor making it possible to flush it thoroughly. Several chickens were picking up grain in the hay-room. The walls were white-washed. There was nothing dirty, nothing repulsive, even in the mules' part of the mine. The Steel-Trust mule is the aristocrat of his species.

The four hundred miners live in four-room or five-room houses. Thirty of them have bought their own homes. They are all Huns and Slavs. For wages, they average from two to three dollars a day. For rent, they pay seven to nine dollars a month.

"One of the miners," said E. H. Abraham, the superintendent, "went back to Hungary last month with nine thousand dollars in his pocket, the savings of twenty-three years. He worked in the mine until two hours before train-time, so as not to lose even half a dollar."

The men seemed to be both contented and independent. One of them had opened a grocery store in opposition to the store owned by the company. In the whole community there was nothing dilapidated or untidy. Even around the engine-house and the shaft's mouth little cinder-paths had been made. These were so trim as to look almost out of place to one who is familiar with coal-mines. One would as soon expect to see a bunch of baby-ribbon on a pickax.

Here, also, were two new inventions—a hot-air flue from the coke-ovens to the furnaces, and a machine for drawing coke out of the ovens. The hot-air flue is on a small and experimental scale, but it saves the salary of the superintendent. It is the simplest possible arrangement. A brick flue runs underground from the coke-ovens to six furnaces, and carries the hot air to the boilers. The greatest distance between any oven and the furnaces is seven hundred feet. The heat obtained registers eighteen hundred degrees, and can be regulated by dampers. It cost nothing, except for bricks and labor. For three years it has been saving eight hundred bushels of coal a day, besides the wages of stokers. As the corporation has about eighteen thousand blazing coke-ovens, all wasting their heat except the few at Uniontown, this brick-flue idea may become an im-

portant saving, especially if the price of coal is increased.

The coke-drawer has not proved such a complete success, being liable to break the coke; but when it is improved and made to act more gently, it will displace thousands of Huns and Slavs. The one now in operation can do the work in one-sixth of the time formerly required. By means of a hook and an endless carrier, it both draws the coke and loads it on the cars. Sooner or later it will revolutionize the whole coke trade.

A GREAT NEW STEEL CITY

Under the head of improvements, the Steel Trust has even begun to build a whole city—a city as large as Albany, Richmond, or Atlanta. Gary, as it will be called, is near Chicago, on the Indiana shore of Lake Michigan. It will be by far the largest made-to-order city in the world. There will be a square mile of furnaces and steel-mills, with eighteen thousand men making five times their own weight of open-hearth steel every day.

Six months ago the city was begun. A river was pushed out of its bed; a town was moved out of the way; and another was bought to house the workmen. In four years, perhaps, it will be finished. It will be a municipal-ownership city. The workmen will have a chance to own their homes. Saloons will be forbidden; and a park will stretch along the lake shore. Fully seventy-five million dollars will be spent on the plant alone, making it without an equal in any country.

All along the line of smoke in Pennsylvania and Ohio the same story is told—"everything that the corporation builds is first class." In the ore regions the little wooden ore-cars are being replaced by large steel cars. Last year nearly a hundred million dollars' worth of ore was taken out, and about five millions spent on improvements. In the ore fleet we find that the smaller ships are being sold, to be replaced by steel vessels of the largest size and latest model. Last year four new ones were built, nine feet longer than the longest on the Lakes, and carrying ten thousand tons apiece. These steel ships are standardized to such a degree that they can be

lengthened when necessary. Seven were recently pulled apart and made seventy-two feet longer. At Youngstown, where there is more room for growth than in Pittsburgh, fifteen thousand people have lately been added to the city's population by a twenty-million-dollar addition to the works of the United States Steel Corporation. And so we might continue, through several pages.

Instead of the old "hit-or-miss" methods of making steel, a steel plant has now become a vast chemical laboratory. An order comes to-day with the exactness of a medical prescription. Here, for instance, is one which I was permitted to copy:

Send me 5,000 tons pig—2 per cent carbon, less than 0.1 per cent phosphorus, 2 1-2 per cent silicon and no sulphur.

Making iron and steel is not only a trade. It is a profession, and may some day be an art.

From Alabama to Minnesota, and from Connecticut to Colorado, I asked this question:

"Has consolidation given more or less stability to the trade?"

"More," was the answer, without a single exception. The price of steel rails, after twenty-five years of zig-zagging between seventeen dollars and seventy-five dollars, was nailed fast at twenty-eight dollars a ton. The railroads tried to break the price to twenty-three dollars during the slump of 1903. Recently several companies offered thirty-two dollars—four dollars more than the market price—in order to have their rails immediately delivered. Both offers were refused.

"Our price is twenty-eight dollars a ton—no more, no less," said Morgan.

As a result, the railroads are being taught to order rails steadily, instead of waiting for slumps and bargain sales. Ore, too, has been steadied to about three dollars a ton, and freight rates on ore have been made uniform.

THE STEEL TRUST AND ITS WORKMEN

In regard to labor, the Morgan policy has been to secure stability by first destroying the trade unions and afterward permitting the employees to become stockholders. Several months after the corporation was organized, the Amalga-

mated Association of Iron and Steel Workers—or what was left of it after the decisive defeat of Homestead—picked a quarrel over a small issue, and declared war on the big company. Probably not more than ten per cent of the workmen belonged to the union, but it issued manifestoes ordering a hundred thousand to quit work.

"We must fight or give up forever our personal liberties," said one of the leaders. "The United States Steel Corporation thinks you were sold to them just as the mills were; but when you strike, Wall Street will tremble!"

On the contrary, Wall Street paid little or no attention to the strike. Stocks fell three per cent and rose again. The labor leaders found that going to Morgan was a different proposition from going to John Fritz or Captain "Bill" Jones. "Schwab treated us well—Morgan did not," said one of the labor leaders as he came down the steps of the Morgan office. The probability is that Morgan knew the truth—knew that the Amalgamated Association was a lath painted to look like iron, and treated the leaders accordingly. After an ineffective strike of two months or more, all the workmen returned to work.

In three ways, at least, the strike had been a positive benefit to the corporation. It had demolished the Amalgamated Association, raised the prices of steel, and enabled Schwab to dismantle the out-of-date mills and concentrate the plants. Since then the corporation has been strictly non-union. Schwab went so far as to make antiunion speeches. There was to be none of the old mutualism between capital and labor under the new régime. The corporation was not a democracy in which the authority came from below. It was a feudalism of capital, in which power moved from Morgan downward, through a series of distinct gradations.

But it was to be a "benevolent feudalism." There was no intention of turning the wage system into a wage slavery. To keep the workmen loyal and content, a method of profit-sharing was worked out. It is said that Perkins was its originator, having tried a similar plan with his life insurance agents. He proposed to offer a certain quantity of preferred stock

every year to the employees. To prevent speculative purchases, no one would be allowed to buy more stock at one time than one-fifth of his yearly wages. Those who lacked the cash could pay in instalments, and special inducements were offered to those who remained in the employ of the corporation for five years. In this way the company forged another weapon against unionism and strikes.

As soon as this plan was seen to be a success—for more than twenty-seven thousand employees subscribed for stock in 1903 alone—another step was taken. The wages of the men were "equalized." The highly paid men were cut down from ten to fifty per cent, while the laborers were raised to \$1.80 and \$2.00 a day. In some of the works the hours of labor were increased. "I used to be able to make six dollars a day, working seven hours," said a Pittsburgh rougher. "Now I can only make three seventy a day, working twelve hours."

THE MAN AND THE MACHINE

In the American steel-mills the machine does more work than the man, and draws higher wages. Naturally the man feels that he and his machine are one, and not two. He wants the machine's wages paid to him; and so, no matter how high his pay may be, he feels that there has been a maldistribution of profits when he thinks of what he and his machine produced.

On the whole, a larger sum is paid to iron and steel workers to-day than they ever received before. There have been several voluntary raises of wages. Last year the Frick Coke Company put seven per cent more in the pay-envelopes of its laborers. Thirty thousand men in the Pittsburgh region are drawing nine millions more this year than last. Pittsburgh remains the place of the heaviest work and the highest wages of any manufacturing region in the world.

"We have rollers and heaters at Homestead who are still making from ten to fifteen dollars a day," said President Dinkey.

The United States Steel Corporation has made no attempt to build "model towns" for its workmen, after the fashion of the Krupps. Vandergrift, the

only "model town" of steel-workers in the United States, is now a part of the corporation's dominions, but it was built previous to 1901 by George G. McMurtry. This really picturesque spot lies thirty-eight miles east of Pittsburgh. It has been christened a "workingman's paradise," and overpraised by many writers; but it remains the most attractive town among the iron and steel communities. Frederick Law Olmsted, the late eminent landscape-gardener, planned it. His hand can be seen in the curving streets and decorative grass-plots.

Apparently, the corporation has solved the problem of stability, so far as labor is concerned. The workmen have neither union nor leader. They have not even a spokesman who is well known and respected. All their former leaders have been swallowed up by politics. Compared with the members of a well-organized trade like the bricklayers, for example, they are not highly paid for such work as they do and such risk as they run. The ten-dollar-a-day men are few and far between. Strictly speaking, they are foremen rather than ordinary wage-workers. But the majority of the steel-workers are content for two reasons—they are making more money than they could earn in the average outside occupation, and their work is steadier than it used to be. If the "era of good feeling" has not been reached among the rank and file of the corporation, there has at least come the era of loyalty and obedience.

The danger, if there be any danger, in the labor situation will come not from the discontented, but from the servile. I have found it to be the general opinion of practical steel-makers that the trade was being pulled down by the employment of such large numbers of unskilled immigrants, who can never be trained beyond a certain point. The sudden dearth of skilled steel-workers last year shows this to be a present danger, not a future one. In the great school of steel-making, the lower grades are filled entirely with pupils who can never be promoted. The Huns, Slavs, Finns, and Italians who form the main body of the workers never rise above the position of common laborers, except in the most unusual instances. They

have hands but no heads. Among them are no embryonic Schwabs or Coreys.

"Perhaps the reason why we have so little machinery in the coke business is because we have employed the non-inventive Huns and Slavs," admitted a high official of the corporation. Most of the improvements have been originated by men like Jones and Fritz, who began at the bottom and worked their way up, improving as they went. It has also been found that cheap men and costly machinery make a dangerous combination. It is apt to kill the men and injure the machinery.

In the "good old days" of the puffers, the labor force was unruly, but intelligent and teachable. To-day it is obedient, but stolid. The coke-making squad is wholly Hun and Slav. The ambitious Welsh have long since been driven out. The ore-mining squad is almost wholly Finn and Italian. Of these two, there is more hope of the Finn. In my whole investigation, I found no class of laborers lower than the Italians of the Lake Superior ore region. At a Mesaba mine I found four Italian miners living in a log shanty. When I opened the door, three were in the one bed, with no clothing removed except their boots. The fourth was squatting on the floor, eating his breakfast. For a table he had the sawed-off end of a log. In one hand he held half a loaf of bread, and with the other he helped himself from a tin dish of macaroni. No knife—no fork—no spoon! It is not the work of such as these that has made the industry great and put American steel into all the markets of the world.

THE CRITICS OF THE TRUST

So far as I have found, there is very little criticism of the Steel Trust by its workmen. The skilled men are too ambitious, and the laborers are too stolid, to make any open protests against prevailing conditions. From the point of view of improvements, no fault can be found. In every line the corporation has the best that millions can buy. As for the independents, they are as blithe and care-free as though the corporation had been organized for their especial benefit. Politicians, from the first, have made little or no trouble for it. Ex-Governor

Douglas, of Massachusetts, made it one of the targets in his campaign against the Dingley tariff, asserting that "the Steel Trust alone reaps eighty millions a year out of protection, and sells its steel to foreign nations for less money than it charges to us." An Arkansas Congressman, at the beginning of 1905, succeeded in having a resolution passed, calling for a public investigation of the big combine. But Morgan has not overlooked the political end. The corporation has strong friends at court; and its policy of publicity has made it our least unpopular trust.

Several theorists, both radical and conservative, have objected stubbornly to the corporation as a "social menace"; but as this story of things-as-they-are has nothing to say about theories, we can pass on. In fact, the only serious criticisms that are now being made come from the steel-makers of the old-fashioned kind, who dislike the new methods.

"When I was a young man in the steel business," said one Pittsburgh veteran, "the conversation used to be about iron and steel. Now it is about stocks and bonds."

One of the corporation's highest officials corroborated this.

"Wall Street is the rotten spot in the apple," he confessed. "But," he added, "we have overcome so many obstacles in the past fifty years that it is not likely that a handful of speculators will wreck us now."

Perhaps the most common objection I heard is that the corporation is too much of a machine. Some of the superintendents complained frankly of the lack of sentiment. They felt like cogs in a wheel, and the feeling was not a pleasant one. Above them was a vague, impersonal power. Business was no longer a man-to-man and face-to-face affair. Far off, somewhere in a New York skyscraper, was a financial Providence that guided all things according to its mysterious will.

"We used to be working for one man—a man who knew us all personally and kept in touch with us. It's different now," said one of the men who had been a Carnegie partner.

"I have worked the greater part of my life for individuals, and a few years

for corporations," said John Fritz, the Grand Old Man among the practical steel-makers of America. If I had my life to live over again, I would not work a day for a corporation. What is often said of corporations is true—they have no bodies to be kicked and no souls to be damned. A corporation will do what none of its directors individually would think of doing. It cannot manage workmen properly. It treats them as if they were machines. It weeds out the best men—those who are intelligent and free-spirited. I believe in enforcing discipline, but I know that sullen and dispirited men never did good work and never can."

WHAT THE TRUST MEN CLAIM

But what does the Steel Trust itself say? Generally speaking, since the removal of Schwab from the presidency, in 1903, it has adopted the policy of Standard Oil—"Say nothing and saw wood." But I have been fortunate in securing from the "big three" of the corporation—Gary, Perkins, and Frick—a summing-up of what has been accomplished in its five-year lifetime.

"What have we done in five years?" repeated Gary. "Well, we have been so busy that this is the first time I have tried to sum up. In an off-hand way, I might enumerate our achievements as follows:

"We have acquired extensive holdings of ore and coal of the best quality.

"We have increased the productive capacity of our furnaces and mills by about thirty-three per cent.

"We have reduced the cost of manufacturing by about ten per cent through improvements and bettered conditions.

"We have improved our organization, by the careful selection of men and by the interchange of ideas among the officials of the subsidiary companies. We have established a system of civil service throughout our plants, so that a competent workman can rise to his proper level.

"We have won the good-will of our employees by making thirty thousand of them shareholders in the company, and by paying them an extra bonus for continued service.

"We have systematized and extended

our foreign trade. We export a million tons a year to all parts of the world, resulting in increased tonnage and profit to the company.

"We have established good relations with all public officials, by making public our affairs and inviting criticism.

"We are on friendly terms with all our competitors.

"We have been the most effective influence in maintaining stability—in preventing extremely low or extremely high prices.

"Last, and perhaps the greatest achievement of all, we have obtained a finance committee which has never been equaled, either for the high caliber of the men composing it or for the interest which they take in its work.

"As to over-capitalization," said Judge Gary emphatically, "I want to say this. On the basis of the actual original cost of our properties, our stock issue was excessive. But on the basis of actual present value, estimating from what the properties would cost to reproduce to-day, or from what they can earn, there is no over-capitalization—not a dollar."

Mr. Frick, when asked to outline what the corporation had done in five years, was less sweeping in his claims.

"In the first place," he said, "it should be said that we have had five good years. There has been no panic—no hard year like 1896. If there had been such a year, it is a doubtful question whether or not the young corporation would have come through safely. It began business with less ready cash than it should have had. But trade was wonderfully brisk, and the company is now in good shape—much better than in 1903.

"I believe that a great mistake was made in beginning to pay dividends on the common stock from the first. Better have waited a while. But the common stock is to-day a good investment—not for small investors, but for large ones. It is only for those who can afford to wait—for those who can buy a large block of it and hold on until the big dividends come. It is a speculative stock, not a steady one for those who have small incomes.

"If the company were to be mismanaged, we have every reason to believe that the government would interfere. As long as it is well managed, as now, there will be no slump. There will be fewer ups and downs in the future than there have been in the past. To-day, if we have a bad year, we have the whole world-market for a dumping-ground. A slight depression does not hurt the trade. On the contrary, in my experience, I have found that it acts as a stimulant to bring down costs."

"The two greatest achievements of the United States Steel Corporation," said George W. Perkins, "are, first, the rescue of the steel business from one-man power and from a threatened industrial war which would have had the most disastrous results upon American industry; and second, the averting of a trade depression in 1903.

"Some sensational writers have said," continued Mr. Perkins, "that the United States Steel has caused a loss of tens of millions to investors. To make such a statement is unfair. Why don't they tell the public what it saved the country by keeping all the steel-mills and furnaces running during an unavoidable depression of trade? The depression of 1903 was the first one in the history of the world in which the average steel-worker didn't suffer severely.

"The fall in the price of stock was temporary. Those who held on lost nothing; and as for the corporation itself, it had enough money in the treasury to pull through without borrowing a dollar. Look back over the tragic history of steel companies, and you will see that this was a wonderful accomplishment."

In the five years of its infancy the United States Steel Corporation has paid about a billion dollars to capital and labor—more than half to the latter. No other business has done so much to enrich the whole nation, or to give immense fortunes to so many individuals. Those who have followed this story from its first chapters can now understand why New York alone contains more millionaires than London, Paris, and Berlin combined. They can also realize the industrial greatness of Pittsburgh.

(To be continued)

THE JEWEL

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

THEY stood on the broad, shabby old porch looking out into the intense green of the horse-chestnuts with Sunday morning satisfaction, that deepened to smiles at sight of the little group beneath. A pretty, blond young woman was seated on the lawn giving an elementary lesson in botany, three small figures being pressed close about her, breathing heavily with excitement over the mysteries of a buttercup.

"Lena seems to take to her job, all right," he commented, dropping into a porch chair, broad-armed and weather-beaten.

"I can't make it out!" Mrs. Chater's voice was that of one puzzled to the verge of despair. "I told her all over again that she would have to do regular nurse-maid work and help about the house, and that we couldn't pay nursery-governess wages, and that she is far above the place in every way, and she just kept on smiling her quiet Swedish smile and said, 'I should be glad to stay if madam will be suited.' What can it be? With the Jeffreys' references she could get a real-lady situation any day. And here she is on our lawn, quietly taking the place of the late Hattie."

"Is she infatuated with the kids?" Mr. Chater spoke ironically, as a properly humorous parent must, but the glance that rested on the little white group below did not wholly deny the possibility.

"Why, no. She is sweet and friendly, but not at all in love with them, so far as I can see."

"Perhaps it's me, then."

Mrs. Chater laughed, the easy laugh of the thoroughly happy woman.

"Of course, that would be the natural

explanation, darling," she said with a hand on his shoulder, "but, you see, till to-day she has only seen you on the beach in your bathing-suit. And you know, beautifulest——" she hesitated with affectionate malice.

"Oh, I know!" He stretched his legs out in front of him and eyed them pessimistically. "God bless the man who invented long pants! Some men grow fat in marriage," he added meaningfully, taking up his paper; "others don't. Strange!"

She laughed again, seating herself on the broad arm of his chair. He spread the paper out that she might share it, and they read silently for a few moments, her chin resting on his head. Some vague uneasiness, or perhaps the cessation of the gentle voice on the lawn beneath, presently made her glance up. The new nurse had risen to her feet, and her eyes were turned to the top on the porch with a quiet, deliberate scrutiny before which Mrs. Chater instinctively drew away from her husband.

"Why does she stare like that?" was her wondering thought; but a moment later Lena was actively helping Corinne to achieve her great ambition of a backward somersault, and Corinne's mother decided that she had exaggerated. She settled herself contentedly in the other porch chair, and, before opening her book, let her eyes rest for a moment on her companion. Thin and angular, his hair stiffly red, not one of his features had the right to existence from any artistic standpoint; and yet she would not have had him changed by so much as one freckle. The curve of her lips deepened warmly. Glancing up, he caught her look before she could subdue it to the

ironical challenge of every day. His lean face wrinkled into an answering smile.

"Have a cushion, old girl," he said, throwing her the one from his own elbow.

"You are rather nice, Henry," she admitted. "I don't mind having you round at all."

"You'll turn my head," said Henry.

"Well, no matter, so long as it's turned toward me." Then a thought made her glance toward the lawn. The same still, listening stare met her.

"Lena, you might take the children for a walk," she said abruptly.

"I liked having them there," objected her husband as the little flock disappeared.

"Oh, well, they ought to take a walk," was the vague answer.

Lena, the Jeffreys' Lena, had been to Mrs. Chater that summer one of the salient reasons why wealth would be desirable. Her grace and refinement, her tact and good sense with the little Jeffrey boys, had made the kindly but coarse-fibered Hattie seem a definite wrong to the three babies she tended and lied to, after the manner of her kind. When the little Jeffreys were promoted to a tutor Mrs. Chater thought envily of the next plutocrat that would snap up this nursery jewel. And then, without inducement or explanation, the jewel had quietly added herself, at nurse-maid wages, to the unadorned Chater nursery. It was too good to be true. Mrs. Chater was more upset by it than she had been by Hattie's abrupt departure a few days before.

Lena had the broad cheek-bones and pale eyes of her race, but a cloud of babyish blond hair and a soft, even pallor, relieved only by the red line of her lips, gave her a delicate prettiness. Her manner was that of simplicity and sweetness; humor seemed to be her only lack. It was impossible to let this ladylike creature dine in the kitchen with Maggie; yet she could scarcely share the children's bread-and-milk at five, and separate meals were difficult in their plain *ménage*.

"So I have told her to dine with us, Henry," Mrs. Chater explained Monday evening as they paced up and down

the porch together, awaiting dinner. "She seemed surprisingly pleased—as a rule she is too respectful to show any feelings."

"How is she getting on with the kids?"

"Angelically. And she got lunch beautifully to-day while Maggie washed. I hated to have her. Why *do* you suppose she came?"

Her husband was not disposed to worry about it.

"Well, she's here," he said. "Come in to the light; I've got something to talk over with you."

"The mine?" she asked quickly.

He nodded. A small, battered map, much marked with red and blue pencil, was spread out under the lamp, and they bent over it together. His arm was across her shoulders, but their talk was that of business partners—her understanding of the situation was as clear as his own. She did some rapid figuring at his dictation, and then they smiled excitedly at each other.

"And in another week, if old Stockton doesn't die or blow up, we'll have it all in our own hands," he concluded, folding up the map. "It's great, the way you understand things. You have a head, my dear! If there were more women like you, by George"—she was beaming frankly at his praise—"I'd take to polygamy!" he finished unexpectedly. Mrs. Chater wound a swift and dexterous finger into his red locks, but as swiftly withdrew it, stiffening into dignity: in the unlighted hall, just without the door, stood Lena, gravely intent on them. She might have been standing there indefinitely.

"Why don't you come in, Lena?" she asked.

"Madam is very kind," was the gentle answer.

Lena had the gift of being unobtrusive without appearing in the least ill at ease. Mrs. Chater could almost have forgotten her presence at the dinner-table if she had not been haunted by a persistent consciousness of scrutiny. Lena missed no word that passed between her and her husband.

"What is the girl after?" she demanded irritably of herself; then the thought of the three babies and the late

Hattie reduced her to apology. Nursery jewels were not to be visited with irritation.

II

ALL that week the little household ran to perfection under Lena's trained and willing services. Henry was away for several days, and Mrs. Chater wrote him wonderingly of their good fortune. "It is like Tolstoi's story of the angel who came to help the shoemaker," she said in one of her long daily letters. Some one called her away before she had finished, and she left the closely written sheets lying open. When she returned, fifteen minutes later, Lena was just turning away from the desk.

"Has madam seen Robin's ball anywhere?" she asked with her smile of gentle deference. "He thinks he left it in here."

The ball, sure enough, was found on the couch, and Lena departed with it. Mrs. Chater looked sharply at her letter. The sheets seemed to be lying at a slightly different angle on the desk, and there was the least possible smudge in the sentence she had left unfinished. She read the letter through, frowning thoughtfully.

"If we were people with anything to hide!" she puzzled. "Unless, perhaps, the mine—" Her thoughts led her into tangled conjectures. No doubt, if Jeffrey or any other big financier knew what they had got hold of, he might try to cut them out. But the connection was too fantastic. She gave it up with a shrug.

Henry came home Saturday afternoon, hot, tired, and depressed. Mrs. Chater greeted him with lemonade and no questions. She had been joyously reminding the children all day that daddy was coming, but, after a keen glance at his face, she cut short their frenzied welcome and packed them off to the garden, leaving him to himself and the bath-tub. Lena found her sitting on the stairs near his door, half an hour later, and paused in amazement.

"Madam is not ill?" she asked. Mrs. Chater laughed.

"Oh, no. But Mr. Chater came home very tired, Lena, and I—I'm trying to let him alone," she finished with

humorous frankness. Lena's deference seemed to be struggling with some eager question, but the door opened at that moment and she passed on to the sewing-room. Henry looked refreshed, though serious.

"Come in here, dearest," he said, and shut the door after her. Her question could not be kept back any longer:

"Is it all right?"

"I don't know whether it is or not," he began. "Everything was booming until this noon, when we were to meet old Stockton and pay over the money for the mine. He didn't show up."

"Wasn't there some mistake?" Mrs. Chater suggested.

"Don't know. We telephoned all over town, but couldn't find him. We finally had to give him up for to-night: I am going back first thing in the morning."

She shook her head dubiously. "It looks as though some one else had got hold of him," she said.

"But nobody knew about him, confound it! I'll find him if I have to call in the police. Meanwhile, where shall we put this for the night?" He took from his bag a formidable bundle of bank-notes and let them fall on the table with a thud. "The old man didn't want a check, so we had the money all ready for him."

She felt the wad with respectful fingers.

"I hate to have it in the house. Couldn't you wear it?"

"Too bulky. I guess the tin box in the closet is the best place." He rose and stretched, then let his long arms drop on her shoulders. "Now, shall we visit the babies?" he added, a few moments later.

"Put the money away first," she reminded him, turning to the mirror. In front of it, with her hands raised to her hair, she suddenly became stricken to immobility. The balcony that passed her window also passed that of the sewing-room next door; it was natural, perhaps, that Lena should take her sewing and her little chair out there, whence she might have an eye on the children. But was it natural that they had not heard her go out, or that she should seat herself within three feet of their open

window? Mrs. Chater beckoned Henry and pointed silently to the reflection in the glass.

"But, my dear, why not?" he demanded, so amazed at her unspoken suspicion that she felt half-convicted of absurdity. Certainly Lena did look the picture of placid harmlessness.

"But do put the money somewhere else," she whispered.

"Oh, nonsense," he protested. "Come on down!"

She looked back uneasily, but Lena had gone as quietly as she had come, and a moment later her sweet voice could be heard outside calling the children.

They came in clinging to her hands, brimming with experiences to tell her. They implored her to share their bread-and-milk, and shouted with joy when she consented.

"Madam will excuse me from dinner to-night," she said with her pretty smile, as she set a place for herself at the nursery-table. She kept her little flock gay yet orderly. Surely it was ridiculous to have dark thoughts about this sweet and simple creature—to wonder if she could have a reason for wanting to stay upstairs that night.

Mrs. Chater was ashamed to say anything more then, but the money lay on her spirits like a cold weight during dinner—she found herself listening intently for steps overhead. At last she gave in, begging Henry to put it in some other place; and they nearly quarreled over the question.

"I believe in carefulness, but not in foolish caution," he enunciated, lighting his cigar; the day's anxieties had left their traces.

"And you evidently don't believe in sparing me needless worry," she said sharply, and left him to smoke by himself.

After fifteen minutes she came back and smiled at him ruefully.

"Henry, I was cross," she admitted.

"You were, my beloved."

"I've come this far to say I repent my evil temper."

"And I'm to come the rest of the way?"

"Well, what do you think?"

"I think you are a noble character," he laughed as he kissed her.

"Our rows never last long, do they?" she said contentedly.

"No, thank goodness," he answered. "And now I don't mind admitting to you, my dear—" He broke off as a step sounded on the porch.

"It's the drug-store boy," she commented. "You must be wanted on the telephone."

III

MR. CHATER hurried off, and his wife was turning into the sitting-room when she seemed to hear a light step and the rustle of a skirt in the hall above.

"Lena, are you there?" she asked quickly. There was no answer, so evidently she had been mistaken; she tried to be sensible about it. Then she ran swiftly up-stairs. No one was there, but, in a panic of nervousness, she went to her room, lit all the lights, and closed the blinds. Then finding her pass-key to the tin box, she opened it.

So great had been the sudden chill of apprehension that for a moment she felt no shock at finding the money gone. It was as though she had known it all the evening. She turned over, in a perfunctory fashion, the few papers the box contained, then sat staring blindly ahead of her while the numbness gradually gave way to terror.

There was a tap at the door. Lena stood, respectfully smiling. "Has madam any objection to my going out this evening?"

Mrs. Chater's scattered faculties seemed to snap into their places as she rose from her knees.

"Come in, Lena; I wish to talk to you," she said quietly, and put herself between the girl and the door. She had meant to wait for Henry; but she could not stand it. "Lena, there was a great deal of money in that box just before dinner, and now it is gone."

Her voice was grave, but not unkind. Lena looked frightened.

"It has been taken out?"

"Naturally. And no one knew it was here but my husband—and you."

The color rose faintly in the girl's face; her eyes grew wide and bewildered.

"I, madam?" she whispered.

"You were on the porch by that win-



"HAS MADAM ANY OBJECTION TO MY GOING OUT THIS EVENING?"

dow when we decided where to put it. Weren't you?" she added with a touch of sharpness.

"Yes, madam."

"Ah, Lena, how could you?" There were tears in Mrs. Chater's eyes.

"Madam believes I took it?" The wondering, wounded tone moved Mrs. Chater to anger.

"What else can I think?" she was beginning when Henry's voice called to her jubilantly from below. His news preceded him as he mounted.

"The old man's all right, dear! He had a small knock-down and was taken to a hospital, but he's out again and keen for his bargain. So the mine——" he paused in the doorway.



THE NEW NURSE HAD RISEN TO HER FEET AND HER EYES WERE TURNED TO THE
TWO ON THE PORCH

"What's up?" he demanded as his eyes fell on the two pale women.

"The money is gone out of the box!"

"Oh, by George!" He laughed ruefully. "I changed it to the desk, dear, to make you easier. I was just about to confess my weak-mindedness when the boy came. I'm so sorry——"

Mrs. Chater turned swiftly on Lena. "Well, then, you didn't take it, and I apologize," she said hotly; "but why have you been creeping about spying and listening? What are you trying to find out? I have seen you again and again, watching us like a cat. Why have you done that, what have you been after, if you are an honest girl?"

Lena had grown very white. She smiled piteously.

"I will tell madam the whole truth. It is perhaps very foolish." She looked down, twisting her fingers tightly together. "I am to be married very soon, to a countryman of my own. I have been troubled, for, madam, so many marriages in my country are not happy: I have learned that since I came to America and saw how your marriages were—so friendly, so gay, so kind. And as I watched madam and Mr. Chater on the beach, it seemed to me that this marriage was the most beautiful of all; and I said in my heart, I will go to them and learn what is the secret."

Her voice broke, but she steadied it and went on:

"It was easy to persuade Hattie to go away for a short time. I have done no wrong except to listen, and once to read a page of a letter—madam must forgive that, for I did so want to understand! And I have learned much!" Her voice grew suddenly brave. "I have learned that a wife must remember every day all that is good and beautiful in her man

and must keep her heart open to him—yet always a little hidden; that she must know his work so that he may talk to her as to a comrade, and yet leave him alone when he is not ready to talk; that when she has scolded she must come back quickly and say, 'I am sorry'—but say it with laughing. No tears, no grievances; always the little laughing, the little game, the pretended scorn—perhaps we cannot do that in our country. But I have learned much, and I am grateful, even though madam thinks me a thief."

"You dear, dear soul!" It was more sob than laugh, and Mrs. Chater's hands were on Lena's shoulders. Mr. Chater slipped away with the furtive air of one who finds himself not wanted.

IV

Two weeks later the Chaters stood on the steps waving while the children threw rice after the departing bride and bridegroom.

"Now come in out of the road or the policeman will get you," said Hattie.

Mrs. Chater turned to her husband with a worried, quizzical smile.

"We have lost a jewel," she said. "And yet——"

"Yet——?" he encouraged her with a comprehending twinkle.

"Well, if we had been obliged to be the model married couple for one day longer, do you know what would probably have happened?"

"I do. I should have struck you," said Henry. "I am not going to be kind or loving for six weeks." They laughed happily, and turned into the house, where he belied his words by drawing her to him. "They've been all for Lena lately," he said, "but here's one for yourself, old girl!"

AT SUNSET

THE years are gone, and the comradeship,
The press of the hand and the touch of the lip,
The lighting of eyes with a common thought,
The ecstasy's fire, the stern, hard "ought,"
Joy snatched out of the throes of pain,
Chastening sunshine, hallowed rain.

Together we two have braved it through,
Grim workers, gay players—I and you.
Woman I love, though they put up the bars,
Death cannot part us—life has been ours!

Edith Waller

THE DUTCH IN AMERICA

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

THE IMPORTANT PART PLAYED BY MEN OF DUTCH BLOOD IN THE SETTLEMENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND IN THE LATER HISTORY OF THE NATION, AND THEIR PROMINENCE TO-DAY IN AMERICAN COMMERCE AND FINANCE, ART AND EDUCATION—OUR TWO STRONG PRESIDENTS OF DUTCH DESCENT, VAN BUREN AND ROOSEVELT

WHOEVER thinks that this story of the Dutch in America will be mainly one of ancient history will be surprised to find how far he is mistaken. There are to-day more than a hundred thousand substantial Hollanders in the United States; and, including those who were born here of Dutch ancestry, there are enough to make a State as populous as Montana. In fact, we have whole cities that are almost as Dutch as those beside the Zuyder Zee, where you may hear the clatter of wooden shoes upon the pavement, and see the dikes and the windmills, the black and white cows, and the tulips.

There is a cluster of these Dutch towns in southwestern Michigan. In three of them—Holland, Zeeland, and Allegan—there is a busy population of more than ten thousand, and in the near-by cities of Grand Rapids and Kalamazoo there is a large proportion of Hollanders. In Iowa, they are centered in Orange City; in Wisconsin, they have the town of De Pere; and in the far Western State of Washington they own more than seven million dollars' worth of Spokane. Altogether, they are numerous enough to

support seventeen weekly papers and several hundred churches.

These Dutch communities are now well established and prosperous. About sixty years ago they were founded by men and women who came here for the same reason as the Puritans—to obtain religious liberty. At the head of each group marched a pastor; and the first act of each community was the selection of a site on which a little church was built. They clung closely together, as religious immigrants have almost always done, and reproduced their home land as nearly as possible.

LITTLE HOLLANDS IN AMERICA

They had come to a land of ten thousand rivers; yet in most cases they chose to settle in regions where dikes had to be built, after the fashion of their fathers. They made "little Hollands"—communities of thrift and virtue. Then, when their Americanized children grew to be men and women, the "little Hollands" became less exclusive and more neighborly with the near-by towns. The merging and intermarrying process went on, until to-day it is hard to tell

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the eleventh in a series of articles on the leading races that have contributed to the making of the United States. The first paper, on "The Jew in America," appeared in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for January, 1906; the second, on "The Sons of Old Scotland," in the February number; the third, on "The Germans in America," in the March number; the fourth, on "The Irish in America," in the April number; the fifth, on "The English in America," in the May number; the sixth, on "The French in America," in the June number; the seventh, on "The Canadians in the United States," in the July number; the eighth, on "The Scandinavians in America," in the August number; the ninth, on "The Welsh in America," in the September number; and the tenth, on "The Italians in America," in the October number.

Next month's article will be on "The Spaniards in America."

whether the Dutch towns are more American or the American towns more Dutch.

We have always been on good terms with Holland, but the friendship of the two countries was never more cordial than it is to-day. The Holland-America Line, with its six great steamships, carried fifty thousand passengers last year. Fully five hundred Dutch business men—diamond merchants and others—came across to tighten the links of commerce.

Among the eminent Hollanders who visited the United States last year were two scientists—Hugo de Vries, of Amsterdam, whom we might call the Luther Burbank of Europe; and H. A. Lorentz, of Leyden, a Nobel prize-winner and a world-wide authority on the problems of the higher physics. There were also two publicists—William Garritsen, who was for years a member of Queen Wilhelmina's cabinet; and Dr. Aletta Jacobs, the Susan B. Anthony of Holland. And there were two clever entertainers—Van Rooy, the famous barytone, who has become such a favorite in grand opera; and Henri de Vries, whose remarkable work in a protean play was one of the successes of last winter's dramatic season in the East.

DUTCH CAPITAL IN AMERICA

Holland is a very rich country—a country where the average man is more or less of a capitalist; and in hundreds of Dutch strong-boxes there are neat packages of American securities. In fact, Amsterdam now supplies more customers for our stocks and bonds than any other foreign city, London not excepted. The total amount of our securities held by Dutch investors is estimated, at par value, at no less than six hundred and fifty million dollars—more than five hundred dollars for every family in Holland.

The Dutch buy almost as much merchandise from us as they do from Great Britain—about a hundred millions a year. We do not reciprocate as we should. On account of our high tariff, we buy less than a fourth as much at the Dutch store as the British do. Diamonds, of course, we import in large quantities, as well as tobacco, pickled herring, and bulbs of various kinds. But,

generally speaking, the Dutch have treated us in business matters rather better than we deserve.

Our friendship for the Dutch, however, is shown in a number of emphatic ways. We pay the highest prices for the work of their artists. Recently, at a New York sale, more than forty-two thousand dollars was paid for "The Return of the Flock," by Anton Mauve. Dutch art, in all its branches, has become very highly appreciated in our homes and museums. Every year, too, finds a larger body of American tourists at Amsterdam and The Hague. And may we not mention the pleasant fact that we have provided wives for half a dozen of the Dutch diplomatic representatives?

SOME LEADING DUTCH-AMERICANS

Men who are well known as representative Hollanders are to be found in all parts of the United States. To name a few of them, there are in New York John R. Van Wormer, president of the Holland Society, and Henry Pluygers, president of the Netherland Club; in Chicago there is G. Birkhoff; in St. Louis, G. H. Ten Broeck; in Cincinnati, A. Wormser; in Savannah, W. de Bruyn Kops; in Texas, A. J. M. Vreylsteke; in Denver, J. H. Smissaerts; and in Baltimore, R. H. Mottu.

As bankers, there are three who deserve special mention—Charles Boissevain and Warner Van Norden, of New York; and Van Vlissingen, of Chicago. As merchants, our two most famous Hollanders have been J. Steketee, the John Wanamaker of Grand Rapids, and the late Frank H. Cooper, one of the founders of the big Siegel-Cooper store of New York. The original spelling of Mr. Cooper's name was "Kuyper." The Van Camps, too, who founded a large packing industry at Indianapolis, are of wholly Dutch origin.

The master of New York's street-railway system is H. H. Vreeland, the son of a Dutch preacher. His history is the sort that Americans most admire. At thirteen he faced the world on his own account, and knocked about from job to job on the railways near New York. Suddenly he began to climb, and to-day he is the pivotal figure in the greatest street-railway organization in the world,

a system that carries a million passengers a day throughout the metropolis.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S DUTCH BLOOD

Among American public men, by far the most eminent holder of a Holland name is Theodore Roosevelt. The President is proud to trace his ancestry back to Claes Martenszen van Rosenvelt, who landed in New York—or New Amsterdam, as it was then—in 1649. In second place we may put Rear-Admiral William Knickerbocker Van Reypen, who is now president of the American Red Cross Society. There are two Congressmen who are plainly of Dutch origin—Van Winkle, of New Jersey, and Vreeland, of New York; and one United States Senator—Van Duzer, of Nevada. And was not the first mayor of Greater New York a Van Wyck?

Two brothers of Dutch birth have become well known in the Eastern States—Professor Geerhardus Vos, of Princeton, and Professor Bert John Vos, of Johns Hopkins. The American "Van" who is most famous, perhaps, is also a Princeton professor—Henry Van Dyke, who has been for years one of our leading men of letters. Among our journalists and lecturers, born in Holland, are Leonard Charles Van Noppen, formerly of Columbia, and Edward W. Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Our only Dutch prelate is Bishop Van de Ven, of Louisiana.

In music we are more fortunate. We have Professor Maurits Leefson, conductor of the Fortnightly Club, and Martinus van Gelder, of Philadelphia; Louis Saar and Bernard Boekelman, of New York; and Frank van der Stucken, of Cincinnati. Of sculptors I find none, but painting is well represented by Leonard Ochtman, of New York, and John H. Vanderpoel, of the Chicago Art Institute. The late Kruseman van Elten, too, deserves notice for the high quality of his landscape work.

THE GREAT DAYS OF HOLLAND

It is an unfortunate fact that no American author has, as yet, compiled the full and fair story of what the Dutch did for American civilization in the earlier days. One writer—Washington Irving—told the story incorrectly and

absurdly; and no one of equal influence has since appeared to set it right.

But the fact remains that our debt to the Dutch of the seventeenth century is a very large one. It was exactly at the time when America was first colonized that Holland was at the height of her glory. The Dutch were then the foremost people of the world in music, painting, architecture, science, learning, shipping, commerce, and democracy. They were pioneers in almost every line of knowledge. They had the first system of public schools in Europe, and the best universities. They rose inevitably to greatness because they lived in a country which compelled them to work and think and cooperate—a country "that rides at anchor, and is moored; in which they do not live, but go aboard."

WHEN THE DUTCH SWEPT THE SEAS

As they say, "God made the world, but the Dutch made Holland." Their ceaseless battle against the sea made them a hardy, industrious race. Step by step, they built up a civilization and a form of government that became a pattern to other countries. They were, as we might say, the Americans of their day, for they were first to teach the benefits of liberty, inventiveness, and self-help. They defied the power of Spain, and even hurled back the mighty Louis XIV of France. Under Van Tromp and De Ruyter they chased all hostile fleets from the Baltic Sea and the English Channel; and for a century or more this tiny country of self-governing burghers held in its grasp the commerce of the world.

It was from this valiant little country, the prototype of the United States, that our first nation-building colonists came. The men and women who landed at Plymouth Rock had been residents of Holland for twelve years before they set sail. William Penn, the son of a Rotterdam mother, frequently preached in Dutch, and wrote the constitution of Pennsylvania from a Dutch model.

It is now nearly three centuries since Holland sent out Henry Hudson, and began to establish Dutch institutions on American soil. Soon afterward, Peter Minuit made his famous purchase of Manhattan for twenty-four dollars—not in cash, either, but in clothing and trin-

kets. For fifty years the Dutch ruled in the Hudson River region, from Breuckelen (Brooklyn) to Beverwyck (Albany). They were all large landholders—men who could not easily be whipped into line by British officials. They were practically a body of feudal barons, who owned negro slaves, collected rents, and held courts in absolute independence of any higher authority.

STUYVESANTS, VAN CORTLANDTS, AND VANDERBILTS

There was rugged old Peter Stuyvesant, the last and greatest of the Dutch governors, from whose farm the Bowery took its name. There were the well-born Van Cortlandts, whose manor-house still stands in Van Cortlandt Park, with the dents of British bullets in its walls. There were the Van Dycks, Indian fighters; the Schermerhorns, active and ambitious; the Brevoorts, quiet living and industrious; and the De Peysters, to one of whom a statue is now standing in Bowling Green. Up the Hudson were the De Witts and Coykendalls, of Kingston; the Van Rensselaers, of Albany; the Vanderheydens, who first owned the site of Troy; and the Van Curlers, who founded Schenectady.

But the old-time Hollander whose family name has become best known was Jan Aertsen van der Bilt, whose farm lay in Brooklyn. For nearly two hundred years none of his lineage rose to fame. Then came Cornelius Vanderbilt, who was at first the son of a poor Staten Island farmer, and at last the greatest of American railway kings, with seventy-five million dollars for his heirs. He was at all times a builder, not a speculator. He might truly have said: "I found barges and left steamships; I found stage-coaches and left railways." While others were debating and theorizing, it was he who gave transportation to the Eastern States. The fortune which he left has been so vastly increased that to-day the name of Vanderbilt is a synonym for wealth. The so-called Vanderbilt group of railways comprises at present twenty-two thousand miles of road, with a total capital of eleven hundred millions—more than one-ninth of the whole railway system of the United States.

When the crash of the American Revo-

lution was heard in Europe, Holland sprang at once to the aid of the patriots. It lent the colonies fourteen million dollars during the dark days, when repayment seemed most unlikely. The province of Friesland went so far in its enthusiasm as to strike off a medal in honor of American independence. General Philip Schuyler represented the Dutch in the American army. And was it not Captain Van Arsdale who, as King George's ships went down the harbor, climbed the tall pole at the Battery, and pulled down the British flag?

Holland gave us men and money. Better still, she had given us, in her history, the strongest of all arguments in favor of self-government. "In love of liberty, and bravery in defense of it, Holland has been our great example," said Franklin. Our four first presidents were pupils of the distinguished Professor Luzac, of Leyden, and freely admitted their indebtedness to him for instruction. As George Washington afterward said, in a letter written to Luzac: "America is under great obligation to the writings of such men as you."

THE WORK OF MARTIN VAN BUREN

Between the Revolution and the Civil War there were at least two eminent Hollanders who helped to make American history—General Stephen Van Rensselaer, soldier and statesman of New York; and Martin Van Buren, the eighth President of the United States. There is still living in New York the last of Van Buren's personal friends—John Bigelow, whom Abraham Lincoln appointed minister to France. In answer to my request for information, Mr. Bigelow said:

"Van Buren was one of the broadest and safest men who has ever occupied the Presidential chair. He was equally great as a lawyer, as a leader, as a statesman. Although he lived in stormy and violent days, he was never cowed by popular clamor. He had a definite policy, and held to it.

"During his lifetime," continued Mr. Bigelow, "his policy brought him a great deal of unpopularity. But to-day we can see that Van Buren was a far-sighted man. It was he who established our national system of finance, and who pre-

pared the way for the abolition of slavery. Personally, he was a handsome man, dignified and courtly, an honor to any office and to any race."

WHAT AMERICA OWES TO THE DUTCH

The influence of those earlier Hollanders can still be easily traced. We owe to them such words as "boss," "cookie," "delf," "yacht," and "stoop." It was they who introduced us to the crisp delicacy of celery and taught us the usefulness of windmills. Our light harness, hacks, plows, and coinage were made after Dutch patterns.

In New York, especially, the mark of the Hollanders can never be erased. Harlem will always be Harlem, and Governor's Island will always recall Governor Wouter van Twiller, who bought it from the Indians. We shall always remember that it was the Dutch settlers who built the wall where Wall Street is to-day; that it was Dutch maidens who walked along the Maiden Lane, now the street of the jewelers, and

Dutch cows that made the path from the fort at the Battery to the northern pasture-lands—the path that was then called Breede Weg and is now known as Broadway.

Both in colonial times and to-day, the Hollanders have made a high type of Americans. Wherever they are, they give steadiness and solidity to the social structure. They are the best possible preventives of panics, "slumps," and speculative frenzy. They take long views of life, and do much to counteract the dangerous American tendency to consider the present outlook only.

In many important respects, Holland is best fitted to supply the qualities which come from experience, and in which a young country is apt to be deficient. Each nation, let us say, needs the other. Both are linked together in their devotion to the arts and industries of peace; and it is pleasant to recall the fact that the new Temple of Peace, now being built at The Hague, is the gift of an American citizen.

LOVE'S RHETORIC

"Your lips are roses," said the youth,
And he was fairly near the truth.

Then she whose lips his praise had won
In the rose-guarded bower of bliss
Yielded the guerdon of a kiss,
And—half in earnest, half in fun—
Whispered between her finger-tips:
"I'm glad the roses are not lips!"

"Your eyes are stars," he said to her,
And, truth to tell, they almost were.

Then she whose eyes his praise had blest
In the star-scattered summer night
Gave him their tokens of delight,
And—half in earnest, half in jest—
Lispèd to him softly, lover-wise:
"Dearest, I'm glad stars are not eyes!"

"No lips to tell, no eyes to see,
Save Love's own lips and eyes," said she.

Then he who praised her from above
Looked tenderly at star and rose,
And said: "Why, everybody knows
Mine were but metaphors of love;
Dumb is the rose, and blind the star";
Whereat she gasped, "How mean you are!"

Felix Carmen

MRS. MANTON WARING ENLARGES HER PEARL NECKLACE

BY JOHNSON MORTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES M. RELYEAE

“THE only thing against her, Manton, is her husband; and she’s going to get rid of him as soon as she can, and lead her own life. I don’t really blame her, though I disapprove of divorce. Of course, I’ve never seen the man, but I hear he’s a common person, with the temper of a fiend. Once he threw a bottle at her—or was it a bureau? That was before she had the ‘vision of helpfulness,’ she says; when she was content to lead just the thoughtless, cowlike existence of other women. She has a wonderful way of putting things, like nobody else!”

Mrs. Waring paused to crowd an extra chair into one of the curving gilt lines that crossed the room. Then she stepped to the improvised stage and moved a single lily, in its tall glass, to a fresh point of vantage on the piano, before she again addressed her husband, who stood surveying the scene from the doorway.

“So when she asked me for this room,” resumed Mrs. Waring, “I felt bound to let her have it. When I described it to her, she said it would be a place where she could really *find* herself, because its cool, green walls would bring her a brain-suggestion of the forest. Isn’t that a charming idea? I’ve been to two of her lectures on altruism, illustrated by poses of the human body, and they’ve been so illuminating! Tonight, Manton, it’s a special meeting—a sort of benefit, you may say; and that’s the reason you’re invited. I’ve sold thirty tickets at three dollars each, and I shall give the supper. Don’t you feel like making up the sum to an even hun-

dred, dear? Mrs. Velma Eugenia Bibby would be so pleased!”

Mr. Waring had seated himself gingerly on the edge of a chair. At the mention of the name, he evinced a sudden interest.

“Velma Eugenia Bibby!” he cried. “Why, that’s funny!”

“What’s funny?” called his wife absent-mindedly from the platform.

Her husband caught himself.

“Oh, nothing—much.” Then, in response to her look, he hastened to add: “Only it’s a rather elaborate combination, isn’t it—Velma Eugenia with *Bibby*?”

“How captious you are to-night, Manton!” retorted Mrs. Waring. “I don’t suppose that’s her fault in the least. It’s only another of the horrible things the husband is responsible for. Poor thing! Her only happiness—she told me this herself—consists in passing on the ‘vision of helpfulness’ to others. Wait till you see her to-night”—Mrs. Waring shook her head oracularly—“and you’re sure to feel her charm. Now run along and get ready for dinner, and—oh, I forgot to tell you that Barker is ill and can’t wait on the table. He gave out suddenly an hour ago when he was helping me arrange the programs in the hall, and decided that he’d have to go to bed. It’s rather a nuisance, but I got that nice red-haired man from Notman’s, so I sha’n’t mind much.”

“H’m!” said Waring, as he climbed the stairs. Then he chuckled to himself. “Velma Eugenia!” he repeated. “Velma Eugenia! I can’t imagine a combination like that occurring twice!”

The gilt chairs were well occupied when he stepped quietly in at the back of the darkened room late in the evening. Rows of black coats and white shoulders—the latter in preponderance—were before him, and over them, in the strong light of the stage, he had a view of a sturdy figure—Mrs. Velma Eugenia Bibby herself!

The gaze of an enraptured audience was upon her. Even the discreet gentlewoman who served as accompanist had lifted her hands from the piano-keys to present an appreciative attention, even if a somewhat professional one. Mrs. Bibby, in what she evidently considered an idealization of the costume of a Greek maiden, had paused in the eddies of a chorric dance to offer a feast to the ears as well as to the eyes before her, in the shape of a dissertation on what she called the "great underlying principle." She was evidently rounding out her closing periods.

"Yes, it is the soul!" She made lavish use of gesture and spoke in the voice of conviction. "It is the soul, which, though it be our careless habit to think otherwise, is confined to no one place, but dominates the entire physical being. It is everywhere; our foreheads, our chins, our necks, our arms, even our limbs." She touched, with a delicate impartiality, each member as she enumerated it. "And because it is everywhere, permeating, organizing, governing, it stands to reason that the soul forms the integral essence, not only of every thought but of every act as well. Now the act is the result of the thought, and so the soul—remember that I have just said that it is the essence of thought—comes, by a process of plain, logical deduction, to be both cause and result at the same time; all-possessed and all-possessing!"

She ceased speaking, and there fluttered through the room a murmur of appreciation, which she acknowledged with a smile of sweet seriousness. Then she turned to the lady at the piano; the latter, adjusting her glasses, fell again upon her task, and, to the strongly marked melody of the minuet from "Don Giovanni," the dance was resumed.

At its conclusion, while the chairs

were being moved away, the exponent of the "vision of helpfulness" became at once, as she stepped from the stage, the center of an admiring group. To this circle Mr. Waring was summoned by his wife, and found himself in the large, soft grasp of Mrs. Bibby, who exclaimed, this time to the accompaniment of her own smiles:

"Oh, Mr. Waring's name is not unknown to me! Even to us workers in, so to speak, the realm of the ideal comes ever and anon an echo from the great world of men!"

"The deuce it does!" he found himself saying under his breath, as he bowed in polite acknowledgment.

A moment later he was inclined to strengthen his comment, for his wife, with one hand on her husband's sleeve and the other pulling affectionately at the folds of Mrs. Bibby's *peplum*, interrupted gaily:

"And isn't it nice, Manton? This dear lady has just promised to come tomorrow and spend a whole week with us while her apartment is being done over!"

II

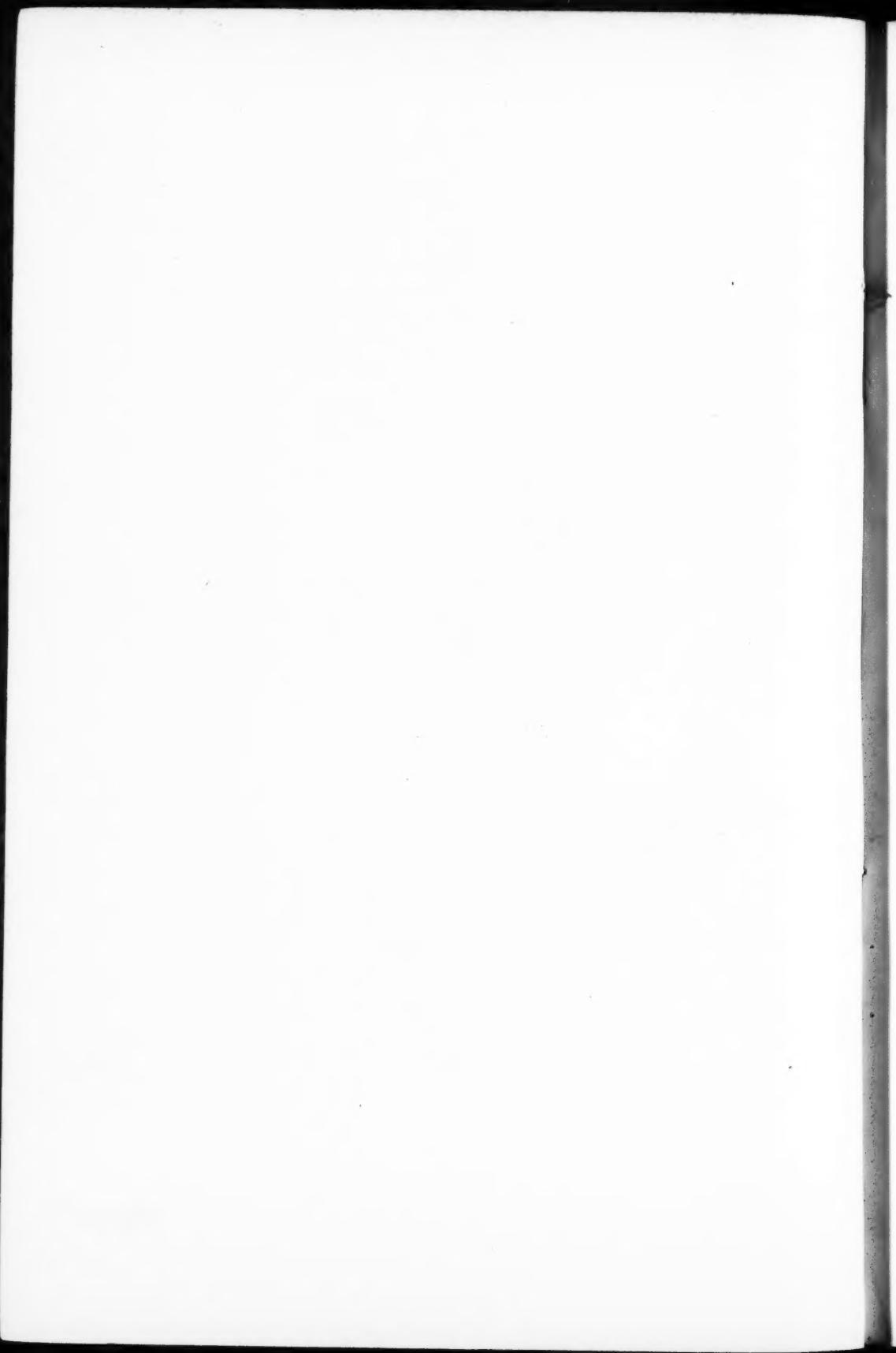
"HUSH!" said Mrs. Waring in a hoarse whisper. It was six o'clock in the afternoon of the next day. She addressed her husband, who had just let himself into the hall with his latchkey. "I've been waiting for you."

She inclined her head in the direction of the drawing-room, and Waring followed her, in wondering obedience, as she tiptoed across the threshold. With the closing of the door she sank into a chair. Then her voice rose excitedly:

"Manton, I am perfectly sure that Barker has gone *insane*! No, don't interrupt me, please. Don't even move till I have got entirely through with my story. Listen seriously to me. You remember I told you he was so ill last night that he couldn't serve the dinner? Well, it wasn't true! He did stay in his room, but Marie assures me that he was perfectly well. He just sat there reading and playing that accordion of his after the rest of the servants had gone to bed. Marie says she saw him through a crack of the door; it wasn't quite closed, or something. She didn't



THE EXONENT OF THE "VISION OF HELPFULNESS" BECAME THE CENTER
OF AN ADMIRING GROUP



get to sleep till one o'clock. I've never thought that she liked Barker very well. And then they tell me that he was all right at breakfast, and he certainly put in a good morning's work with the silver and your clothes. Your sister Cynthia and Cousin Carrie Abbott stopped in to luncheon, and Barker was so perfect at the table that I noticed Cynthia following every movement he made with the hungry look that always comes to her when she's planning to hire away a good servant that she sees in another person's house. It's a *sweet* little trick of hers, Manton, I must say!"

"And so Barker went mad then and there, I suppose. Poor Cynthia!" Waring hazarded whimsically from the sofa opposite.

His wife ignored the interruption with dignity. "Two or three other people came in the afternoon, and when they had gone, and I was sitting in this very chair, just as I am now, the bell rang. In a moment I heard Barker's step as he crossed the hall and opened the inner door. There was a little pause, and he evidently didn't open the outer door, for, to my surprise, I heard his steps again. This time he ran, and the door into the back hall slammed behind him. Then the bell was pulled once more, and I confess I was annoyed! I stepped out to investigate. Not a blessed servant was in sight, but as I peered down the back-stairs I heard a loud discussion going on. Barker was pleading and the rest of them were crying in every kind of voice: 'It's not my place! It's not my place!' I must say that Marie, who tends the door if Barker is out, was the nastiest of all. I was just on the point of speaking sharply to them when the bell rang for the *third time!* This was really more than I could bear, Manton Waring, and so I marched straight to the door and opened it myself! It was only Mrs. Velma Eugenia Bibby—dear thing! She'd come for her little visit with us. To tell the truth, it had escaped my mind. Her trunk was on a cab at the sidewalk, and the cabman was very nice about taking it up-stairs. After I had got Mrs. Bibby safely to her room, I sent at once for Barker, and Marie brought me the message that he couldn't come down be-

cause he had gone to bed with a headache. Just fancy, the second in two days! Marie says he *told* her that. His door was locked, and she couldn't be perfectly sure. But he was most anxious to see you, he said, as soon as you came in. Now, Manton, dear, please be very stern! I know the man's a splendid butler, and devoted to his motherless children, but you surely don't want your wife left to the mercy of a creature liable to go insane at the slightest provocation, do you? That is the second time it's happened, and I've noticed that things of this sort always come in threes! Humor him, Manton, for we don't want his ill-will; but, in justice to other people, we can't recommend him to any one, unless"—Mrs. Waring's round eyes lightened to a pleasing thought—"unless perhaps to your sister Cynthia!"

Waring was already on the stairs.

"Come back just as you are," his wife called after him, "as soon as you've finished with Barker. We sha'n't dress for dinner—Mrs. Bibby is too tired, and I'm too excited. I do hope you're not going out. We three will have a nice, long, cozy evening together!"

III

A PRESSING engagement enabled Waring to avoid that particular contingency, but he was somewhat surprised next morning, when he entered the dining-room, to find Mrs. Velma Eugenia Bibby, in an elaborate street dress and a hat with nodding feathers, smiling an easy welcome to him over the coffee-urn.

"I couldn't resist coming down to breakfast with you, Mr. Waring," she cried, as she held out a cordial hand; "especially as that dear little wife of yours—there never was any one quite so charming—tells me that she always has coffee in her room. Ah, that will never do for us workers! We value these crisp morning hours. Why, as for me, I feel the stir of an impulse with the rising sun, as, like it, I face my day! Two lumps, did you say, Mr. Waring, and cream?"

Then as he took the cup, which she held out with some archness, her tone sank to a confidential intimacy.

"I was particularly anxious to see

my kind host this morning, because a change of plans will make it necessary for me to go away directly after breakfast. I have taken the liberty of using your telephone, for I find that I may have to go out of town to-night. So sorry to end my bright little visit almost before it has begun! I've already sent that sweet wife of yours a note to be given her when she awakes—I wouldn't have her disturbed for worlds. So this is my last chance to see you, Mr. Waring, and to say that I wish I might have had the opportunity really to talk with you and to interest you in my work—perhaps even in *myself!*"

Her voice held this last word confidently as the door closed on the retreating waitress, while Waring murmured a civil phrase or two over a poached egg, to which he seemed to devote a somewhat ostentatious attention.

"I dare say I'm thinking more of my advantage than yours," the lady hurried on, "and I don't want to be too personal. I'm such an honest creature, you know, that I just have to be frank! Mr. Waring, I've felt with a curious psychological certainty, from the very moment I saw you, that we should be friends, indeed! Oh, I do need a friend so much, especially—do you think I'm horrid to say it?—a gentleman. There are times in my life when my womanhood would fain acknowledge its weakness; when these lips, trained only to smiles, tremble almost to a sob; when the sunshine that I love to scatter for others turns to black shadow about me. It is then that I long for the touch of a firm yet gentle hand; the counsel of a wise, strong brain. But I fear I do wrong to trouble you with my little fancies. It is not fair of me, nor kind."

She bowed her plumed head to touch her eyes with the corner of her napkin.

"There; it's all over now," she said, as she looked up and smiled through glistening lashes; "and I promise you that I will be quite, quite brave!"

Before Waring could collect a suitable reply, the maid reappeared with fresh toast, and at once Mrs. Bibby resumed a casual mood.

"I mean that I should really like to call on you at your office some day,"

she said. "There are certain little matters that I should be glad to get advice about—from a lawyer and a friend; certain, we may say"—she accepted a piece of toast and awoke to the propriety of veiling her words simultaneously—"affaires domestiques. Ah, you must often be imposed upon, I'm afraid—you, with your great, kind heart! Mrs. Waring told me all about you last night. She was speaking of her butler, poor man! What a terrible thing happened to him! He must be an unusual sort of person for his walk in life, from what she has said; she told me a good deal of his history. You were wonderfully kind to him—sending him off to the country for a whole week! Somehow I fancy you can understand the pathos of these groping souls. Now, don't disclaim it!"

Waring laughed lazily.

"Oh, Barker! Well, he's worth while. Capital servant; been with us ever since we were married; rather run down, I fancy; something or other on his mind—and he's really got a mind." Then he looked at the lady with a bland intentness. "So I sent him off to my country place to pull together. He'll come out all right when I've had another talk with him. It's more mental than physical, I fancy, his trouble. Funny, isn't it," he added, "that you should have been speaking of the same sort of thing? You really ought to have some sympathy with him, for I don't mind telling you, now that you mention it, that poor old Barker is a sufferer, too, from what you call *affaires domestiques*."

Waring's blue eyes beamed innocent-ly into the black ones which had seen the "vision of helpfulness." It must be said that the latter met the look easily; but, for some reason or other, a faint hint of a flush stole cautiously from under the lady's embroidered collar and settled on her pale, plump cheeks.

"Your trunk's down, ma'am, and the carriage is waiting," a voice interrupted.

Waring rose and followed Mrs. Bibby into the hall. The lady was buttoning a glove with deliberation. He bore her silver-mounted bag and agate-headed umbrella down the steps.

"Good-by," she cried gaily, and she gave him her hand as he closed the car-

riage-door. "My best love to the sweet wife, and thank you both *so* much for your kindness! Good-by, good-by!"

In the house again, as he stood lighting his pipe, Waring started at the sound of a sudden cry that seemed to come from above. It was followed by the slamming of a door; then hurrying footsteps and a fleeting vision, which, as he looked up, materialized into the figure of his wife, all pale-pink silk and floating lace. Her fair hair hung about her shoulders.

"Manton," she called, "where are you, where are you?" As she espied him through the banisters, her voice rang sharply: "Manton! Manton Waring! My pearl necklace has been stolen!"

IV

"My beautiful pearls that you gave me!" Mrs. Waring sobbed as she reached the foot of the stairs and fell into her husband's arms. "Gone, gone! Oh, Manton, I can't believe it! 'Twas only yesterday, just before dinner, that I had them on. I didn't mean to wear them, but I wanted to see if the string was as tight as it seemed the last time I tried it. It really needs about four more pearls to be quite comfortable. I remember I didn't put it back in my jewel-box, but left it on my dressing-table, I think. I wanted to show you how it pinched my neck. But that's all over now, and I must banish it from my thoughts. I can go without, or wear an imitation necklace, as lots of women do, though I never supposed I should come to that! Manton"—she raised her head from his shoulder and clung to his sleeve with both her hands—"at least say you are sorry! I really consider, dear, that you are in some degree responsible, though I hope I'm generous enough never to scold you; for, by allowing him to go away before dinner, you gave Barker a whole night's start!"

Waring held his wife at arm's length and looked at her in astonishment. He smiled, to be sure; but as he spoke, a sudden impatience showed in his voice.

"Barker? You mean that you suspect Barker? What utter nonsense, Gussie! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Mrs. Waring's rising color declared a sense of injury. She detached herself

with dignity from her husband's hands, and her retort came in a tone of chilling sadness.

"If I am ashamed, Manton, it is not of myself! I have never been used to being treated like a child, and it is far from agreeable to have one's well-thought-out judgments swept aside lightly, even by one's own husband! If anybody is talking nonsense it is you, Manton! Of course Barker was the thief. He knew the necklace perfectly well—it's the only thing that's missing; his conduct during the last few days has been, to say the least, peculiar; and besides, he is the only person who has left the house. What more do you want?"

"You forget Mrs. Velma Eugenia Bibby!"

"*Manton Waring!*"

His wife leaned breathlessly against the banisters. Her voice and look expressed horrified surprise.

"Yes, Gussie, I mean just what I say," Waring went on doggedly. "Mrs. Bibby has also left the house under circumstances which would strike a court of law as equally extraordinary. Let us face the situation squarely. Here, on the one hand, is Barker, whom we've summered and wintered for nine years—a quiet, honest, hard-working, self-respecting man who has never given us the slightest ground for suspicion. And on the other, this Mrs. Bibby, of goodness knows where, whom you have seen for perhaps nine weeks, and on whom I never laid eyes till night before last. But I am in possession of more facts about her, Gussie, than you think." He was becoming excited now to the point of shaking a forensic finger at his wife. "I can tell you things, dear, that will make you open your eyes! Mark my words, there is no doubt whatever that this Mrs. Bibby is really—"

"Stop. I *refuse* to listen!" Mrs. Waring's hands covered her ears. "Manton, what are you thinking of," she cried, "to attack a lady and a guest in your own house? I call it perfectly outrageous! Thank goodness I am enough of an oriental to regard the ties of hospitality as sacred, however lightly others may consider them. Let the whole matter drop at once, if you please.

No one will suffer but myself, and, as some one puts it so prettily, I much prefer to lose every jewel I have rather than to despoil my soul of a single ideal. I, at any rate, am perfectly convinced that Barker took my necklace."

Waring shrugged his shoulders.

"As you please," said he, "but I feel just as sure that it left the house with Mrs. Bibby."

"Manton!"

"Gussie!"

"Is somebody coming up the kitchen stairs?"

Both turned to a sound of subdued voices in the back hall; the door opened to a narrow crack and closed again. Mrs. Waring, suddenly conscious of her costume, darted into a closet. When she reappeared she wore a long fur coat of her husband's. An instant's witchery had tucked her hair into a sealskin cap. She looked like a pretty boy as she stepped to Waring's side.

"Come in, come in," repeated the head of the house with some impatience. "Who is it?"

The cook's voice answered tremulously from behind the crack:

"Please, sir, it's the police gentleman!"

"Police gentleman! What do you mean?"

Mrs. Waring brightened perceptibly; she even clapped her hands.

"Oh, I had forgotten," she said. "Of course, it's the detective. How stupid of me, Manton! I sent for him by telephone before I came down-stairs. Let him come in, cook."

A smooth and smiling person with a red necktie entered. He bowed impressively. One arm swept the salute; the other was firmly about the waist of a slender figure in black, angry and silent. It was Marie!

"What does all this mean?" demanded Mr. Waring.

"Begging your pardon, sir," returned the other, "it means that I made my haul afore I gets into the house, I guess. I'm a new man on Babson's force, and I've got a way of my own. I've a fancy for back alleys, sir, and I makes my entrance there usually. It's kind of unexpected in the kitchen, you see. Well, as I was about to ring your area bell, out

steps this young woman here. I don't just love your looks, my girl, thinks I; I was never one to take up with a foreigner. So I speaks to her, mysterious like, and tells her to come back with me. She comes right enough when I brings pressure to bear on her; and in the laundry she confesses all. She claims 'twas a sort of joke, sir, just to get even with your man, sir; says the jewels is up-stairs now on the lady's bureau. She put 'em back, she claims, and then went out just till it would 'a' blowed over. She may be lying, and again she may not"—he turned to Mrs. Waring—"and so I made so bold, ma'am, as to send the other lady, the stout one, up to see if her story'd work!"

Already the stairs creaked under cook's hastening tread. Every eye was upon her as she gained the floor. Yes—in her hand she held the pearl necklace! Mrs. Waring took it and fastened it—with a hint of difficulty—about her throat.

Waring turned to the detective.

"You may let the girl go; there has been a mistake." Marie, released, hid her face in her hands. "You're from Babson's, I believe. Tell him to send his bill to me at my office. That's all we shall need of you. Good day. Cook, take Marie back to the kitchen with you. Mrs. Waring will speak to her by and by. Don't worry, Marie; we sha'n't be hard on you!"

V

"It is wonderful to be a man!" said Mrs. Waring with deep conviction. As soon as they were alone again, she had flown to her husband, and was kneeling in front of his chair. "When I see you manage people like that, Manton, I am so proud of you and so much in love with you that I could forgive you *anything!* I suppose I resent having you manage me, or I dare say I seem to, but"—she looked up archly—"perhaps inside I don't, if you only had the sense to know!"

Waring's arms were about her, and he held her close.

"That's why it's a great deal more wonderful to be a woman!" He kissed her hands, her lips. As he spoke, his eyes met hers in tender scrutiny. The

sudden smile that trembled there was tender too. "For what other created being could wear her husband's ten-year-old coat, with a moth-eaten fur cap on her precious head, and look like a perfect beauty?"

"Mercy, Manton!" His wife laughed and started to her feet. "I quite forgot. I'm not even dressed!" She hesitated a moment. "What in the world shall I do without Marie?"

"I'm afraid that the lady needs her bad half hour. A little solitary thought will be greatly to her advantage, especially if we mean to reinstate her." Waring still held his wife's hand. "So I beg you to accept, *madame*, in lieu of the deft services of your French maid, the clumsy but willing efforts of your American husband in the manipulation of those thousand and one hooks and eyes that make of your toilet a delicious mystery."

"You are a foolish, silly boy!" commented Mrs. Waring.

"That is," her husband persisted, "if you are disposed to forgive me for casting those awful doubts on Mrs. Velma Eugenia Bibby!"

Mrs. Waring stopped short.

"Tell me, tell me at once," she cried, "what you started to say and I wouldn't let you finish! Of course there is some mystery about her. I thought all along that she was a strange woman, but you paid no attention to me. Manton Waring, I believe you liked her! To tell the truth, she struck me as just a trifle underbred. And do you know that somehow I can't help associating her in my mind with people like Barker?"

Waring's laugh was loud and long.

"By George, that's clever of you, Gussie! There's very good reason you

should! Haven't you felt, haven't you seen, haven't you put two and two together? Why, Mrs. Bibby is really Barker's wife—the wife that he's been trying to avoid for years. I've known he had one all along," he went on; "the wife who deserted him and their little children when he was very poor, and who has now found out that a steady job, even as a butler, is more profitable than an intermittent 'vision of helpfulness.' I remembered her names when you told me—they are certainly queer ones; but Bibby puzzled me a bit, I confess, till Barker told me it was her father's. Well, it's all over now. I'll telegraph for Barker, poor chap, tonight—and if that woman turns up again to make a fuss, I shall know how to deal with her. Velma Eugenia Bibby, indeed!"

"Go on, go on, don't stop." Mrs. Waring's voice rose like an exclamation point. "This is the strangest thing! Tell me everything!"

But Waring, glancing at the clock, shook his head.

"Not now, Gussie dear. It's a good deal after ten. On the way down-town in the carriage, if you choose, there'll be a chance. But you've really got to get dressed, you know!"

Mrs. Waring looked at him.

"Down-town, in the carriage, Manton? What do you mean? Aren't you going to your office?"

"Oh, bother the office!" Waring spoke jauntily. "I'm going shopping with you—that is, if you'll have me." Then, with his arm about his wife's waist, he bent and touched his lips to the tight little necklace that showed at her throat. "I want you to help me choose *four pearls*," he said.

THE WAVE

LITTLE wave, brown wave, pulsing on the pebbles,
Hidden in the shadow of the spreading alder trees,
Do you see your brothers, a-foam upon the ocean,
Leaping in the sunlight, bending to the breeze?
Little wave, brown wave, you are one with these.

Little heart, foolish heart, fretting in the shallows,
Eager to be moving with the swift, strong tides that run
Far, far out to seaward—yet the same life surges
From these quiet eddies to the dipping sun—
Little heart, foolish heart, you and they are one.

* Alice Rollit Coe

SHOULD WOMEN PROPOSE?

BY LYNDON ORR

THE CONVENTION WHICH LIMITS THE FEMININE RÔLE IN
COURTSHIP TO THE PASSIVE ACCEPTANCE OF ATTENTIONS—
REASONS WHY WOMAN SHOULD, AND WHY SHE SHOULD NOT,
SHOW PREFERENCE MORE PLAINLY THAN CUSTOM PERMITS

IF we are to believe the popular novelists—and they are supposed to reflect the opinions and beliefs of their feminine readers—there is only one set of circumstances under which a woman is justified in offering herself to a man in marriage, instead of waiting in maidenly aloofness to be asked. If she happens to be young and beautiful and rich; if for any reason he is not regarded as a suitable match for her; and if she is very much in love with him and thinks that he is holding back because of his supposed unworthiness—then she may cast convention aside, defy all the traditions, and splendidly confess to him that she is proud to be his wife if he will have her.

There is something in such a self-surrender that appeals to the minds of men and women equally. No one would ever think of calling it unwomanly. It is rather the supreme triumph of true womanliness over all the restraints of custom and of prejudice. Millions of novel-readers have been thrilled by the portrayal of such a victory of unselfish love.

AN INSTANCE IN FICTION

There is, for instance, the avowal made by *Margaret Grantham* in that much read novel of Mrs. Alexander's, "The Wooing O't"—a good, old-fashioned love-tale that still holds its own with women readers after nearly thirty years of popularity. *Margaret Grantham* is a superb beauty of the buxom type, blonde and blue-eyed. She is an heiress, immensely rich, and her hand is

sought by the most attractive and desirable suitors of her own set. She is spoiled by flattery and love-making; yet her heart is really given to her cousin, *Geoffrey Trafford*, who is dark and plain and rather old—in books of that period a man is always rather old at thirty; and who never flatters her, but treats her with a manly self-respect. Which, of course, is why she loves him.

Trafford is only moderately rich, and *Margaret* fancies that he does not court her because of the disparity of their fortunes—a very English notion. But presently he loses even the moderate estate that had been his, and then *Margaret* is sure that he will never seek to win her, for he has a keen sense of honor; and so, first of all, she begs him to take a part of her great fortune. She will give it to him freely. But *Trafford* gently tells her that such a thing is quite impossible. A man cannot take money from a woman. Then *Margaret*, with her beautiful eyes dimmed with tears, looks up into his face and says, with a meaning that is unmistakable: "Ah, if you would only take all, Geoff!"

It is really a most effective scene, and more tears than *Margaret's* have been shed over it.

So, too, in Anthony Trollope's "Phineas Finn," where *Phineas*, lately a political aspirant of promise, but now defeated, deprived of office, penniless, and having nothing left except his six feet of handsome manhood and his *beaux yeux*, takes leave of the rich and charming young widow, *Marie Goesler*,

before returning to his native Ireland. *Marie's* heart goes out to him, and she tells him, with that half-spoken eloquence which makes women almost irresistible, that herself and all her wealth are his if he will take them. It is the best thing in the book.

And so, again, in the dramatization of "Sherlock Holmes," how greatly one rejoices when, at the last, *Mary Faulkner* not only tells *Holmes* that she will be his wife, but even pleads with him to take her, against his own assertion that he is no fit match for her—he, a hounder of criminals, a victim of drugs, a man without a home and with no future. And when he takes her to his arms and her head nestles slowly and happily upon his breast, and darkness falls upon the stage, leaving the two for a moment in a radiant circle, is there a single human being in the audience who does not think that the girl has acted well and nobly?

A PLEA FOR LARGER FEMININE FREEDOM

But if, under a special set of circumstances, it is not only proper but praiseworthy for a woman to ask the man she loves to marry her, why limit the right at all? Why should not any woman who becomes convinced that she has met the man who would make her truly happy—why should not such a woman always tell him of her preference, and ask him whether he does not also, and in like measure, care for her?

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, who represents what may be called the "new thought" in femininity, would answer that a woman ought to exercise this right with the utmost freedom. In one of her books, indeed, Mrs. Gilman argues that woman as a sex has been dwarfed and hampered and restricted by the convention which compels her to sit with her hands folded until some man comes along and seeks her out in marriage. For the chances are about even that either no man at all will come along, or that when he does come he will not be the man she really wants. Therefore, she must either go unwedded, and thus defeat the purpose of nature, or else she must marry simply for the sake of being married, thereby almost inevitably dooming herself to a life of dis-

appointment and unhappiness. How much better and more rational if she had the same freedom of choice that men enjoy, and if, like men, she could frankly seek her mate according to her own ideals!

BEATRICE AND BENEDICK

One may admit without any hesitation that if social usage should be altered so as to establish such a custom, there would be many more marriages than there are, and they would be very different marriages. Man is the vainest of all created beings, and especially in his youth, when his ardor is in an inverse ratio to his experience. Almost any man, at some stage of his existence, would marry almost any woman if she asked him; for he would feel so much flattered by the thought that he had inspired her with love for him, as to make him really think that he was full of love for her. Shakespeare went down very deep into the psychology of the passion when he depicted the mating of *Beatrice* and *Benedick*. To this extent, we may agree that, if it were usual for women to propose, they would often get the husbands whom they fancied they preferred.

And yet, when one thinks it over carefully, it is fairly evident that the novelists are right and that the "new thought" is all wrong in this, as in so many other of its notions. Would any woman worthy of the name in her heart desire a husband who had not been sufficiently attracted to her to seek her of his own accord? If he took her when she gave herself to him, and if he did so merely out of flattered vanity, how long would his liking for her last? *Beatrice* and *Benedick* are all very well, but Shakespeare discreetly failed to show just how they got along together after marriage. My private opinion is that they led a cat-and-dog existence—and both of them, certainly, had unusual gifts for making life a wondrous combination of the feline and the canine.

Nor is it strictly true that, as things are, a woman does in fact sit with her hands folded until some man comes by, like the prince in a fairy-tale, and seeks her hand. Our social usages are not by any means so strict as to forbid her to

assist the possible designs of Providence in her favor. Every woman knows how easy it is, in a myriad little ways of which she is instinctively a mistress, to direct quite modestly and simply the attention of a man to her attractive self. And if he seems to show a dawning interest in her, she can stimulate it as the case requires, either by the lures of harmless coquetry, or, if he be a different sort of person, by an unmistakable indication of her preference. If she keeps her dances for him, or breaks engagements for him, or merely shows her pleasure in his presence, she is really telling him the thing that he would like to know, and all without transgressing the strictest canons of modern maidenhood. And this, in truth, is far more flattering, far more subtly efficacious, than the invitation that would boldly frame itself in words and deprive the lover of his right to woo.

THE PRIVILEGE OF BEING WON

Here lies, indeed, the whole kernel of the question. Each sex has its own peculiar attribute assigned it; and in the

exercise of this attribute is found its own peculiar pleasure. To man belong, of natural right, the seeking, the joy of the chase, the exultation of overcoming. To woman has been given the still more delicious joy of being sought, of prolonging the deep ecstasies of wooing, of courtship, of giving or withholding, of extracting the last drop of exquisite emotion from the ardent love that seeks her out and strives to win her. Rather than lose this supreme delight, most women would prefer to wait year after year unsought, in hope that some day the man of men, the lover of her dreams, will come and woo her as women have been wooed since the beginning of the world.

And so, if custom still decrees that it is for the man to seek and for the woman to be sought, this is very far from being a restriction or a wrong. The usage of the centuries inflicts no hardship on the maid who waits. Instead, it carefully secures for her a right inherent in her sex—the right of being won; and this to woman is among the very choicest and most cherished of her privileges.

ON QUEST

'Tis I that know the road to Rome;
I wend it gallantly—
Though ye count mine as toilsome days,
With ne'er a footstep free.
Turning, I trace rough ways, hard won—
The tale of milestones passed.
By these I know that I shall see
Her sun-crowned hills at last!

For one came trudging by my door,
Tattered, and wet with rain;
Yet in his eyes shone youth, as clear
He sang an old refrain.
And hearing, who could break the charm,
Or longer bide at home?
"When once the heart is set," quo' he,
"All roads lead on to Rome!"

Content with plodding though I seem,
The spell I sing or say
Binds every weary hour I pass
To aid me on my way;
Till through the golden autumn air
I see, far on, a dome,
Beyond wide spreading ilex boughs—
Where my road reaches Rome!

Aldis Dunbar

STORIETTES

Her Title to Office

WHEN Squire Halsey, with the timid circumlocution so formidable a task demanded, broke to Miss Elfrida Worth the news that the post-office was no longer to be hers, she flatly refused to credit him. For thirty years she had been postmistress of Latonia. President and politician had come and gone, but she had been secure behind her wicket-window and her barricade of boxes, and had heeded not their appearances and disappearances. Their tenure of office, she felt, was an uncertain thing, grounded in the shifting regard of the populace; hers was upon the surer foundation of eternal justice.

Miss Elfrida's certificate of claim to her country's gratitude was worn upon her breast, perpetually ready to smite the eyes of a forgetful generation with the reminder of her sacrifices. It was a brooch of noble proportions, standing out from a collection of minor chains, beads, charms, and pins, like a lighthouse beacon from the trivial twinkling of the town behind it. A small daguerreotype presentment of a young man wearing the uniform of a soldier of the Civil War, and possessing the high brow and the passionately waving locks of the same period, was surrounded by a thin braid of hair, light strand alternating symbolically with dark. The whole was covered with a concavity of glass and encased in a frame of seed-pearls and turquoises dingy with age.

One of the first town legends repeated to the young of Latonia was the story epitomized in this brooch—the tale of "Frida Worth's beau," the youth who had drifted into the Ohio village; who, within a year, had danced and laughed and ridden and picnicked himself into general popularity, into Judge Worth's law-office, and into Frida's eighteen-year affections; and who, at the end of the year, had ridden back into his native

State to enlist to fight for the Union. He came back no more.

After the young had reconciled the pathos of this story with the personality of its heroine, angular, over-decorated with the fichus, scarfs, veils, and gimcracks of an earlier style, intrusive, overbearing even in kindness, they sometimes cultivated her to the extent of being allowed sight of the letter in which her lover's death was communicated to her by a fellow soldier of the same company. Miss Elfrida displayed it without great emotion. She was not a sentimental soul. She had come to take her tragedy as matter-of-factly as some women take their husbands, though, like these, she recognized the intrinsic value of her possession, and was firmly entrenched in the dignity it bestowed upon her.

That the youthful romance had served her prosaically well through the decades since her father's bankruptcy and death was, perhaps, not due to a special vein of sentiment or patriotism in Latonia. But Miss Elfrida reenforced with much energy the claim which the brooch denoted. She had a tireless, somewhat harsh voice, a sharp memory, a keen tongue, and the firm conviction that the community ought in some way to take care of her father's daughter and the woman who had contributed to it its one fatality of the war. Moreover, her relatives, the tribe of Worth cousins and cousins-in-law throughout the county, perceived her title to public support with the clearness of those who would otherwise have been obliged to make the problem of her maintenance their own, and their urging of her claims was correspondingly strong.

But now the end had come. The slow, almost imperceptible growth of Latonia for a quarter of a century had, in the last five years, been suddenly accelerated. There was a spurt in manufacturing industry, a rush of railroading. And while she was still struggling with the business

these brought, Squire Halsey brought her the news of her overthrow.

Miss Elfrida had not been provident during the long term of her official life. Prudence, as the executors of her father's estate could have testified, was not a Worth idiosyncrasy. And if the well-to-do of the family connection saw her discharge with apprehension of her intrusion upon them, the poorer branches felt something like despair at the cutting off of a fairly reliable source of income. Cousin Elfrida had been as generous with her money as with her advice, which is paying a high tribute to her pecuniary helpfulness. And the result was that she sat face to face with real want and—what was bitterer still to her—the prospect of a dependent old age.

Four or five months pinched her cruelly. She was no longer a star boarder with two rooms in the village boarding-house, but a lodger with one and "the privilege of the kitchen." Her purchases at the grocer's week by week grew scantier and were made at night, that no familiar acquaintance might mark their meanness. She bent her rigid old figure over a wash-tub at dark, and dried her clothes in midnight secret. And when she received a sad little letter from the young third or fourth cousin whose school-days had abruptly ended with her discharge, her face was more troubled than when she countermanded her order for white sugar and averred a preference for brown.

And then, just in time to restore her waning faith in Providence, the library was completed and she was offered the librarianship. She did not know the bitter fight that had been waged between the advocates of the youthful graduate of a card-catalogue system and the influential members of the Worth family before the small post was hers. And when the institution was opened with much speechmaking and the orator of the day referred to the descendant of a long line of scholars and jurists who was to grace the desk, and made fervid if obscure allusion to the matter of the brooch and a nation's gratitude to its heroic women, Miss Elfrida's eyes, beneath a much-trimmed bonnet, serenely challenged the world to deny her claims, and her fingers removed a concealing bit

of lace-scarf from the monumental emblem on her bosom.

The pride she took in her new office was a pleasant thing to behold. The fond care she expended upon lettering her cards in black and red and purple; the fussy pains she was at to ply the duster in the dark alcoves; her sternness with small boys on the subject of mud and door-mats; the advice she bestowed upon old and young alike as to the choice of books; the valor with which she attacked and overcame the difficulties of foreign names—all these things were matters of delight to humorous-minded Latonians.

For six months she had enjoyed the privileges of her office and had forgotten her temporary obscuration in the renewed sunshine of public life, when, one gray afternoon, too early for the swarming in of the usual tribe of school-children, a heavy step sounded in the hall where she sat behind her desk.

She glanced up from the book into which she was pasting a card envelope. A tall, elderly man stood looking about him, scanning the memorial window at one end of the room, the case of Latonia mineral specimens at the other. Miss Elfrida, though she was always hospitable and always elated at the prospect of a new listener, frowned a little at the slouchiness of the man's attitude, the shiftiness of his manner.

"Do you wish anything, sir?" she asked. He murmured something about seeing the sights and being a stranger. With a slight, puzzled frown, she studied his brown, rather handsome old face.

"You're a stranger here?" she questioned him, in her abrupt way.

"A stranger now—yes, ma'am," the visitor replied. There was something a little suggestive of a whine in his voice, and his eyes were furtive and did not rise to the level of hers. "Latonia has certainly changed since I was here last—"

Then his restless gaze was stayed upon the great round brooch which, this afternoon, fastened a meaningless red bow to Miss Elfrida's brown basque. His eyes, simulating surprise, sought the withered face above. Miss Elfrida's, behind her spectacles, were studying him with bewilderment.

"Why," he began; "surely it——"

But the sound of crunching glass stopped him. Miss Elfrida's heavy body was leaning disastrously upon a hand laid on the case of Latonia's mineral specimens. And her blue lips were repeating: "*Alfred—not dead, not dead, not dead!*"

II

"AND SO, DR. FREWEN"—Miss Elfrida paused as she handed the head of the library committee a folded slip of paper—"and so, there's my resignation. You see, I've no right to anything. I've been nothing better than an impostor all the time, though of course I couldn't tell that. You see once he got away from here he knew he didn't want to come back—knew he didn't want to marry me. And he wasn't man enough to write and say so, but fixed up that hoax. And I've been living on it ever since."

The lined, Spartan old face was twisted with shame. Something like reverence blended with the pity and the anger of the doctor's expression. He leaned forward and laid Miss Elfrida's blotted resignation on the coals.

"It's Elfrida Worth we want in our library as long as she will stay," he said—"Elfrida Worth, the honest, brave woman, not any pensioner of old griefs."

The warmth and kindness of his voice broke her self-command. The old cashmere shawl slipped from her shoulders; her bonnet fell awry as she bent her head. Her withered throat above her flat collar and cameo pin worked cruelly. The reluctant, hard, hot tears of the aged trickled painfully down her wrinkled cheeks. The doctor let her grief and her shame have their way undisturbed, and after a few minutes she raised her gallant gray head again, straightened her bonnet, and screwed out a smile.

"You're never too old," she told him, "to have it cut you and hurt you that you've been jilted. But since you think it's all right for me to keep the library——"

He patted her shoulder kindly.

"All right?" he echoed. "It's the only thing we'd hear of."

* * * * *

In an east-bound train an elderly dere-

lict pulled at his white mustache with one hand while the other played with a roll of bills in his pocket.

"She never was mean with money, was Elfrida," he told himself. "But she's got the same old temper. The way she threw that picture of mine into the river there at the bridge! And the frame must have been worth a little something, too. Well," philosophically he put unavailing regret away, "no good crying over that. I did better than I had any right to expect!"

Anne O'Hagan

The Sacrifice

HE hated the stony hillside farm, hated the very soil that so grudgingly produced the living they wrested from it. Through generation after generation his forefathers had fought their dogged battle with nature, never advancing, never receding; and David Grayson's father and mother, stern, silent, grim, were the numbed and stunted outgrowths of this weary warfare. It was not until he was a young man grown that the first ray of light glimmered in upon his own darkness. Down in the trough of the hills lived a girl. Hitherto she had been merely a part of his environment, like the barren circling ranges and the little stream which, trickling through the valley, made its only strip of bounty. There, too, green trees and waving grain flaunted their richness in derision at the bare knolls looming above them; and amid these she dwelt, heiress of the valley.

There came a day when David Grayson awoke to find that this one detail of his environment had ceased to be commonplace. In that day Ruth Wirtman became no longer a part of his mere landscape. In that day he discovered that her sinuous grace was the waving of the barley, her hair the gold of the grain, her eyes the blue of the sky, her cheeks the pink of the dawn; and the knowledge of these things only brought him the more misery.

He could not know that in the moment when their eyes had met in a glance of new understanding, he, too, had been transformed into a stranger in her eyes. She noted the firm set of his

figure; the poise of the head that was kept erect by the unquenchable spirit of protest within him; the decisive jaw and the stern mouth that told of emotions suppressed, of self-mastery, of an indomitable will firmly in hand and under control. Well, he needed control now, and he used it, but her quickened intuition fathomed him. One other fathomed him, too; but his gaunt and withered mother had the seal of hopeless habit upon her lips, and it was a kindness that the seal remained unbroken.

With the untrammeled naïveté of a child, Ruth watched for this grave young neighbor; she threw herself in his way, she tried to break down the barrier of reserve that he had builded up between them for his own protection. One day she stopped him underneath the big oak at the roadside, as he was trudging home from the poor little village at the end of the valley.

"I found your picture, Dave," she said. "Just look here!"

She held open a magazine which flared up at him a pulse-quickenning picture. The artist had drawn a farmer boy, standing erect at his plow-handles and gazing with half-parted lips into the sky, where his fancy had painted a vast city, alive with the restless energy of human achievement. The artist had named it "The Call," and the figure might have been drawn with David Grayson as a model, it was so startlingly like.

To the girl this likeness was the all-important thing, but to the boy only the vision was worthy of note. The dream was his own! He sat down upon the grassy knoll at the roots of the tree to study it more closely, and she sat beside him, quiet, happy that she had chained his interest.

Presently he turned the leaf in despair, crushed with the weight of his own hopeless longing; but soon the clean, white pages with their crisp illustrations caught his interest again, and held him fascinated. An article on bridge-building arrested his attention.

"Look!" he said bitterly. "Men have made all those wonderful things. I don't mean the workmen who bolted them together, but the men who thought

them out. And they were just men—men like me!"

She noted his broad, high forehead, his keen, thoughtful eye, his pliant fingers.

"You could do it, too," she said.

"Me!"

He drew a deep breath, and sat lost in a reverie of wild conjecture. With instant sympathy she followed his train of thought.

"We've an encyclopedia over at the house," she presently ventured. "It tells all about bridges. Come over and I'll show it to you."

He went gladly, and the visit was a revelation. He had heard rumors of the books and magazines that Hugo Wirtman had bought "to spoil Ruth," but his eyes glistened as he saw them. She took down the volume that contained the article on bridge-building, and he delved eagerly into it. Alas, here was only more despair! The article was comprehensive, but technical, and required learning to understand it. The illustrations spoke a plainer language, however, and carried him from the simplest trusses to those vast spans of weblike steel that are the world's wonders of modern engineering.

Plain Hugo Wirtman came through the room where they were sprawled upon the floor, absorbed in their eager quest.

"Don't you spoil Dave with your books, Ruth," he good-naturedly admonished. "He's too good a farmer."

"He's spoiled now," she retorted with a glance of pride at David.

Hugo pursed his lips, but said nothing. Dave Grayson was a steady young fellow, and if Ruth wanted him, all right.

"You may take the book and the magazine home with you if you want," Ruth offered.

"I—I have to," he replied, and he wrapped his jacket around the precious volumes.

The awakening of his starved soul to this new opportunity was pathetic. Here was the key to his dreams. Unlocking the door that had denied him so long, he strode forth, eager and feverishly energetic, into a wider, more virile world. That anguished cry which

had welled up from his inmost self took form and shape and he could give it a name—ambition!

The way once shown, the task set, he worked as he had never worked before—and Ruth worked with him. Again a bitter abstraction came upon him, but this time he was fathomed by the intuition of only one woman, his mother. With Spartan muteness she herself unlocked the last barrier that held him back from the world into which she knew she must lose him, into which she could never follow him, where she would be an alien—nay, almost a pariah. She dug from a hidden recess her own meager savings; she coaxed other savings, to the last cent, from the sparse, unwilling pockets of Abner Grayson; and she gave her boy—money!

Again gleamed the light of promise. He bought text-books, instruments, materials; he worked as if a demon drove him; he surmounted obstacles with a desperate energy that might, with broader opportunities, have made him conqueror of worlds.

Such fierce earnestness was bound to achieve. There came a day when, after correspondence and samples of his work had passed to and fro, an offer came at what seemed to him like a fabulous remuneration. On the way home from the village he met Ruth at their usual trysting-place, and showed her the letter, a new gleam of fire in his eye, an answering wave of color in her face. Together they sat under the shade of the broad oak and planned it all out, their wonderful future.

But Fate, for those who would grasp her golden prizes, holds the test of the white hot crucible. At the door of his home David's joy was blackened by the announcement that his father had fallen from the mow of the barn to his death. David went into the house. His mother sat stunned by the bedside. He knelt down beside her. She clasped her arms about his neck and bent her head upon his shoulder, but she did not cry; she could not, nor had she, even yet, when she and David drove back from the hillside graveyard to the desolate cabin. Two or three of the good women-folk of the valley had remained to prepare such cheer as they might, and

one of them was Ruth Wirtman. Mrs. Grayson, giving way to their kindly urging, consented to lie down and rest a while; but for her there was no rest, and presently she crept out, unnoticed, to sit alone upon the porch, where she could look across at the gleaming headstones upon the hillside and see that new, yellow mound which was to be her beacon from now until her own release should come.

With eyes that burned because there had come no tears to quench their aching, she sat, still numbed, still unawakened to the weary days that were yet to be lived through. Presently she became aware of a voice that came out to her through the open window, and the voice was that of her son.

"The happiest hour of my life has come and has gone forever, Ruth," David was saying. "That hour was when I came back from the post-office with that offer, and, with it as my fortune, asked you to be my wife. The offer is still open, but I must answer it to-night. I am going to refuse it."

There came no answer to this, but presently her son said, in a voice filled with emotion, "My girl!" And the woman on the porch knew that Ruth had crept into the shelter of his arms to comfort him.

"There is only one thing for me to do," he went on presently. "I must take up father's place, as he took the place of his father before him. I must dig into these barren fields as he digged, and never let mother know how bitter is the sacrifice that I must make."

There ensued another silence, and then the gentle voice of Ruth answered:

"I'll wait, dear."

Wait! That one word opened at last, for the woman on the porch, the floodgate of her tears. She, too, had loved, even though of a race that stifled tender speech, even though oppressed by poverty, even though held in by environment which admitted of no raptures. When the first paroxysm of her grief had passed, she raised her head and gazed around upon the encompassing hills. Away across yonder, its disintegrating chimney showing above the tops of the sparse trees that struggled for existence about it, was the home

where she was born; strangers occupied it now. There, on that other hillside, rested, sleeping, all her kin. She could almost pick them out from where she sat, this and that and the other crumbled head-piece that marked, one by one, all that she had known and loved and lost; and now had come that other lonely mound to bind her for the rest of her life to this spot.

She could not go away to leave them friendless in that inhospitable earth. They were hers. She *must* pass her declining years within sight of that consecrated earth to which she herself must finally be borne to lie beside her husband. There was no spot on earth so dear to her. The roots of her being had sunk deep, deep into this soil; and to pull them up now and transplant them would be for her to wither and die. She must not, could not, *would* not think of leaving it!

Presently she arose with a strange peace upon her. As she moved forward, her face came into the light of the sun, which threw into sharp relief the shadows round the same firm jaw and stern lips and open, fearless eyes that had descended to her son. Turning, she went quietly into the house, and came upon David where he still stood caressing with his broad hand the head that rested upon his shoulder.

"David, my boy, and you, my daughter," she said, and her clear, even voice gave no hint of the stern cost, "I've been thinking, after all that's happened here, that this place is a mighty sorrowful one to me, and I wish you could go away off somewhere and take me with you."

George Randolph Chester

"An Old Lady Named Rose"

SMITH's manicure was a handsome creature. Her lofty pompadour shaded regular features and a clear, pale skin. She polished and filed with a satisfactory lack of personal interest. His fingers might have been so many bits of ivory receiving a conscientious application of orange-stick, emery-board, and chamois-skin. That was why Smith came. He had found a manicure who neither jabbered nor expected him to; who neither

smiled upon him for an unusually large fee, nor frowned when he forgot one entirely.

So Smith had leisure to watch the other girl—the girl who looked as out of place in that long, narrow cell of busy workers as Smith himself did among the patrons of the "manicure parlor." There was this difference, however, that whereas Smith was independent—could go wherever he chose, because he chose—the slim little lady whose profile he was scanning was decidedly dependent—dependent upon the hands that were the manicure part of her and the small, very small part of the busy brain that it took to keep the hands at their work.

Smith was a critic, naturally and professionally. He sat with his head slightly to one side, with keen, narrowed eyes and an inscrutable mouth; he watched the slim, long-fingered hands; then his gaze traveled up to the dark, untidy hair—it had been artistically arranged, but had slipped from its inadequate fastenings and had been pushed back into unbecoming security. As he looked, the girl rose slowly, clutched at the back of her chair, and turned deathly white.

There was a sudden jab of a file on Smith's hand; the dark-pompadoured girl was across the room, and before he had quite realized that the manicure was fainting she had been hustled out of the room. In the shortest possible time operations were resumed on Smith's nails.

"Makes Miss Lawson awful mad when anybody faints," remarked his *vis-à-vis*, a trifle breathlessly. "I'm glad I got her out in time. It wasn't as bad as if she'd fallen. From eight to six is a good long time to sit humped over a table."

While he was dressing for dinner that evening Smith was surprised to find that he was thinking of the white face of the girl who had fainted.

"Smith, my son," he said to himself, "you're getting so that you let little things worry you. Shake 'em off—shake 'em off."

Then he went to his dinner.

II

PEOPLE called Smith eccentric. He was not eccentric, he was bored; and

people did not understand. He loved pictures for all that was beautiful in them, all that was fine. He had added to this natural appreciation an amount of technical knowledge, and the combination stood him in good stead, financially. But he could not paint, he could not draw.

"My fingers and my brain never made it up between them," he used to say. "They had a falling out at my birth, and have scarcely been on speaking terms since."

No one knew how Smith longed to paint; no one knew that in a locked drawer of his desk was an old water-color box that had been, when he was a boy, at once his dearest possession and his bitterest grief. Even now Smith would open the drawer once in a while, look at the box, and sigh.

At the dinner Smith was rather more bored than usual. It was very long for one thing; and the flowers were too high—Smith had to keep bobbing his head to answer people opposite who *would* keep talking to him.

"There is no such thing, is there, Smith?"

Smith caught the question, but not what had gone before.

"I'll back you up in anything," he returned genially.

Then he caught the tones of another voice, the voice of a woman, and it was raised in dissent.

"I believe there is, only it's something that can never be known."

"It sounds like a riddle," said some one.

"It is a riddle," said the woman. "One of the riddles of the universe. Is there such a thing as disinterested charity?"

"Yes." "No." "Don't believe it"—opinions traveled around the board.

"If it were disinterested, one would want no one to know, not even the recipient, for one would want no gratitude, no acknowledgment, no sense of obligation. Charity would come like manna from heaven, apparently. What was needed would be sent by one who had to one who had not—and there would be an end of it."

"Not an end, perhaps," put in Smith; "only the beginning."

Then the woman changed the subject, and in a moment they were all at full cry after another topic.

Smith looked at his paint-box late that night. It was a long time since he had opened it, and as he noted the little oblongs of color, some of them worn where his patient, unskillful brush had dabbed at them, and a tender feeling for all the disappointed ones seemed to settle in his heart and brood there as if it were waiting for something.

III

THE next week the girl of the lofty pompadour looked unusually pale.

"Where is the little lady who fainted?" asked Smith during his half hour.

"At home."

The reply was abrupt, ungracious, and apparently final. There was a curious twist of the mouth, however, that betokened some inward disturbance.

"III?"

The girl raised her eyes to his for a second; they were filled with tears. She bent her head quickly and two big drops fell.

Smith was appalled. If the Statue of Liberty had suddenly developed tearducts and had let fall a sympathetic shower over her weather-beaten cheeks, he would hardly have considered it more of a phenomenon. But the wooden-faced one was talking in a low, breathless tone, and Smith bent to listen.

"She's weak and worn out, that's what she is, and sitting up in bed with her little paint-box trying to do some pictures."

"I know a place," began Smith.

"No, you don't," interrupted the girl fiercely. "Nobody knows any place where they'd take squares of cardboard with cows and trees and faces painted on 'em."

Smith tried again.

"There is a place—" But the black eyes had grown hard again.

"She isn't an object of charity," and Smith felt properly frozen.

Late that night he sat again at his desk. The drawer that held the paint-box remained closed, but he could see it quite plainly. He could see quite plainly, too, another paint-box, on a shabby bed, and, sitting propped up in

the bed, was the slim, pale little artist—she of the "cows and trees and faces."

"Like manna from heaven it would come," he repeated; "but she probably is only a dauber like thousands of others"—and he tried to stop thinking of it.

It was the next time that Smith was "manicured" that his forbidding *vis-à-vis* pulled from under her cushion a cardboard. Pushing it swiftly around the side of the table where it would be least observed, she hissed: "Want to see it?"

Sure enough, there *was* a cow, there was a tree—two trees; but to Smith's amazement they were real trees, not just branches and boughs with leaves on them. There was a spring breeze somewhere about those trees, or Smith was no critic; and the cow was just about to flop a lazy tail and turn her head.

"Why—" he began.

"I've sold it," the girl whispered. "To Miss Ransom. She saw me undoing it to show the girls and said it made her think of her father's place in Vermont. Lord! Vesta'll be pleased."

"You know I told you the other day," began Smith.

"Yes, and I didn't believe you; but seeing's believing, and Miss Ransom's gone crazy over it. If you'll give me the address, I'll go."

She slipped the card he gave her under the cushion, and Smith received another strange impression of an unaccustomed effort at courtesy. "It's exceedingly kind of you."

The "exceedingly" was badly done; it wavered and almost faltered, but the rest of the little speech was genuine enough.

It took several weeks to think it out. Smith was intuitive, but not impulsive. He bought several of the little pictures from the dealer who had them. He scrutinized them carefully, he frowned and he smiled, and he looked at them wistfully. Then he decided. He wrote a letter and addressed it to Miss Vesta Matthews, and sent it to the address he had given her friend.

There has been placed to your account, by one who has seen and found promise in your work, the sum of two hundred dollars. A like amount will be deposited every month for the next three years, to enable you to study under suitable masters. It is my earnest request that you make no

inquiries as to the depositor of this money. I have every right to do as I please, and you have every right to accept. Suffice it to say that it comes from one who once hoped to be an artist, but whom Destiny has led by quite different paths.

So accept silently, my child, and I shall send with the blessing and good wishes of—

Here his pen stopped. He looked around blankly; then he stared out of the window. What vision he saw he could not, perhaps, have told, but he smiled very tenderly as he dipped his pen once more and wrote, slowly and carefully: *An Old Lady Named Rose.*

IV

THREE years went by.

Smith worked pretty hard. He wrote a good deal, but though he was busy and time went fast, there didn't seem to be much in life for Smith. He told himself that he didn't get anywhere in his work. It was all right to know a good picture when you saw one, and to give lectures on art and know what you were talking about, but Smith had longed with every fiber of his being to create.

At one of the spring exhibitions he was doing the whole gallery methodically and without prejudice, when he came upon a picture that made him sink down on a convenient seat and look about to see if there was any one near that he knew. There was not and he was glad, for he had recognized the picture—*his* picture. It was the one of all others that he had thought of, longed to do, and had failed most miserably when he had attempted it.

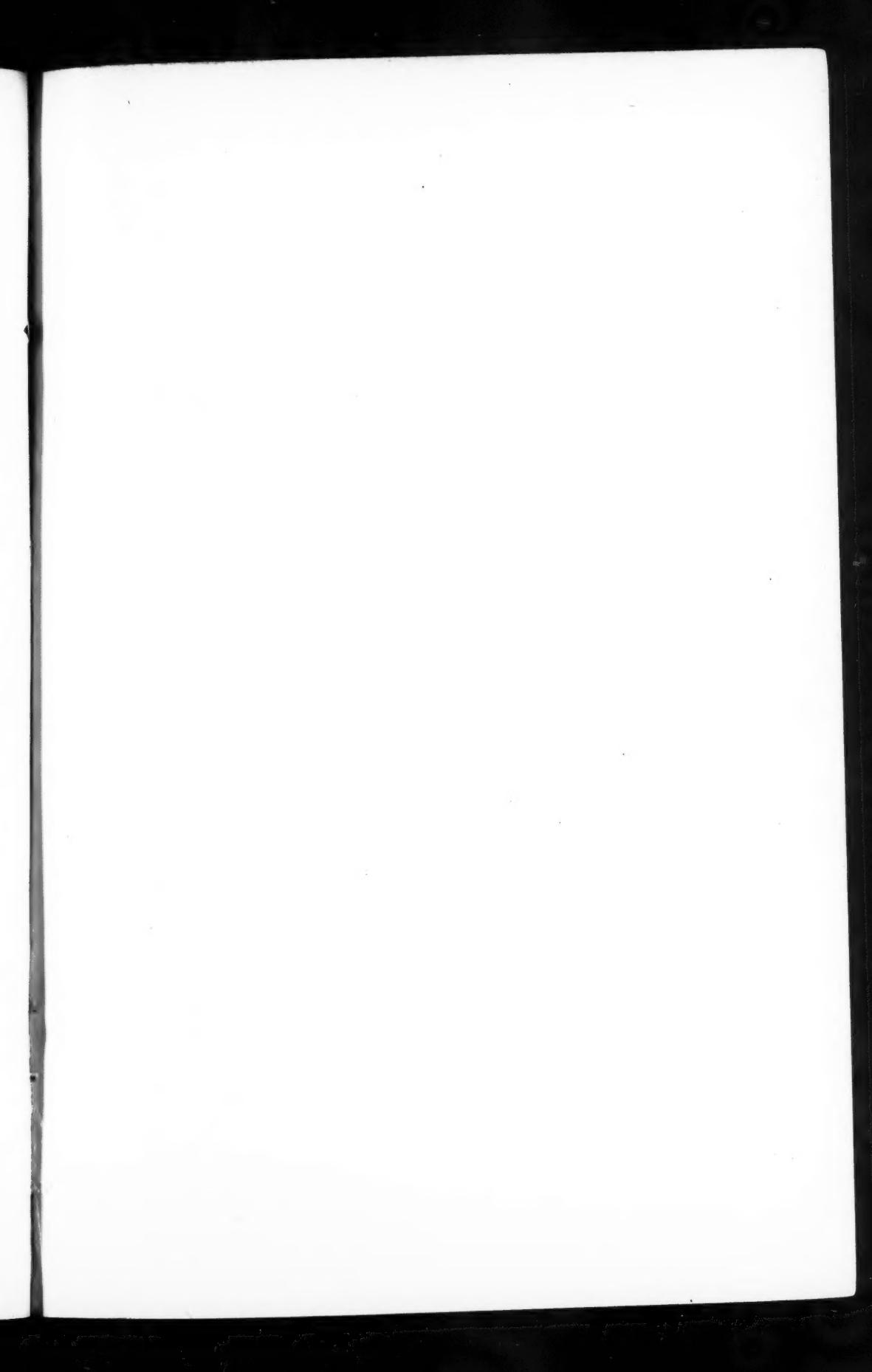
From out the frame a gentle old face looked into his. The frail, bent figure in the big armchair leaned a little toward him, slender fingers rested on a bit of delicate sewing, and a whole long lifetime of loving kindness sunned itself in the withered features.

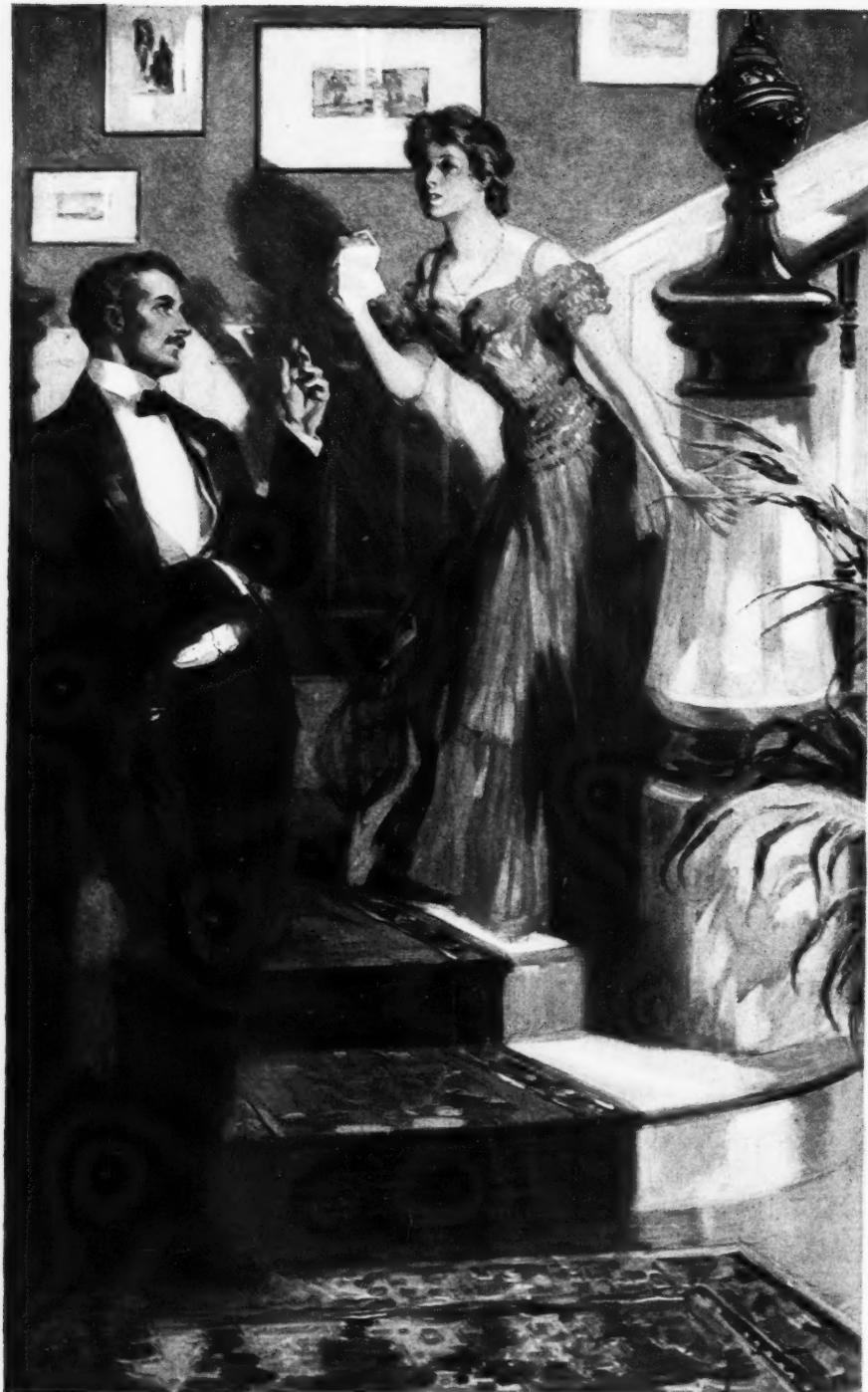
Looking closer he could see that it was not a portrait. It was an idealized creation. Whoever had posed for it had probably felt nothing of the radiant spirit that looked through those dim eyes into the artist's.

Smith opened his catalogue.

"Matthews," he read, "Miss Vesta" —"An Old Lady Named Rose."

Anne Story Allen





"IT IS NOT DIGNIFIED, IT'S NOT TERSE, AND AS FOR THE TRUTH, YOU CONVEY
AN UTTERLY FALSE IMPRESSION"

[See "Christmas Roses," page 316]